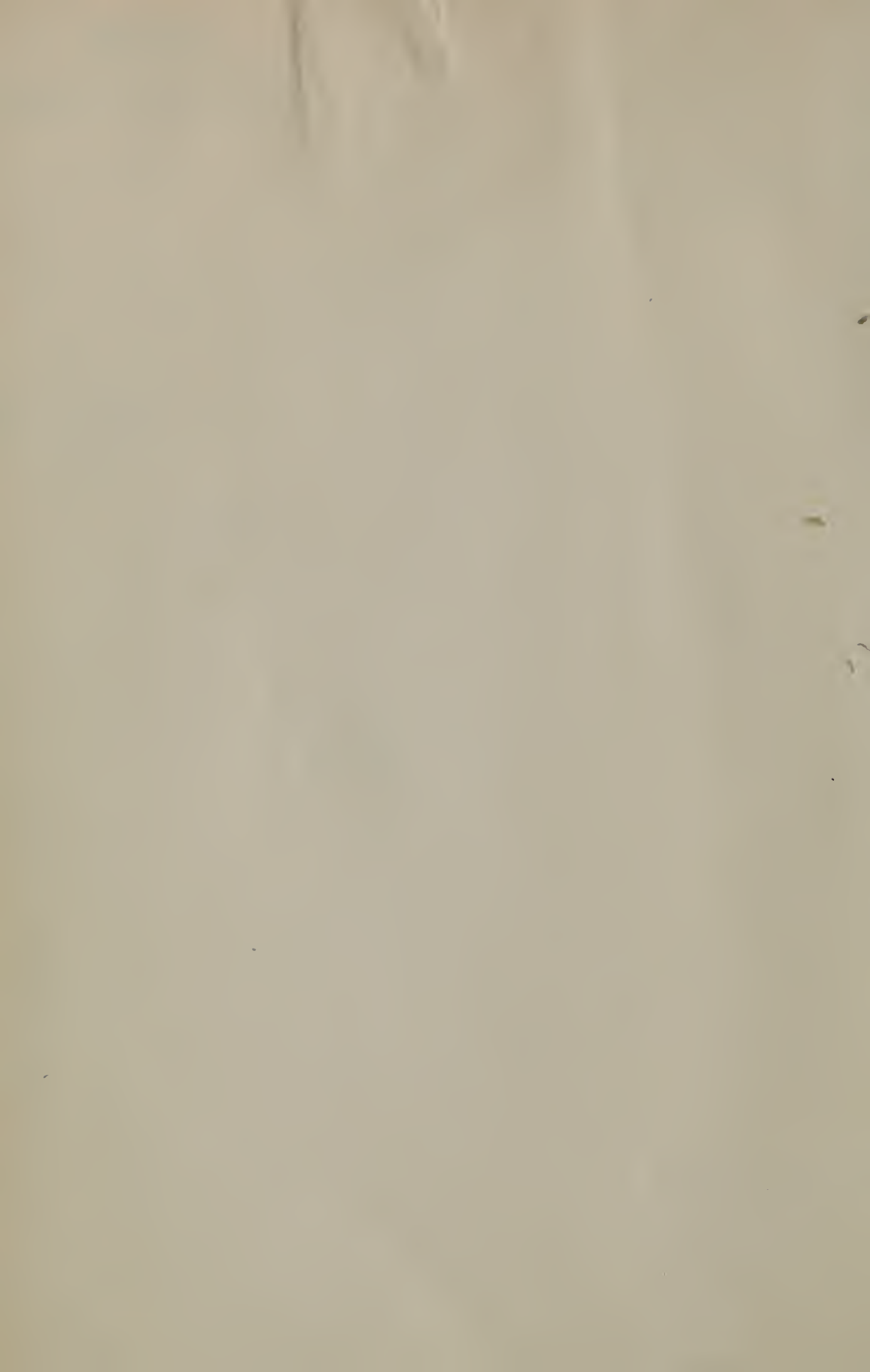


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"MY BROTHER," SAID HE, "DO NOT RIDE TO-DAY THE DAPPLE, AS YOU'RE WONT; BUT MOUNT THE HORSE WHICH I HAVE CHOSEN FOR THEE"

Schiller—"The Death of Wallenstein," Act II., Scene 3

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COMPLETE WORKS OF
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

IN EIGHT VOLUMES



EARLY DRAMAS

LOVE AND INTRIGUE THE PICCOLOMINI
WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

VOLUME ONE



WITH FRONTISPIECES IN COLOR FROM PAINTINGS
BY WALTER H. EVERETT, AND THIRTY-TWO
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LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRESIDENT VON WAITER, *Prime Minister in the Court of a German Prince.*

FERDINAND, *his son; a Major in the Army; in love with Louisa Miller.*

BARON VON KALB, *Court Marshal (or Chamberlain).*

WORM, *Private Secretary to the President.*

MILLER, *the Town Musician, and Teacher of Music.*

MRS. MILLER, *his wife.*

LOUISA, *the daughter of Miller, in love with Ferdinand.*

LADY MILFORD, *the Prince's Mistress.*

SOPHY, *attendant on Lady Milford.*

An old Valet in the service of the

Prince.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MILLER — MRS. MILLER.

MILLER (*walking quickly up and down the room*).
Once for all! The affair is becoming serious. My daughter and the baron will soon be the town-talk — my house lose its character — the president will get wind of it, and — the short and long of the matter is, I'll show the youngster the door.

MRS. MILL. You did not entice him to your house — did not thrust your daughter upon him!

MILL. Didn't entice him to my house — didn't thrust the girl upon him! Who'll believe me? I was master of my own house. I ought to have taken more care of my daughter. I should have bundled the major out at once, or have gone straight to his excellency, his papa, and disclosed all. The young baron will get off merely

with a snubbing, I know that well enough, and all the blame will fall upon the fiddler.

MRS. MILL. (*sipping her coffee*). Pooh! nonsense! How can it fall upon you? What have people to do with you? You follow your profession, and pick up pupils wherever you can find them.

MILL. All very fine, but please to tell me what will be the upshot of the whole affair? He can't marry the girl — marriage is out of the question, and to make her his — God help us! "Good-by t'ye!" No, no — when such a sprig of nobility has been nibbling here and there and everywhere, and has glutted himself with the devil knows what all, of course it will be a relish to my young gentleman to get a mouthful of sweet water. Take heed! Take heed! If you were dotted with eyes, and could place a sentinel for every hair of your head, he'll bamboozle her under your very nose; add one to her reckoning, take himself off, and the girl's ruined for life, left in the lurch, or, having once tasted the trade, will carry it on. (*Striking his forehead.*) Oh, horrible thought!

MRS. MILL. God in his mercy protect us!

MILL. We shall want his protection. You may well say that. What other object can such a scapegrace have? The girl is handsome — well made — can show a pretty foot. How the upper story is furnished matters little. That's blinked in you women if nature has not played the niggard in other respects. Let this harum-scarum but turn over this chapter — ho! ho! his eyes will glisten like Rodney's when he got scent of a French frigate; then up with all sail and at her, and I don't blame him for it — flesh is flesh. I know that very well.

MRS. MILL. You should only read the beautiful billy-doux which the baron writes to your daughter. Gracious me! Why it's as clear as the sun at noonday that he loves her purely for her virtuous soul.

MILL. That's the right strain! We beat the sack, but mean the ass's back. He who wishes to pay his respects to the flesh needs only a kind heart for a go-between. What did I myself? When we've once so far cleared the ground that the affections cry ready! slap!

the bodies follow their example, the appetites are obedient, and the silver moon kindly plays the pimp.

MRS. MILL. And then only think of the beautiful books that the major has sent us. Your daughter always prays out of them.

MILL. (*whistles*). Prays! You've hit the mark. The plain, simple food of nature is much too raw and indigestible for this macaroni gentleman's stomach. It must be cooked for him artificially in the infernal pestilential pitcher of your novel-writers. Into the fire with the rubbish! I shall have the girl taking up with — God knows what all — about heavenly fooleries that will get into her blood, like Spanish flies, and scatter to the winds the handful of Christianity that cost her father so much trouble to keep together. Into the fire with them I say! The girl will take the devil's own nonsense into her head; amidst the dreams of her fool's paradise she'll not know her own home, but forget and feel ashamed of her father, the music-master; and, lastly, I shall lose a worthy, honest son-in-law who might have nestled himself so snugly into my connections. No! damn it! (*Jumps up in a passion.*) I'll break the neck of it at once, and the major — yes, yes, the major! shall be shown where the carpenter made the door. (*Going.*)

MRS. MILL. Be civil, Miller! How many a bright shilling have his presents —

MILL. (*comes back, and goes up to her*). The blood-money of my daughter? To Beelzebub with thee, thou infamous bawd! Sooner will I vagabondize with my violin and fiddle for a bit of bread — sooner will I break to pieces my instrument and carry dung on the sounding-board than taste a mouthful earned by my only child at the price of her soul and future happiness. Give up your cursed coffee and snuff-taking, and there will be no need to carry your daughter's face to market. I have always had my bellyful and a good shirt to my back before this confounded scamp put his nose into my crib.

MRS. MILL. Now don't be so ready to pitch the house out of window. How you flare up all of a sudden. I only meant to say that we shouldn't offend the major, because he is the son of the president.

MILL. There lies the root of the mischief. For that reason — for that very reason the thing must be put a stop to this very day! The president, if he is a just and upright father, will give me his thanks. You must brush up my red plush, and I will go straight to his excellency. I shall say to him, — “Your excellency’s son has an eye to my daughter; my daughter is not good enough to be your excellency’s son’s wife, but too good to be your excellency’s son’s strumpet, and there’s an end of the matter. My name is Miller.”

SCENE II.

Enter SECRETARY WORM.

MRS. MILL. Ah! Good morning, Mr. Seckertary! Have we indeed the pleasure of seeing you again?

WORM. All on my side — on my side, cousin Miller! Where a high-born cavalier’s visits are received mine can be of no account whatever.

MRS. MILL. How can you think so, Mr. Seckertary? His lordship the baron, Major Ferdinand, certainly does us the honor to look in now and then; but, for all that, we don’t undervalue others.

MILL. (*vexed*). A chair, wife, for the gentleman! Be seated, kinsman.

WORM (*lays aside hat and stick, and seats himself*). Well, well — and how then is my future — or past — bride? I hope she’ll not be — may I not have the honor of seeing — Miss Louisa?

MRS. MILL. Thanks for inquiries, Mr. Seckertary, but my daughter is not at all proud.

MILL. (*angry, jogs her with his elbow*). Woman!

MRS. MILL. Sorry she can’t have that honor, Mr. Seckertary. My daughter is now at mass.

WORM. I am glad to hear it, — glad to hear it. I shall have in her a pious, Christian wife!

MRS. MILL. (*smiling in a stupidly affected manner*). Yes — but, Mr. Seckertary —

MILL. (*greatly incensed, pulls her ears*). Woman!

MRS. MILL. If our family can serve you in any other way — with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Seckertary —

WORM (*frowning angrily*). In any other way? Much obliged! much obliged! — hm! hm! hm!

MRS. MILL. But, as you yourself must see, Mr. Seckertary —

MILL. (*in a rage, shaking his fist at her*). Woman!

MRS. MILL. Good is good, and better is better, and one does not like to stand between fortune and one's only child (*with vulgar pride*). You understand me, Mr. Seckertary?

WORM. Understand. Not exac —. Oh, yes. But what do you really mean?

MRS. MILL. Why — why — I only think — I mean — (*coughs*). Since then Providence has determined to make a great lady of my daughter —

WORM (*jumping from his chair*). What's that you say? what?

MILL. Keep your seat, keep your seat, Mr. Secretary! The woman's an out-and-out fool! Where's the great lady to come from? How you show your donkey's ears by talking such stuff.

MRS. MILL. Scold as long as you will. I know what I know, and what the major said he said.

MILL. (*snatches up his fiddle in anger*). Will you hold your tongue? Shall I throw my fiddle at your head? What can you know? What can he have said? Take no notice of her clack, kinsman! Away with you to your kitchen! You'll not think me first cousin of a fool, and that I'm looking out so high for the girl? You'll not think that of me, Mr. Secretary?

WORM. Nor have I deserved it of you, Mr. Miller! You have always shown yourself a man of your word, and my contract to your daughter was as good as signed. I hold an office that will maintain a thrifty manager; the president befriends me; the door to advancement is open to me whenever I may choose to take advantage of it. You see that my intentions towards Miss Louisa are serious; if you have been won over by a fop of rank —

MRS. MILL. Mr. Seckertary! more respect, I beg —

MILL. Hold your tongue, I say. Never mind her, kinsman. Things remain as they were. The answer I gave you last harvest, I repeat to-day. I'll not force my

daughter. If you suit her, well and good; then it's for her to see that she can be happy with you. If she shakes her head — still better — be it so, I should say — then you must be content to pocket the refusal, and part in good fellowship over a bottle with her father. 'Tis the girl who is to live with you — not I. Why should I, out of sheer caprice, fasten a husband upon the girl for whom she has no inclination? That the evil one may haunt me down like a wild beast in my old age — that in every drop I drink — in every bit of bread I bite, I might swallow the bitter reproach: Thou art the villain who destroyed his child's happiness!

MRS. MILL. The short and the long of it is — I refuse my consent downright; my daughter's intended for a lofty station, and I'll go to law if my husband is going to be talked over.

MILL. Shall I break every bone in your body, you millclack?

WORM (*to MILLER*). Paternal advice goes a great way with the daughter, and I hope you know me, Mr. Miller?

MILL. Plague take you! 'Tis the girl must know you. What an old crabstick like me can see in you is just the very last thing that a dainty young girl wants. I'll tell you to a hair if you're the man for an orchestra — but a woman's heart is far too deep for a music-master. And then, to be frank with you — you know that I'm a blunt, straightforward fellow — you'll not give thank'ye for my advice. I'll persuade my daughter to no one — but from you Mr. Sec — I would dissuade her! A lover who calls upon the father for help — with permission — is not worth a pinch of snuff. If he has anything in him, he'll be ashamed to take that old-fashioned way of making his deserts known to his sweetheart. If he hasn't the courage, why he's a milksop, and no Louisas were born for the like of him. No! he must carry on his commerce with the daughter behind the father's back. He must manage so to win her heart, that she would rather wish both father and mother at Old Harry than give him up — or that she come herself, fall at her father's feet, and implore either for death on the rack, or the only one of her heart. That's the fellow for me! that I call love! and

he who can't bring matters to that pitch with a petticoat may — stick the goose feather in his cap.

WORM (*seizes hat and stick and hurries out of the room*). Much obliged, Mr. Miller!

MILL. (*going after him slowly*). For what? for what? You haven't taken anything, Mr. Secretary! (*Comes back*.) He won't hear, and off he's gone. The very sight of that quill-driver is like poison and brimstone to me. An ugly, contraband knave, smuggled into the world by some lewd prank of the devil — with his malicious little pig's eyes, foxy hair, and nut-cracker chin, just as if Nature, enraged at such a bungled piece of goods, had seized the ugly monster by it, and flung him aside. No! rather than throw away my daughter on a vagabond like him, she may — God forgive me!

MRS. MILL. The wretch! — but you'll be made to keep a clean tongue in your head!

MILL. Ay, and you too, with your pestilential baron — you, too, must put my bristles up. You're never more stupid than when you have the most occasion to show a little sense. What's the meaning of all that trash about your daughter being a great lady? If it's to be cried out about the town to-morrow, you need only let that fellow get scent of it. He is one of your worthies who go sniffing about into people's houses, dispute upon everything, and, if a slip of the tongue happen to you, skurry with it straight to the prince, mistress, and minister, and then there's the devil to pay.

SCENE III.

Enter LOUISA with a book in her hand.

LOUISA. Good morning, dear father!

MILL. (*affectionately*). Bless thee, my Louisa! I rejoice to see thy thoughts are turned so diligently to thy Creator. Continue so, and his arm will support thee.

LOUISA. Oh! I am a great sinner, father! Was he not here, mother?

MRS. MILL. Who, my child?

LOUISA. Ah! I forgot that there are others in the

world besides him — my head wanders so. Was he not here? Ferdinand?

MILL. (*with melancholy, serious voice*). I thought my Louisa had forgotten that name in her devotions?

LOUISA (*after looking at him steadfastly for some time*). I understand you, father. I feel the knife which stabs my conscience ; but it comes too late. I can no longer pray, father. Heaven and Ferdinand divide my bleeding soul, and I fear — I fear — (*after a pause*). Yet no, no, good father. The painter is best praised when we forget him in the contemplation of his picture. When in the contemplation of his masterpiece, my delight makes me forget the Creator, — is not that, father, the true praise of God?

MILL. (*throws himself in displeasure on a chair*). There we have it! Those are the fruits of your ungodly reading.

LOUISA (*uneasy, goes to the window*). Where can he be now? Ah! the high-born ladies who see him — listen to him — I am a poor forgotten maiden. (*Startles at that word, and rushes to her father.*) But no, no! forgive me. I do not repine at my lot. I ask but little — to think on him — that can harm no one. Ah! that I might breathe out this little spark of life in one soft fondling zephyr to cool his cheek! That this fragile floweret, youth, were a violet, on which he might tread, and I die modestly beneath his feet! I ask no more, father! Can the proud, majestic day-star punish the gnat for basking in its rays?

MILL. (*deeply affected, leans on the arm of his chair, and covers his face*). My child, my child, with joy would I sacrifice the remnant of my days hadst thou never seen the major.

LOUISA (*terrified*). How; how? What did you say? No, no! that could not be your meaning, good father. You know not that Ferdinand is mine! You know not that God created him for me, and for my delight alone! (*After a pause of recollection.*) The first moment that I beheld him — and the blood rushed into my glowing cheeks — every pulse beat with joy; every throb told me, every breath whispered, "'Tis he!" And my heart,

recognizing the long-desired one, repeated "'Tis he!" And the whole world was as one melodious echo of my delight! Then — oh! then was the first dawning of my soul! A thousand new sentiments arose in my bosom, as flowers arise from the earth when spring approaches. I forgot there was a world, yet never had I felt that world so dear to me! I forgot there was a God, yet never had I so loved him!

MILL. (*runs to her and clasps her to his bosom*). Louisa! my beloved, my admirable child! Do what thou wilt. Take all — all — my life — the baron — God is my witness — him I can never give thee! [*Exit.*]

LOUISA. Nor would I have him now, father! Time on earth is but a stinted dewdrop in the ocean of eternity. 'Twill swiftly glide in one delicious dream of Ferdinand. I renounce him for this life! But then, mother — then when the bounds of separation are removed — when the hated distinctions of rank no longer part us — when men will be only men — I shall bring nothing with me save my innocence! Yet often has my father told me that at the Almighty's coming riches and titles will be worthless; and that hearts alone will be beyond all price. Oh! then shall I be rich! There, tears will be reckoned for triumphs, and purity of soul be preferred to an illustrious ancestry. Then, then, mother, shall I be noble! In what will he then be superior to the girl of his heart?

MRS. MILL (*starts from her seat*). Louisa! the baron! He is jumping over the fence! Where shall I hide myself?

LOUISA (*begins to tremble*). Oh! do not leave me, mother!

MRS. MILL. Mercy! What a figure I am. I am quite ashamed! I cannot let his lordship see me in this state! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

LOUISA — FERDINAND. (*He flies towards her — she falls back into her chair, pale and trembling. He remains standing before her — they look at each other for some moments in silence. A pause.*)

FERDINAND. So pale, Louisa?

LOUISA (*rising, and embracing him*). It is nothing — nothing now that you are here — it is over.

FERD. (*takes her hand and raises it to his lips*). And does my Louisa still love me? My heart is yesterday's; is thine the same? I flew hither to see if thou wert happy, that I might return and be so too. But I find thee whelmed in sorrow!

LOUISA. Not so, my beloved, not so!

FERD. Confess, Louisa! you are not happy. I see through your soul as clearly as through the transparent lustre of this brilliant. No spot can harbor here unmarked by me — no thought can cloud your brow that does not reach your lover's heart. Whence comes this grief? Tell me, I beseech you! Ah! could I feel assured this mirror still remained unsullied, there'd seem to me no cloud in all the universe! Tell me, dear Louisa, what afflicts you?

LOUISE (*looking at him with anxiety for a few moments*). Ferdinand! couldst thou but know how such discourse exalts the tradesman's daughter —

FERD. (*surprised*). What say'st thou? Tell me, girl! how camest thou by that thought? Thou art my Louisa! who told thee thou couldst be aught else? See, false one, see, for what coldness I must chide thee! Were indeed thy whole soul absorbed by love for me, never hadst thou found time to draw comparisons! When I am with thee, my prudence is lost in one look from thine eyes: when I am absent in a dream of thee! But thou — thou canst harbor prudence in the same breast with love! Fie on thee! Every moment bestowed on this sorrow was a robbery from affection and from me!

LOUISA (*pressing his hand and shaking her head with a melancholy air*). Ferdinand, you would lull my apprehensions to sleep; you would divert my eyes from the

precipice into which I am falling. I can see the future! The voice of honor — your prospects, your father's anger — my nothingness. (*Shuddering and suddenly drops his hands.*) Ferdinand! a sword hangs over us! They would separate us!

FERD. (*jumps up*). Separate us! Whence these apprehensions, Louisa? Who can rend the bonds that bind two hearts, or separate the tones of one accord? True, I am a nobleman — but show me that my patent of nobility is older than the eternal laws of the universe — or my escutcheon more valid than the handwriting of heaven in my Louisa's eyes? "This woman is for this man?" I am son of the prime minister. For that very reason, what but love can soften the curses which my father's extortions from the country will entail upon me?

LOUISA. Oh! how I fear that father!

FERD. I fear nothing — nothing but that your affection should know bounds. Let obstacles rise between us, huge as mountains, I will look upon them as a ladder by which to fly into the arms of my Louisa! The tempest of opposing fate shall but fan the flame of my affection: dangers will only serve to make Louisa yet more charming. Then speak no more of terrors, my love! I myself — I will watch over thee carefully as the enchanter's dragon watches over buried gold. Trust thyself to me! thou shalt need no other angel. I will throw myself between thee and fate — for thee receive each wound. For thee will I catch each drop distilled from the cup of joy, and bring thee in the bowl of love. (*Embracing her affectionately.*) This arm shall support my Louisa through life. Fairer than it dismissed thee, shall heaven receive thee back, and confess with delight that love alone can give perfection to the soul.

LOUISA (*disengaging herself from him, greatly agitated*). No more! I beseech thee, Ferdinand! no more! Couldst thou know. Oh! leave me, leave me! Little dost thou feel how these hopes rend my heart in pieces like fiends! (*Going.*)

FERD (*detaining her*). Stay, Louisa! stay! Why this agitation? Why those anxious looks?

LOUISA. I had forgotten these dreams, and was happy.

Now — now — from this day is the tranquillity of my heart no more. Wild impetuous wishes will torment my bosom! Go! God forgive thee! Thou hast hurled a firebrand into my young peaceful heart which nothing can extinguish! (*She breaks from him, and rushes from the apartment, followed by FERDINAND.*)

SCENE V. — *A Chamber in the PRESIDENT's House.*

The PRESIDENT, with the grand order of the cross about his neck, and a star at his breast — SECRETARY WORM.

PRESIDENT. A serious attachment, say you? No, no, Worm; that I never can believe.

WORM. If your excellency pleases, I will bring proofs of my assertions.

PRES. That he has a fancy for the wench — flatters her — and, if you will, pretends to love her — all this is very possible — nay — excusable — but — and the daughter of a musician, you say?

WORM. Of Miller, the music-master.

PRES. Handsome? But that, of course.

WORM (*with warmth*). A most captivating and lovely blonde, who, without saying too much, might figure advantageously beside the greatest beauties of the court.

PRES. (*laughs*). It's very plain, Worm, that you have an eye upon the jade yourself — I see that. But listen, Worm. That my son has a passion for the fair sex gives me hope that he will find favor with the ladies. He may make his way at court. The girl is handsome, you say; I am glad to think my son has taste. Can he deceive the silly wench by holding out honorable intentions — still better; it will show that he is shrewd enough to play the hypocrite when it serves his purpose. He may become prime minister — if he accomplishes his purpose! Admirable! that will prove to me that fortune favors him. Should the farce end with a chubby grandchild — incomparable! I will drink an extra bottle of Malaga to the prospects of my pedigree, and cheerfully pay the wench's lying-in expenses.

WORM. All I wish is that your excellency may not have to drink that bottle to drown your sorrow.

PRES. (*sternly*). Worm! remember that what I once believe, I believe obstinately — that I am furious when angered. I am willing to pass over as a joke this attempt to stir my blood. That you are desirous of getting rid of your rival, I can very well comprehend, and that, because you might have some difficulty in supplanting the son, you endeavor to make a cat's-paw of the father, I can also understand — I am even delighted to find that you are master of such excellent qualifications in the way of roguery. Only, friend Worm, pray don't make me, too, the butt of your knavery. Understand me, have a care that your cunning trench not upon my plans!

WORM. Pardon me, your excellency! If even — as you suspect — jealousy is concerned, it is only with the eye, and not with the tongue.

PRES. It would be better to dispense with it altogether. What can it matter to you, simpleton, whether you get your coin fresh from the mint, or it comes through a banker? Console yourself with the example of our nobility. Whether known to the bridegroom or not, I can assure you that, amongst us of rank, scarcely a marriage takes place but what at least half a dozen of the guests — or the footmen — can state the geometrical area of the bridegroom's paradise.

WORM (*bowing*). My lord! Upon this head I confess myself a plebeian.

PRES. And, besides, you may soon have the satisfaction of turning the laugh most handsomely against your rival. At this very moment it is under consideration in the cabinet, that, upon the arrival of the new duchess, Lady Milford shall apparently be discarded, and, to complete the deception, form an alliance. You know, Worm, how greatly my influence depends upon this lady — how my mightiest prospects hang upon the passions of the prince. The duke is now seeking a partner for Lady Milford. Some one else may step in — conclude the bargain for her ladyship, win the confidence of the prince, and make himself indispensable, to my cost. Now, to retain the prince in the meshes of my family, I have resolved that my Ferdinand shall marry Lady Milford. Is that clear to you?

WORM. Quite dazzling! Your excellency has at least convinced me that, compared with the president, the father is but a novice. Should the major prove as obedient a son as you show yourself a tender father, your demand may chance to be returned with a protest.

PRES. Fortunately I have never yet had to fear opposition to my will when once I have pronounced, "It shall be so!" But now, Worm, that brings us back to our former subject! I will propose Lady Milford to my son this very day. The face which he puts upon it shall either confirm your suspicions or entirely confute them.

WORM. Pardon me, my lord! The sullen face which he most assuredly will put upon it may be placed equally to the account of the bride you offer to him as of her from whom you wish to separate him. I would beg of you a more positive test! Propose to him some perfectly unexceptionable woman. Then, if he consents, let Secretary Worm break stones on the highway for the next three years.

PRES. (*biting his lips*). The devil!

WORM. Such is the case, you may rest assured! The mother—stupidity itself—has, in her simplicity, betrayed all to me.

PRES. (*pacing the room, and trying to repress his rage*). Good! this very morning, then!

WORM. Yet, let me entreat your excellency not to forget that the major—is my master's son——

PRES. No harm shall come to him, Worm.

WORM. And that my service in ridding you of an unwelcome daughter-in-law——

PRES. Should be rewarded by me helping you to a wife? That too, Worm!

WORM (*bowing with delight*). Eternally your lordship's slave. (*Going*.)

PRES. (*threatening him*). As to what I have confided to you, Worm! If you dare but to whisper a syllable——

WORM. (*laughs*). Then your excellency will no doubt expose my forgeries! [*Exit.*]

PRES. Yes, yes, you are safe enough! I hold you in

the fetters of your own knavery, like a trout on the hook!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Marshal Kalb ——

PRES. The very man I wished to see. Introduce him. *[Exit SERVANT.]*

SCENE VI.

MARSHAL KALB, *in a rich but tasteless court-dress, with Chamberlain's keys, two watches, sword, three-cornered hat, and hair dressed à la Herisson. He bustles up to the PRESIDENT, and diffuses a strong scent of musk through the whole theatre* — PRESIDENT.

MARSHAL. Ah! good morning, my dear baron! Quite delighted to see you again — pray forgive my not having paid my respects to you at an earlier hour — the most pressing business — the duke's bill of fare — invitation cards — arrangements for the sledge party to-day — ah! — besides it was necessary for me to be at the levee, to inform his highness of the state of the weather.

PRES. True, marshal! Such weighty concerns were not to be neglected!

MARSHAL. Then a rascally tailor, too, kept me waiting for him!

PRES. And yet ready to the moment?

MARSHAL. Nor is that all! One misfortune follows at the heels of the other to-day! Only hear me!

PRES. (*absent*). Can it be possible?

MARSHAL. Just listen! Scarce had I quitted my carriage, when the horses became restive, and began to plunge and rear — only imagine! — splashed my breeches all over with mud! What was to be done? Fancy, my dear baron, just fancy yourself for a moment in my predicament! There I stood! the hour was late! a day's journey to return — yet to appear before his highness in this — good heavens! What did I bethink me of? I pretended to faint! They bundle me into my carriage! I drive home like mad — change my dress — hasten back — and only think! — in spite of all this I was the

first person in the antechamber! What say you to that?

PRES. A most admirable impromptu of mortal wit — but tell me, Kalb, did you speak to the duke?

MARSHAL (*importantly*). Full twenty minutes and a half.

PRES. Indeed? Then doubtless you have important news to impart to me?

MARSHAL (*seriously, after a pause of reflection*). His highness wears a Merde d'Oye beaver to-day.

PRES. God bless me! — and yet, marshal, I have even greater news to tell you. Lady Milford will soon become my daughter-in-law. That, I think will be new to you?

MARSHAL. Is it possible! And is it already agreed upon?

PRES. It is settled, marshal — and you would oblige me by forthwith waiting upon her ladyship, and preparing her to receive Ferdinand's visit. You have full liberty, also, to circulate the news of my son's approaching nuptials.

MARSHAL. My dear friend! With consummate pleasure! What can I desire more? I fly to the baroness this moment. Adieu! (*Embracing him.*) In less than three-quarters of an hour it shall be known throughout the town. [*Skips off.*]

PRES. (*smiling contemptuously*). How can people say that such creatures are of no use in the world? Now, then, Master Ferdinand must either consent or give the whole town the lie. (*Rings — WORM enters.*) Send my son hither. (*WORM retires; the PRESIDENT walks up and down, full of thought.*)

SCENE VII.

PRESIDENT — FERDINAND.

FERD. In obedience to your commands, sir —

PRES. Ay, if I desire the presence of my son, I must command it — Ferdinand, I have observed you for some time past, and find no longer that open vivacity of youth which once so delighted me. An unusual sorrow broods upon your features; you shun your father; you shun so-

ciety. For shame, Ferdinand ! At your age a thousand irregularities are easier forgiven than one instant of idle melancholy. Leave this to me, my son ! Leave the care of your future happiness to my direction, and study only to co-operate with my designs — come, Ferdinand, embrace me !

FERD. You are most gracious to-day, father !

PRES. “To-day,” you rogue ? and your “to-day” with such a vinegar look ? (*Seriously.*) Ferdinand ! For whose sake have I trod that dangerous path which leads to the affections of the prince ? For whose sake have I forever destroyed my peace with Heaven and my conscience ? Hear me, Ferdinand — I am speaking to my son. For whom have I paved the way by the removal of my predecessor ? a deed which the more deeply gores my inward feelings the more carefully I conceal the dagger from the world ! Tell me, Ferdinand, for whose sake have I done all this ?

FERD. (*recoiling with horror.*) Surely not for mine, father, not for mine ? Surely not on me can fall the bloody reflection of this murder ? By my Almighty Maker, it were better never to have been born than to be the pretext for such a crime !

PRES. What sayest thou ? How ? But I will attribute these strange notions to thy romantic brain, Ferdinand ; let me not lose my temper — ungrateful boy ! Thus dost thou repay me for my sleepless nights ? Thus for my restless anxiety to promote thy good ? Thus for the never-dying scorpion of my conscience ? Upon me must fall the burden of responsibility ; upon me the curse, the thunderbolt of the Judge. Thou receivest thy fortune from another’s hand — the crime is not attached to the inheritance.

FERD. (*extending his right hand towards heaven.*) Here I solemnly abjure an inheritance which must ever remind me of a parent’s guilt !

PRES. Hear me, sirrah ! and do not incense me ! Were you left to your own direction you would crawl through life in the dust.

FERD. Oh ! better, father, far, far better, than to crawl about a throne !

PRES. (*repressing his anger*). So! Then compulsion must make you sensible of your good fortune! To that point, which, with the utmost striving a thousand others fail to reach, you have been exalted in your very sleep. At twelve you received a commission; at twenty a command. I have succeeded in obtaining for you the duke's patronage. He bids you lay aside your uniform, and share with me his favor and his confidence. He spoke of titles — embassies — of honors bestowed but upon few. A glorious prospect spreads itself before you! The direct path to the place next the throne lies open to you! Nay, to the throne itself, if the actual power of ruling is equivalent to the mere symbol. Does not that idea awaken your ambition?

FERD. No! My ideas of greatness and happiness differ widely from yours. Your happiness is but seldom known, except by the misery of others. Envy, terror, hatred are the melancholy mirrors in which the smiles of princes are reflected. Tears, curses, and the wailings of despair, the horrid banquet that feasts your supposed elect of fortune; intoxicated with these they rush headlong into eternity, staggering to the throne of judgment. My ideas of happiness teach me to look for its fountain in myself! All my wishes lie centered in my heart!

PRES. Masterly! Inimitable! Admirable! The first schooling I have received these thirty years! Pity that the brain at fifty should be so dull at learning! But — that such talent may not rust, I will place one by your side on whom you can practise your harlequinade follies at pleasure. You will resolve — resolve this very day — to take a wife.

FERD. (*starting back amazed*). Father!

PRES. Answer me not. I have made proposals, in your name, to Lady Milford. You will instantly determine upon going to her, and declaring yourself her bridegroom.

FERD. Lady Milford! father?

PRES. I presume she is not unknown to you!

FERD. (*passionately*). To what brothel is she unknown through the dukedom? But pardon me, dearest father! It is ridiculous to imagine that your proposal can be

serious. Would you call yourself father of that infamous son who married a licensed prostitute?

PRES. Nay, more. I would ask her hand myself, if she would take a man of fifty. Would not you call yourself that infamous father's son?

FERD. No! as God lives! that would I not!

PRES. An audacity, by my honor! which I pardon for its excessive singularity.

FERD. I entreat you, father, release me from a demand which would render it insupportable to call myself your son.

PRES. Are you distracted, boy? What reasonable man would not thirst after a distinction which makes him, as one of a trio, the equal and co-partner of his sovereign?

FERD. You are quite an enigma to me, father! "A distinction," do you call it? A distinction to share that with a prince, wherein he places himself on a level with the meanest of his subjects? (*The PRESIDENT bursts into a loud laugh.*) You may scoff—I must submit to it in a father. With what countenance should I support the gaze of the meanest laborer, who at least receives an undivided person as the portion of his bride? With what countenance should I present myself before the world? before the prince? nay, before the harlot herself, who seeks to wash out in my shame the brandmarks of her honor?

PRES. Where in the world couldst thou collect such notions, boy?

FERD. I implore you, father, by heaven and earth! By thus sacrificing your only son you can never become so happy as you will make him miserable! If my life can be a step to your advancement, dispose of it. My life you gave me; and I will never hesitate a moment to sacrifice it wholly to your welfare. But my honor, father! If you deprive me of this, the giving me life was a mere trick of wanton cruelty, and I must equally curse the parent and the pander.

PRES. (*tapping him on the shoulder in a friendly manner*). That's as it should be, my dear boy! Now I see that you are a brave and noble fellow, and worthy of the

first woman in the dukedom. You shall have her. This very day you shall be affianced to the Countess of Ostheim.

FERD. (*in new disorder*). Is this, then, destined to be the hour of my destruction?

PRES. (*regarding him with an eye of suspicion*). In this union, I imagine, you can have no objection on the score of honor?

FERD. None, father, none whatever. Frederica of Ostheim would make any other the happiest of men. (*Aside, in the greatest agitation.*) His kindness rends in pieces that remnant of my heart which his cruelty left unwounded.

PRES. (*his eye still fixed upon him*). I expect your gratitude, Ferdinand!

FERD. (*rushes towards him and kisses his hands*). Father, your goodness awakens every spark of sentiment in my bosom. Father! receive my warmest thanks for your kind intentions. Your choice is unexceptionable! But I cannot — I dare not — pity me, father, I never can love the countess.

PRES. (*draws back*). Ha! ha! now I've caught you, young gentleman! The cunning fox has tumbled into the trap. Oh, you artful hypocrite! It was not then honor which made you refuse Lady Milford? It was not the woman, but the nuptials which alarmed you! (*FERDINAND stands petrified for a moment; then recovers himself and prepares to quit the chamber hastily.*) Whither now? Stay, sir. Is this the respect due to your father? (*FERDINAND returns slowly.*) Her ladyship expects you. The duke has my promise! Both court and city believe all is settled. If thou makest me appear a liar, boy! If, before the duke — the lady — the court and city — thou shouldst make me appear a liar! — tremble, boy! — or when I have gained information of certain circumstances — how now? Why does the color so suddenly forsake your cheeks?

FERD. (*pale and trembling*). How? What? Nothing — it is nothing, my father!

PRES. (*casting upon him a dreadful look*). Should there be cause. If I should discover the source whence

this obstinacy proceeds! Boy! boy! the very suspicion drives me distracted! Leave me this moment. 'Tis now the hour of parade. As soon as the word is given, go thou to her ladyship. At my nod a dukedom trembles; we shall see whether a disobedient son dare dispute my will! (*Going, returns.*) Remember, sir! fail not to wait on Lady Milford, or dread my anger! [*Exit.*]

FERD. (*awakens, as if from a dream*). Is he gone? Was that a father's voice? Yes, I will go — I will see her — I will say such things to her — hold such a mirror before her eyes. Then, base woman, shouldst thou still demand my hand — in the presence of the assembled nobles, the military, and the people — gird thyself with all the pride of thy native Britain — I, a German youth, will spurn thee! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A room in LADY MILFORD'S house. On the right of the stage stands a sofa, on the left a piano-forte.*

LADY MILFORD, in a loose but elegant *négligée*, is running her hand over the keys of the pianoforte as SOPHY advances from the window.

SOPHY. The parade is over, and the officers are separating, but I see no signs of the major.

LADY M. (*rises and walks up and down the room in visible agitation*). I know not what ails me to-day, Sophy! I never felt so before — you say you do not see him! It is evident enough that he is by no means impatient for this meeting — my heart feels oppressed as if by some heavy crime. Go! Sophy, order the most spirited horse in the stable to be saddled for me — I must away into the open air where I may look on the blue sky and hear the busy hum of man. I must dispel this gloominess by change and motion.

SOPHY. If you feel out of spirits, my lady, why not invite company! Let the prince give an entertainment here, or have the ombre table brought to you. If the

prince and all his court were at *my* beck and call I would let no whim or fancy trouble me!

LADY M. (*throwing herself on the couch*). Pray, spare me. I would gladly give a jewel in exchange for every hour's respite from the infliction of such company! I always have my rooms tapestried with these creatures! Narrow-minded, miserable beings, who are quite shocked if by chance a candid and heartfelt word should escape one's lips! and stand aghast as though they saw an apparition; slaves, moved by a single puppet-wire, which I can govern as easily as the threads of my embroidery! What can I have in common with such insipid wretches, whose souls, like their watches, are regulated by machinery? What pleasure can I have in the society of people whose answers to my questions I know beforehand? How can I hold communion with men who dare not venture on an opinion of their own lest it should differ from mine! Away with them—I care not to ride a horse that has not spirit enough to champ the bit! (*Goes to the window.*)

SOPHY. But surely, my lady, you except the prince, the handsomest, the wittiest, and the most gallant man in all his duchy.

LADY M. (*returning*). Yes, in *his* duchy, that was well said—and it is only a royal duchy, Sophy, that could in the least excuse my weakness. You say the world envies me! Poor thing! It should rather pity me! Believe me, of all who drink of the streams of royal bounty there is none more miserable than the sovereign's favorite, for he who is great and mighty in the eyes of others comes to *her* but as the humble suppliant! It is true that by the talisman of his greatness he can realize every wish of my heart as readily as the magician calls forth the fairy palace from the depths of the earth! He can place the luxuries of both Indies upon my table, turn the barren wilderness to a paradise, can bid the broad rivers of his land play in triumphal arches over my path, or expend all the hard-earned gains of his subjects in a single *feu-de-joie* to my honor. But can he school his heart to respond to one great or ardent emotion? Can he extort one noble thought from his weak and

indigent brain? Alas! my heart is thirsting amid all this ocean of splendor; what avail, then, a thousand virtuous sentiments when I am only permitted to indulge in the pleasures of the senses.

SOPHY (*regarding her with surprise*). Dear lady, you amaze me! how long is it since I entered your service?

LADY M. Do you ask because *this* is the first day on which you have learnt to know me? I have sold my honor to the prince, it is true, but my heart is still my own—a heart, dear Sophy, which even yet may be worth the acceptance of an honorable man—a heart over which the pestilential blast of courtly corruption has passed as the breath which for a moment dims the mirror's lustre. Believe me my spirit would long since have revolted against this miserable thralldom could my ambition have submitted to see another advanced to my place.

SOPHY. And could a heart like yours so readily surrender itself to mere ambition?

LADY M. (*with energy*). Has it not already been avenged? nay, is it not even at this very moment making me pay a heavy atonement (*with emphasis laying her hand on SOPHY's shoulder*)? Believe me, Sophy, woman has but to choose between ruling and serving, but the utmost joy of power is a worthless possession if the mightier joy of being slave to the man we love be denied us.

SOPHY. A truth, dear lady, which I could least of all have expected to hear from your lips!

LADY M. And wherefore, Sophy? Does not woman show, by her childish mode of swaying the sceptre of power, that she is only fit to go in leading-strings! Have not my fickle humors—my eager pursuit of wild dissipation—betrayed to you that I sought in these to stifle the still wilder throbbings of my heart?

SOPHY (*starting back with surprise*). This from you, my lady?

LADY M. (*continuing with increasing energy*). Appease these throbbings. Give me the man in whom my thoughts are centered—the man I adore, without whom life were

worse than death. Let me but hear from *his* lips that the tears of love with which my eyes are bedewed outvie the gems that sparkle in my hair, and I will throw at the feet of the prince his heart and his dukedom, and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth with the man of my love!

SOPHY (*looking at her in alarm*). Heavens! my lady! control your emotion ——

LADY M. (*in surprise*). You change color! To what have I given utterance? Yet, since I have said thus much, let me say still more — let my confidence be a pledge of your fidelity, — I will tell you all.

SOPHY (*looking anxiously around*). I fear my lady — I dread it — I have heard enough!

LADY M. This alliance with the major — you, like the rest of the world, believe to be the result of a court intrigue — Sophy, blush not — be not ashamed of me — it is the work of — my love!

SOPHY. Heavens! As I suspected!

LADY M. Yes, Sophy, they are all deceived. The weak prince — the diplomatic baron — the silly marshal — each and all of these are firmly convinced that this marriage is a most infallible means of preserving me to the prince, and of uniting us still more firmly! But this will prove the very means of separating us forever, and bursting asunder these execrable bonds. The cheater cheated — outwitted by a weak woman. Ye yourselves are leading me to the man of my heart — this was all I sought. Let him but once be mine — be but mine — then, oh, then, a long farewell to all this despicable pomp!

SCENE II. — *An old valet of the DUKE's, with a casket of jewels. The former.*

VALET. His serene highness begs your ladyship's acceptance of these jewels as a nuptial present. They have just arrived from Venice.

LADY M. (*opens the casket and starts back in astonishment*). What did these jewels cost the duke?

VALET. Nothing!

LADY M. *Nothing!* Are you beside yourself? (*retreating a step or two.*) Old man! you fix on me a look as though you would pierce me through. Did you say these precious jewels cost nothing?

VALET. Yesterday seven thousand children of the land left their homes to go to America — they pay for all.

LADY M. (*sets the casket suddenly down, and paces up and down the room; after a pause, to the VALET*). What distresses you, old man? you are weeping!

VALET (*wiping his eyes, and trembling violently*). Yes, for these jewels. My two sons are among the number.

LADY M. But they went not by compulsion?

VALET (*laughing bitterly*). Oh! dear no! they were all volunteers! There were certainly some few forward lads who pushed to the front of the ranks and inquired of the colonel at what price the prince sold his subjects per yoke, upon which our gracious ruler ordered the regiments to be marched to the parade, and the malcontents to be shot. We heard the report of the muskets, and saw brains and blood spurting about us, while the whole band shouted — “Hurrah for America!”

LADY M. And I heard nothing of all this! saw nothing!

VALET. No, most gracious lady, because you rode off to the bear-hunt with his highness just at the moment the drum was beating for the march. 'Tis a pity your ladyship missed the pleasure of the sight — here, crying children might be seen following their wretched father — there, a mother distracted with grief was rushing forward to throw her tender infant among the bristling bayonets — here, a bride and bridegroom were separated with the sabre's stroke — and there, graybeards were seen to stand in despair, and fling their very crutches after their sons in the New World — and, in the midst of all this, the drums were beating loudly, that the prayers and lamentations might not reach the Almighty ear.

LADY M. (*rising in violent emotion*). Away with these jewels — their rays pierce my bosom like the flames of hell. Moderate your grief, old man. Your children

shall be restored to you. You shall again clasp them to your bosom.

VALET (*with warmth*). Yes, heaven knows! We shall meet again! As they passed the city gates they turned round and cried aloud: "God bless our wives and children — long life to our gracious sovereign. At the day of judgment we shall all meet again!"

LADY M. (*walks up and down the room in great agitation*). Horrible! most horrible! — (and they would persuade me that I had dried up all the tears in the land. Now, indeed, my eyes are fearfully opened.) Go — tell the prince that I will thank him in person! (*As the valet is going she drops the purse into his hat.*) And take this as a recompense for the truth you have revealed to me.

VALET (*throws the purse with contempt on the table*). Keep it, with your other treasures. // [*Exit.*]

LADY M. (*looking after him in astonishment*). Sophy, follow him, and inquire his name. His sons shall be restored to him. (SOPHY goes. LADY MILFORD becomes absorbed in thought. Pause. Then to SOPHY as she returns.) Was there not a report that some town on the frontier had been destroyed by fire, and four hundred families reduced to beggary? (*She rings.*)

SOPHY. What has made your ladyship just think of that? Yes — such was certainly the fact, and most of these poor creatures are either compelled to serve their creditors as bondsmen, or are dragging out their miserable days in the depths of the royal silver mines.

Enter a SERVANT. What are your ladyship's commands?

LADY M. (*giving him the case of jewels*). Carry this to my treasurer without delay. Let the jewels be sold and the money distributed among the four hundred families who were ruined by the fire.

SOPHY. Consider, my lady, the risk you run of displeasing his highness.

LADY M. (*with dignity*). Should I encircle my brows with the curses of his subjects? (*Makes a sign to the servant, who goes away with the jewel case.*) Wouldst thou have me dragged to the earth by the dreadful

weight of the tears of misery? Nay! Sophy, it is better far to wear false jewels on the brow, and to have the consciousness of a good deed within the breast!

SOPHY. But diamonds of such value! Why not rather give some that are less precious? Truly, my lady, it is an unpardonable act.

LADY M. Foolish girl! For this deed more brilliants and pearls will flow for me in one moment than kings ever wore in their richest diadems! Ay, and infinitely more beautiful!

SERVANT *enters*. Major von Walter!

SOPHY (*running hastily to the help of* LADY MILFORD, *who seems fainting*). Heavens, my lady, you change color!

LADY M. The first man who ever made me tremble. (*To the* SERVANT.) I am not well—but stay—what said the major?—how?—O Sophy! I look sadly ill, do I not?

SOPHY. I entreat you, my lady, compose yourself.

SERVANT. Is it your ladyship's wish that I should deny you to the major?

LADY M. (*hesitating*). Tell him—I shall be happy to see him. (*Exit* SERVANT.) What shall I say to him, Sophy? how shall I receive him? I will be silent—alas! I fear he will despise my weakness. He will—ah, me! what sad forebodings oppress my heart! You are going Sophy! stay, yet—no, no—he comes—yes, stay, stay with me——

SOPHY. Collect yourself, my lady, the major——

SCENE III.—FERDINAND VON WALTER. *The former.*

FERD. (*with a slight bow*). I hope I do not interrupt your ladyship?

LADY M. (*with visible emotion*). Not at all, baron—not in the least.

FERD. I wait on your ladyship, at the command of my father.

LADY M. Therein I am his debtor.

FERD. And I am charged to announce to you that our marriage is determined on. Thus far I fulfil the commission of my father.

LADY M. (*changing color and trembling*). And not of your own heart?

FERD. Ministers and panders have no concern with hearts.

LADY M. (*almost speechless with emotion*). And you yourself — have you nothing to add?

FERD. (*looking at SOPHY*). Much! my lady, much!

LADY M. (*motions to SOPHY to withdraw*). May I beg you to take a seat by my side?

FERD. I will be brief, lady.

LADY M. Well!

FERD. I am a man of honor!

LADY M. Whose worth I know how to appreciate.

FERD. I am of noble birth!

LADY M. Noble as any in the land!

FERD. A soldier!

LADY M. (*in a soft, affectionate manner*). Thus far you have only enumerated advantages which you share in common with many others. Why are you so silent regarding those noble qualities which are peculiarly your own?

FERD. (*coldly*). Here they would be out of place.

LADY M. (*with increasing agitation*). In what light am I to understand this prelude?

FERD. (*slowly, and with emphasis*). As the protest of the voice of honor — should you think proper to enforce the possession of my hand!

LADY M. (*starting with indignation*). Major von Walter! What language is this?

FERD. (*calmly*). The language of my heart — of my unspotted name — and of this true sword.

LADY M. Your sword was given to you by the prince.

FERD. 'Twas the state which gave it, by the hands of the prince. God bestowed on me an honest heart. My nobility is derived from a line of ancestry extending through centuries.

LADY M. But the authority of the prince —

FERD. (*with warmth*). Can he subvert the laws of humanity, or stamp glory on our actions as easily as he stamps value on the coin of his realm? He himself is

not raised above the laws of honor, although he may stifle its whispers with gold — and shroud his infamy in robes of ermine! But enough of this, lady! — it is too late now to talk of blasted prospects — or of the desecration of ancestry — or of that nice sense of honor — girded on with my sword — or of the world's opinion. All these I am ready to trample under foot as soon as you have proved to me that the reward is not inferior to the sacrifice.

LADY M. (*in extreme distress turning away*). Major! I have not deserved this!

FERD. (*taking her hand*). Pardon me, lady — we are without witnesses. The circumstance which brings us together to-day — and only to-day — justifies me, nay, compels me, to reveal to you my most secret feelings. I cannot comprehend, lady, how a being gifted with so much beauty and spirit — qualities which a man cannot fail to admire — could throw herself away on a prince incapable of valuing aught beyond her mere person — and yet not feel some visitings of shame, when she steps forth to offer her heart to a man of honor!

LADY M. (*looking at him with an air of pride*). Say on, sir, without reserve.

FERD. You call yourself an Englishwoman — pardon me, lady, I can hardly believe you. The free-born daughter of the freest people under heaven — a people too proud to imitate even foreign virtues — would surely never have sold herself to foreign vices! It is not possible, lady, that you should be a native of Britain, unless indeed your heart be as much below as the sons of Britannia vaunt theirs to be above all others!

LADY M. Have you done, sir?

FERD. Womanly vanity — passions — temperament — a natural appetite for pleasure — all these might, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation — for virtue often survives honor — and many who once trod the paths of infamy have subsequently reconciled themselves to society by the performance of noble deeds, and have thus thrown a halo of glory round their evil doings — but if this were so, whence comes the monstrous extortion that now oppresses the people with a weight never before

known? This I would ask in the name of my fatherland — and now, lady, I have done!

LADY M. (*with gentleness and dignity*). This is the first time, Baron von Walter, that words such as these have been addressed to me — and you are the only man to whom I would in return have vouchsafed an answer. Your rejection of my hand commands my esteem. Your invectives against my heart have my full forgiveness, for I will not believe you sincere, since he who dares hold such language to a woman, that could ruin him in an instant — must either believe that she possesses a great and noble heart — or must be the most desperate of madmen. That you ascribe the misery of this land to me may He forgive, before whose throne you, and I, and the prince shall one day meet! But, as in my person you have insulted the daughter of Britain, so in vindication of my country's honor you must hear my exculpation.

FERD. (*leaning on his sword*). Lady, I listen with interest.

LADY M. Hear, then, that which I have never yet breathed to mortal, and which none but yourself will ever learn from my lips. I am not the low adventurer you suppose me, sir! Nay! did I listen to the voice of pride, I might even boast myself to be of royal birth; I am descended from the unhappy Thomas Norfolk, who paid the penalty of his adherence to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, by a bloody death on the scaffold. My father, who, as royal chamberlain, had once enjoyed his sovereign's confidence, was accused of maintaining treasonable relations with France, and was condemned and executed by a decree of the Parliament of Great Britain. Our estates were confiscated, and our family banished from their native soil. My mother died on the day of my father's execution, and I — then a girl of fourteen — fled to Germany with one faithful attendant. A casket of jewels, and this crucifix, placed in my bosom by my dying mother, were all my fortune!

[FERD., *absorbed in thought, surveys* LADY MILFORD *with looks of compassion and sympathy.*

LADY M. (*continuing with increased emotion*). With-

out a name — without protection or property—a foreigner and an orphan, I reached Hamburg. I had learnt nothing but a little French, and to run my fingers over the embroidery frame, or the keys of my harpsichord. But, though I was ignorant of all useful arts, I had learnt full well to feast off gold and silver, to sleep beneath silken hangings, to bid attendant pages obey my voice, and to listen to the honeyed words of flattery and adulation. Six years passed away in sorrow and in sadness—the remnant of my scanty means was fast melting away—my old and faithful nurse was no more—and—and then it was that fate brought your sovereign to Hamburg. I was walking beside the shores of the Elbe, wondering, as I gazed on its waters, whether they or my sorrows were the deeper, when the duke crossed my path. He followed me, traced me to my humble abode, and, casting himself at my feet, vowed that he loved me. (*She pauses, and, after struggling with her emotion, continues in a voice choked by tears.*) All the images of my happy childhood were revived in hues of delusive brightness—while the future lowered before me black as the grave. My heart panted for communion with another—and I sank into the arms opened to receive me! (*Turning away.*) And now you condemn me!

FERD. (*greatly agitated, follows her and leads her back.*) Lady! heavens! what do I hear! What have I done? The guilt of my conduct is unveiled in all its deformity! It is impossible you should forgive me.

LADY M. (*endeavoring to overcome her emotion.*) Hear me on! The prince, it is true, overcame my unprotected youth, but the blood of the Howards still glowed within my veins, and never ceased to reproach me; that I, the descendant of royal ancestors, should stoop to be a prince's paramour! Pride and destiny still contended in my bosom, when the duke brought me hither, where scenes the most revolting burst upon my sight! The voluptuousness of the great is an insatiable hyena—the craving of whose appetite demands perpetual victims. Fearfully had it laid this country waste—separating bridegroom and bride—and tearing asunder even the holy bonds of marriage. Here it had destroyed the

tranquil happiness of a whole family — there the blighting pest had seized on a young and inexperienced heart, and expiring victims called down bitter imprecations on the heads of the undoers. It was then that I stepped forth between the lamb and the tiger, and, in a moment of dalliance, extorted from the duke his royal promise that this revolting licentiousness should cease.

FERD. (*pacing the room in violent agitation*). No more, lady! No more!

LADY M. This gloomy period was succeeded by one still more gloomy. The court swarmed with French and Italian adventurers — the royal sceptre became the plaything of Parisian harlots, and the people writhed and bled beneath their capricious rule. Each had her day. I saw them sink before me, one by one, for I was the most skilful coquette of all! It was then that I seized and wielded the tyrant's sceptre whilst he slumbered voluptuously in my embrace — then, Walter, thy country, for the first time, felt the hand of humanity, and reposed in confidence on my bosom. (*A pause, during which she gazes upon him with tenderness.*) Oh! that the man, by whom, of all others, I least wish to be misunderstood, should compel me to turn braggart and parade my unobtrusive virtues to the glare of admiration! Walter, I have burst open the doors of prisons — I have cancelled death-warrants and shortened many a frightful eternity upon the galleys. Into wounds beyond my power to heal I have at least poured soothing balsam. I have hurled mighty villains to the earth, and oft with the tears of a harlot saved the cause of innocence from impending ruin. Ah! young man, how sweet were then my feelings! How proudly did these actions teach my heart to support the reproaches of my noble blood! And now comes the man who alone can repay me for all that I have suffered — the man, whom perhaps my relenting destiny created as a compensation for former sorrows — the man, whom with ardent affection, I already clasped in my dreams.

FERD. (*interrupting her*). Hold, lady, hold! You exceed the bounds of our conference! You undertook to clear yourself from reproach, and you make me a criminal!

Spare me, I beseech you! Spare a heart already overwhelmed by confusion and remorse!

LADY M. (*grasping his hand*). You must hear me, Walter! hear me now or never. Long enough has the heroine sustained me; now you must feel the whole weight of these tears! Mark me, Walter! Should an unfortunate — impetuously, irresistibly attracted towards you — clasp you to her bosom full of unutterable, inextinguishable love — should this unfortunate — bowed down with the consciousness of shame — disgusted with vicious pleasures — heroically exalted by the inspiration of virtue — throw herself — thus into your arms (*embracing him in an eager and supplicating manner*); should she do this, and you still pronounce the freezing word "*Honor!*" Should she pray that through you she might be saved — that through you she might be restored to her hopes of heaven! (*Turning away her head, and speaking in a hollow, faltering voice.*) Or should she, her prayer refused, listen to the voice of despair, and to escape from your image plunge herself into yet more fearful depths of infamy and vice —

FERD. (*breaking from her in great emotion*). No, by heaven! This is more than I can endure! Lady, I am compelled — Heaven and earth compels me — to make the honest avowal of my sentiments and situation.

LADY M. (*hastening from him*). Oh! not now! By all that is holy I entreat you — spare me in this dreadful moment when my lacerated heart bleeds from a thousand wounds. Be your decision life or death — I dare not — I will not hear it!

FERD. I entreat you, lady! I insist! What I have to say will mitigate my offence, and warmly plead your forgiveness for the past. I have been deceived in you, lady. I expected — nay, I wished to find you deserving my contempt. I came determined to insult you, and to make myself the object of your hate. Happy would it have been for us both had my purpose succeeded! (*He pauses; then proceeds in a gentle and faltering voice.*) Lady, I love! — I love a maid of humble birth — Louisa Miller is her name, the daughter of a music-master. (*LADY M. turns away pale and greatly agitated.*) I

know into what an abyss I plunge myself; but, though prudence bids me conceal my passion, honor overpowers its precepts. I am the criminal—I first destroyed the golden calm of Louisa's innocence—I lulled her heart with aspiring hopes, and surrendered it, like a betrayer, a prey to the wildest of passions. You will bid me remember my rank—my birth—my father—schemes of aggrandisement. But in vain—I love! My hopes become more fervent as the breach widens between nature and the mere conventions of society—between my resolution and worldly prejudices! We shall see whether love or interest is victorious. (*LADY M. during this has retired to the extreme end of the apartment, and covers her face with both hands. FERDINAND approaches her.*) Have you aught to answer, lady?

LADY M. (*in a tone of intense suffering*). Nothing! Nothing! but that you destroy yourself and me—and, with us yet a third.

FERD. A third?

LADY M. Never can you marry Louisa; never can you be happy with me. We shall all be the victims of your father's rashness. I can never hope to possess the heart of a husband who has been forced to give me his hand.

FERD. Forced, lady? Forced? And yet given? Will you enforce a hand without a heart? Will you tear from a maiden a man who is the whole world to her? Will you tear a maiden from a man who has centered all his hopes of happiness on her alone? Will you do this, lady? you who but a moment before were the lofty, noble-minded daughter of Britain?

LADY M. I will because I must! (*earnestly and firmly*). My passions, Walter, overcome my tenderness for you. My honor has no alternative. Our union is the talk of the whole city. Every eye, every shaft of ridicule is bent against me. 'Twere a stain which time could never efface should a subject of the prince reject my hand! Appease your father if you have the power! Defend yourself as you best may! my resolution is taken. The mine is fired and I abide the issue.

[*Exit.* FERDINAND remains in speechless astonishment for some moments; then rushes wildly out.

SCENE IV.—*Miller's House.*

MILLER MEETING LOUISA AND MRS. MILLER.

MILLER. Ay! ay! I told you how it would be!

LOUISA (*hastening to him with anxiety*). What, father? What?

MILLER (*running up and down the room*). My cloak, there. Quick, quick! I must be beforehand with him. My cloak, I say! Yes, yes! this was just what I expected!

LOUISA. For God's sake, father! tell me?

MRS. M. What is the matter, Miller? What alarms you?

MILLER (*throwing down his wig*). Let that go to the friezer. What is the matter, indeed? And my beard, too, is nearly half an inch long. What's the matter? What do you think, you old carrion. The devil has broke loose, and you may look out for squalls.

MRS. M. There, now, that's just the way! When anything goes wrong it is always my fault.

MILLER. Your fault? Yes, you brimstone fagot! and whose else should it be? This very morning when you were holding forth about that confounded major, did I not say then what would be the consequence? That knave, Wormi, has blabbed.

MRS. M. Gracious heavens! But how do you know?

MILLER. How do I know? Look yonder! a messenger of the minister is already at the door inquiring for the fiddler.

LOUISA (*turning pale, and sitting down*). Oh! God! I am in agony!

MILLER. And you, too, with that languishing air? (*laughs bitterly*). But, right! Right! There is an old saying that where the devil keeps a breeding-cage he is sure to hatch a handsome daughter.

MRS. M. But how do you know that Louisa is in question? You may have been recommended to the duke; he may want you in his orchestra.

MILLER (*jumping up, and seizing his fiddlestick*). May the sulphurous rain of hell consume thee! Orchestra,

indeed! Ay, where you, you old procuress, shall howl the treble whilst my smarting back groans the base. (*Throwing himself upon a chair.*) Oh! God in heaven!

LOUISA (*sinks on the sofa, pale as death*). Father! Mother! Oh! my heart sinks within me.

MILLER (*starting up with anger*). But let me only lay hands on that infernal quill-driver! I'll make him skip — be it in this world or the next; if I don't pound him to a jelly, body and soul; if I don't write all the Ten Commandments, the seven Penitential Psalms, the five books of Moses, and the whole of the Prophets upon his rascally hide so distinctly that the blue hieroglyphics shall be legible at the day of judgment — if I don't, may I —

MRS. M. Yes, yes, curse and swear your hardest! That's the way to frighten the devil! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, gracious heavens! What shall we do? Who can advise us? Speak, Miller, speak; this silence distracts me! (*She runs screaming up and down the room.*)

MILLER. I will instantly to the minister! I will open my mouth boldly, and tell him all from beginning to end. You knew it before me, and ought to have given me a hint of what was going on! The girl might yet have been advised. It might still have been time to save her! But, no! There was something for your meddling and making, and you must needs add fuel to the fire. Now you have made your bed you may lie on it. As you have brewed so you may drink; I shall take my daughter under my arm and be off with her over the borders.

SCENE V.

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND.

FERD. (*rushes in, terrified, and out of breath*). Has my father been here?

LOUISA (*starts back in horror*). His father? Gracious heaven!

MRS. M. (*wringing her hands*). The minister here? Then it's all over with us!

MILLER (*laughs bitterly*). Thank God! Thank God! Now comes our benefit!

All speaking
together.

FERD. (*rushing towards LOUISA, and clasping her in his arms*). Mine thou art, though heaven and hell were placed between us!

LOUISA. I am doomed! Speak, Ferdinand! Did you not utter that dreaded name? Your father?

FERD. Be not alarmed! the danger has passed! I have thee again! again thou hast me! Let me regain my breath on thy dear bosom. It was a dreadful hour!

LOUISA. What was a dreadful hour? Answer me, Ferdinand! I die with apprehension!

FERD. (*drawing back, gazing upon her earnestly, then in a solemn tone*). An hour, Louisa, when another's form stepped between my heart and thee—an hour in which my love grew pale before my conscience—when Louisa ceased to be all in all to Ferdinand!

[LOUISA *sinks back upon her chair, and conceals her face.*

(FERDINAND *stands before her in speechless agitation, then turns away from her suddenly and exclaims*), Never, never! Baroness, 'tis impossible! you ask too much! Never can I sacrifice this innocence at your shrine. No, by the eternal God! I cannot recall my oath, which speaks to me from thy soul-thrilling eyes louder than the thunders of heaven! Behold, lady! Inhuman father, look on this! Would you have me destroy this angel? Shall my perfidy kindle a hell in this heavenly bosom? (*turning towards her with firmness*). No! I will bear her to thy throne, Almighty Judge! Thy voice shall declare if my affection be a crime. (*He grasps her hand, and raises her from the sofa.*) Courage, my beloved!—thou hast conquered—and I come forth a victor from the terrible conflict!

LOUISA. No, no, Ferdinand, conceal nothing from me! Declare boldly the dreadful decree! You named your father! You spoke of the baroness! The shivering of death seizes my heart! 'Tis said she is about to be married!

FERD. (*quite overcome, throws himself at her feet*). Yes, and to me, dear unfortunate. Such is my father's will!

LOUISA (*after a deep pause, in a tremulous voice, but*

with assumed resignation). Well! Why am I thus affrighted? Has not my dear father often told me that you never could be mine? But I was obstinate, and believed him not. (*A second pause; she falls weeping into her father's arms.*) Father, thy daughter is thine own again! Father, forgive me! 'Twas not your child's fault that the dream was so heavenly—the waking so terrible!

MILLER. Louisa! Louisa! O merciful heaven! she has lost her senses! My daughter! My poor child! Curses upon thy seducer! Curses upon the pandering mother who threw thee in his way!

MRS. M. (*weeping on LOUISA's neck*). Daughter, do I deserve this curse? God forgive you, major! What has this poor lamb done that you bring this misery upon her?

FERD. (*with resolution*). I will unravel the meshes of these intrigues. I will burst asunder these iron chains of prejudice. As a free-born man will I make my choice, and crush these insect souls with the colossal force of my love! [Going.

LOUISA (*rises trembling from the sofa, and attempts to follow him*). Stay, oh, stay! Whither are you going? Father! Mother! He deserts us in this fearful hour!

MRS. M. (*hastens towards him, and detains him*). The president is coming hither? He will ill-use my child! He will ill-use us all, — and yet, major, you are going to leave us.

MILLER (*laughs hysterically*). Leave us. Of course he is! What should hinder him? The girl has given him all she had. (*Grasping FERDINAND with one hand, and LOUISA with the other.*) Listen to me, young gentleman. The only way out of my house is over my daughter's body. If you possess one single spark of honor await your father's coming; tell him, deceiver, how you stole her young and inexperienced heart; or, by the God who made me! (*thrusting LOUISA towards him with violence and passion*) you shall crush before my eyes this trembling worm whom love for you has brought to shame and infamy!

FERD. (*returns, and walks to and fro in deep thought*).

'Tis true, the President's power is great — parental authority is a mighty word — even crimes claim respect when concealed within its folds. He may push that authority far — very far! But love goes beyond it. Hear me, Louisa; give me thy hand! (*clasping it firmly*). As surely as I hope for Heaven's mercy in my dying hour, I swear that the moment which separates these hands shall also rend asunder the thread that binds me to existence!

LOUISA. You terrify me! Turn from me! Your lips tremble! Your eyes roll fearfully!

FERD. Nay, Louisa! fear nothing! It is not madness which prompts my oath! 'tis the choicest gift of Heaven, decision, sent to my aid at that critical moment, when an oppressed bosom can only find relief in some desperate remedy. I love thee, Louisa! Thou shalt be mine! 'Tis resolved! And now for my father!

[*He rushes out, and is met by the PRESIDENT.*



SCENE VI.

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND, PRESIDENT,
with SERVANTS.

PRES. (*as he enters*). So! here he is! (*All start in terror.*)

FERD. (*retiring a few paces*). In the house of innocence!

PRES. Where a son learns obedience to his father!

FERD. Permit me to —

PRES. (*interrupting him, turns to MILLER*). The father, I presume?

MILLER. I am Miller, the musician.

PRES. (*to MRS. MILLER*). And you, the mother?

MRS. M. Yes, alas! her unfortunate mother!

FERD. (*to MILLER*). Father, take Louisa to her chamber — she is fainting.

PRES. An unnecessary precaution! I will soon arouse her. (*To LOUISA*). How long have you been acquainted with the President's son?

LOUISA (*with timidity*). Of the President's son I have

never thought. Ferdinand von Walter has paid his addresses to me since November last.

FERD. And he adores her!

PRES. (*to LOUISA*). Has he given you any assurance of his love?

FERD. But a few minutes since, the most solemn, and God was my witness.

PRES. (*to his son angrily*). Silence! You shall have opportunity enough of confessing your folly. (*To LOUISA*.) I await your answer.

LOUISA. He swore eternal love to me.

FERD. And I will keep my oath.

PRES. (*to FERDINAND*). Must I command your silence? (*To LOUISA*). Did you accept his rash vows?

LOUISA (*with tenderness*). I did, and gave him mine in exchange.

FERD. (*resolutely*). The bond is irrevocable —

PRES. (*to FERDINAND*). If you dare to interrupt me again I'll teach you better manners. (*To LOUISA, sneeringly*.) And he paid handsomely every time, no doubt?

LOUISA. I do not understand your question.

PRES. (*with an insulting laugh*). Oh, indeed! Well, I only meant to hint that — as everything has its price — I hope you have been more provident than to bestow your favors gratis — or perhaps you were satisfied with merely participating in the pleasure? Eh? how was it?

FERD. (*infuriated*). Hell and confusion! What does this mean?

LOUISA (*to FERDINAND, with dignity and emotion*). Baron von Walter, now you are free!

FERD. Father! virtue though clothed in a beggar's garb commands respect!

PRES. (*laughing aloud*). A most excellent joke! The father is commanded to honor his son's strumpet!

LOUISA. Oh! Heaven and earth! (*Sinks down in a swoon*.)

FERD. (*drawing his sword*). Father, you gave me life, and, till now, I acknowledged your claim on it. That debt is cancelled. (*Replaces his sword in the scabbard, and points to LOUISA*.) There lies the bond of filial duty torn to atoms!

MILLER (*who has stood apart trembling, now comes forward, by turns gnashing his teeth in rage, and shrinking back in terror*). Your excellency, the child is the father's second self. No offence, I hope! Who strikes the child hits the father — blow for blow — that's our rule here. No offence, I hope!

MRS. M. God have mercy on us! Now the old man has begun — we shall all catch it with a vengeance!

PRES. (*who has not understood what MILLER said*). What? is the old pander stirred up? We shall have something to settle together presently, Mr. Pander!

MILLER. You mistake me, my lord. My name is Miller, at your service for an adagio — but, as to lady-birds, I cannot serve you. As long as there is such an assortment at court, we poor citizens can't afford to lay in stock! No offence, I hope!

MRS. M. For Heaven's sake, man, hold your tongue! would you ruin both wife and child?

FERD. (*to his father*). You play but a sorry part here, my lord, and might well have dispensed with these witnesses.

MILLER (*coming nearer, with increasing confidence*). To be plain and above board — No offence, I hope — your excellency may have it all your own way in the Cabinet — but this is my house. I'm your most obedient, very humble servant when I wait upon you with a petition, but the rude, unmannerly intruder I have the right to bundle out — no offence, I hope!

PRES. (*pale with anger, and approaching MILLER*). What? What's that you dare to utter?

MILLER (*retreating a few steps*). Only a little bit of my mind sir — no offence, I hope!

PRES. (*furiously*). Insolent villain! Your impertinence shall procure you a lodging in prison. (*To his servants*). Call in the officers of justice! Away! (*Some of the attendants go out. The PRESIDENT paces the stage with a furious air.*) The father shall to prison; the mother and her strumpet daughter to the pillory! Justice shall lend her sword to my rage! For this insult will I have ample amends. Shall such contemptible creatures thwart my plans, and set father and

son against each other with impunity? Tremble, miscreants! I will glut my hate in your destruction—the whole brood of you—father, mother, and daughter shall be sacrificed to my vengeance!

FERD. (*to MILLER, in a collected and firm manner*). Oh! not so! Fear not, friends! I am your protector. (*Turning to the PRESIDENT, with deference*). Be not so rash, father! For your own sake let me beg of you no violence. There is a corner of my heart where the name of father has never yet been heard. Oh! press not into that!

PRES. Silence, unworthy boy! Rouse not my anger to greater fury!

MILLER (*recovering from a stupor*). Wife, look you to your daughter! I fly to the duke. His highness' tailor—God be praised for reminding me of it at this moment—learns the flute of me—I cannot fail of success. (*Is hastening off*.)

PRES. To the duke, will you? Have you forgotten that I am the threshold over which you must pass, or failing, perish? To the duke, you fool? Try to reach him with your lamentations, when, reduced to a living skeleton, you lie buried in a dungeon five fathoms deep, where light and sound never enter; where darkness goggles at hell with gloating eyes! There gnash thy teeth in anguish; there rattle thy chains in despair, and groan, "Woe is me! This is beyond human endurance!"

SCENE VII.

Officers of Justice—the former.

FERD. (*flies to LOUISA, who, overcome with fear, faints in his arms.*) Louisa!—Help, for God's sake! Terror overpowers her!

[MILLER, *catching up his cane and putting on his hat, prepares for defense.* MRS. MILLER *throws herself on her knees before the PRESIDENT.*

PRES. (*to the officers, showing his star*). Arrest these offenders in the duke's name. Boy, let go that strumpet! Fainting or not—when once her neck is

fitted with the iron collar the mob will pelt her till she revives.

MRS. MILLER. Mercy, your excellency! Mercy! mercy!

MILLER (*snatching her from the ground with violence*). Kneel to God, you howling fool, and not to — villains — since I must to prison any way!

PRES. (*biting his lips*). You may be out in your reckoning, scoundrel! There are still gallows to spare! (*To the officers*). Must I repeat my orders?

[*They approach LOUISA — FERDINAND places himself before her.*]

FERD. (*fiercely*). Touch her who dare! (*He draws his sword and flourishes it*). Let no one presume to lay a finger on her, whose life is not well insured. (*To the PRESIDENT*). As you value your own safety, father, urge me no further!

PRES. (*to the officers in a threatening voice*). At your peril, cowards! (*They again attempt to seize LOUISA*.)

FERD. Hell and furies! Back, I say! (*Driving them away*). Once more, father, I warn you — have some thought for your own safety! Drive me not to extremity!

PRES. (*enraged to the officers*). Scoundrels! Is this your obedience? (*The officers renew their efforts*.)

FERD. Well, if it must be so (*attacking and wounding several of them*), Justice forgive me!

PRES. (*exasperated to the utmost*). Let me see whether I, too, must feel your weapon! (*He seizes LOUISA and delivers her to an officer*.)

FERD. (*laughing bitterly*). Father! father! Your conduct is a galling satire upon Providence, who has so ill understood her people as to make bad statesmen of excellent executioners!

PRES. (*to the officers*). Away with her!

FERD. Father, if I cannot prevent it, she must stand in the pillory — but by her side will also stand the son of the president. Do you still insist?

PRES. The more entertaining will be the exhibition. Away with her!

FERD. I will pledge the honor of an officer's sword for her. Do you still insist?

PRES. Your sword is already familiar with disgrace. Away! away! You know my will.

FERD. (*wrests LOUISA from the officer and holds her with one arm, with the other points his sword at her bosom.*) Father, rather than tamely see my wife branded with infamy I will plunge this sword into her bosom. Do you still insist?

PRES. Do it, if the point be sharp enough!

FERD. (*releases LOUISA, and looks wildly towards heaven.*) Be thou witness, Almighty God, that I have left no human means untried to save her! Forgive me now if I have recourse to hellish means. While you are leading her to the pillory (*speaking loudly in the PRESIDENT'S ear*), I will publish throughout the town a pleasant history of how a president's chair may be gained!

[*Exit.*

PRES. (*as if thunder-struck*). How? What said he? Ferdinand! Release her instantly! (*Rushes after his son.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Room at the President's. Enter PRESIDENT and WORM.

PRES. That was an infernal piece of business!

WORM. Just what I feared, your excellency. Opposition may inflame the enthusiast, but never converts him.

PRES. I had placed my whole reliance upon the success of this attempt. I made no doubt but if the girl were once publicly disgraced, he would be obliged as an officer and a gentleman to resign her.

WORM. An admirable idea!—had you but succeeded in disgracing her.

PRES. And yet — when I reflect on the matter coolly — I ought not to have suffered myself to be over-awed. It was a threat which he never could have meant seriously.

WORM. Be not too certain of that! There is no folly too gross for excited passion! You say that the

baron has always looked upon government with an eye of disapprobation. I can readily believe it. The principles which he brought with him from college are ill-suited to our atmosphere. What have the fantastic visions of personal nobility and greatness of soul to do in court, where 'tis the perfection of wisdom to be great and little by turns, as occasion demands? The baron is too young and too fiery to take pleasure in the slow and crooked paths of intrigue. That alone can give impulse to his ambition which seems glorious and romantic!

PRES. (*impatiently*). But how will these sagacious remarks advance our affairs?

WORM. They will point out to your excellency where the wound lies, and so, perhaps, help you to find a remedy. Such a character — pardon the observation — ought never to have been made a confidant, or should never have been roused to enmity. He detests the means by which you have risen to power! Perhaps it is only the *son* that has hitherto sealed the lips of the *betrayed*! Give him but a fair opportunity for throwing off the bonds imposed upon him by nature! only convince him, by unrelenting opposition to his passion, that you are no longer an affectionate father, and that moment the duties of a patriot will rush upon him with irresistible force! Nay, the high-wrought idea of offering so unparalleled a sacrifice at the shrine of justice might of itself alone have charms sufficient to reconcile him to the ruin of a parent!

PRES. Worm! Worm! To what a horrible abyss do you lead me!

WORM. Never fear, my lord, I will lead you back in safety! May I speak without restraint?

PRES. (*throwing himself into a seat*). Freely, as felon with felon.

WORM. Forgive me, then. It seems to me that you have to ascribe all your influence as president to the courtly art of intrigue; why not resort to the same means for attaining your ends as a father? I well remember with what seeming frankness you invited your predecessor to a game at piquet, and caroused half the night with him over bumpers of Burgundy; and yet it was the

same night on which the great mine you had planned to annihilate him was to explode. Why did you make a public exhibition of enmity to the major? You should by no means have let it appear that you knew anything of his love affair. You should have made the girl the object of your attacks and have preserved the affection of your son; like the prudent general who does not engage the prime of the enemy's force but creates disaffection among the ranks?

PRES. How could this have been effected?

WORM. In the simplest manner—even now the game is not entirely lost! Forget for a time that you are a father. Do not contend against a passion which opposition only renders more formidable. Leave me to hatch, from the heat of their own passions, the basilisk which shall destroy them.

PRES. I am all attention.

WORM. Either my knowledge of human character is very small, or the major is as impetuous in jealousy as in love. Make him suspect the girl's constancy,—whether probable or not does not signify. One grain of leaven will be enough to ferment the whole mass.

PRES. But where shall we find that grain?

WORM. Now, then, I come to the point. But first explain to me how much depends upon the major's compliance. How far is it of consequence that the romance with the music-master's daughter should be brought to a conclusion and the marriage with Lady Milford effected?

PRES. How can you ask me, Worm? If the match with Lady Milford is broken off I stand a fair chance of losing my whole influence; on the other hand, if I force the major's consent, of losing my head.

WORM (*with animation*). Now have the kindness to listen to me. The major must be entangled in a web. Your whole power must be employed against his mistress. We must make her write a love-letter, address it to a third party, and contrive to drop it cleverly in the way of the major.

PRES. Absurd proposal! As if she would consent to sign her own death-warrant.



"STAY, OH, STAY, WHITHER ARE YOU GOING?"

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 42

WORM. She must do so if you will but let me follow my own plan. I know her gentle heart thoroughly; she has but two vulnerable sides by which her conscience can be attacked; they are her father and the major. The latter is entirely out of the question; we must, therefore, make the most of the musician.

PRES. In what way?

WORM. From the description your excellency gave me of what passed in his house nothing can be easier than to terrify the father with the threat of a criminal process. The person of his favorite, and of the keeper of the seals, is in some degree the representative of the duke himself, and he who offends the former is guilty of treason towards the latter. At any rate I will engage with these pretences to conjure up such a phantom as shall scare the poor devil out of his seven senses.

PRES. But recollect, Worm, the affair must not be carried so far as to become serious.

WORM. Nor shall it. It shall be carried no further than is necessary to frighten the family into our toils. The musician, therefore, must be quietly arrested. To make the necessity yet more urgent, we may also take possession of the mother;—and then we begin to talk of criminal process, of the scaffold, and of imprisonment for life, and make the daughter's letter the sole condition of the parent's release.

PRES. Excellent! Excellent! Now I begin to understand you!

WORM. Louisa loves her father—I might say even to adoration! The danger which threatens his life, or at least his freedom—the reproaches of her conscience for being the cause of his misfortunes—the impossibility of ever becoming the major's wife—the confusion of her brain, which I take upon myself to produce—all these considerations make our plan certain of success. She must be caught in the snare.

PRES. But my son—will he not instantly get scent of it? Will it not make him yet more desperate?

WORM. Leave that to me, your excellency! The old folks shall not be set at liberty till they and their daughter have taken the most solemn oath to keep the whole

transaction secret, and never to confess the deception.

PRES. An oath! Ridiculous! What restraint can an oath be?

WORM. None upon us, my lord, but the most binding upon people of their stamp. Observe, how dexterously by this measure we shall both reach the goal of our desires. The girl loses at once the affection of her lover, and her good name; the parents will lower their tone, and, thoroughly humbled by misfortune, will esteem it an act of mercy, if, by giving her my hand, I re-establish their daughter's reputation.

PRES. (*shaking his head and smiling*). Artful villain! I confess myself outdone — no devil could spin a finer snare! The scholar excels his master. The next question is, to whom must the letter be addressed — with whom to accuse her of having an intrigue?

WORM. It must necessarily be some one who has all to gain or all to lose by your son's decision in this affair.

PRES. (*after a moment's reflection*) I can think of no one but the marshal.

WORM (*shrugs his shoulders*). The marshal! He would certainly not be my choice were I Louisa Miller.

PRES. And why not? What a strange notion! A man who dresses in the height of fashion — who carries with him an atmosphere of eau de mille fleurs and musk — who can garnish every silly speech with a handful of ducats — could all this possibly fail to overcome the delicacy of a tradesman's daughter? No, no, my good friend, jealousy is not quite so hard of belief. I shall send for the marshal immediately. (*Rings.*)

WORM. While your excellency takes care of him, and of the fiddler's arrest, I will go and indite the aforesaid letter.

PRES. (*seats himself at his writing-table*). Do so; and, as soon as it is ready, bring it hither for my perusal.
[Exit WORM.]

[The PRESIDENT, having written, rises and hands the paper to a servant who enters.]

See this arrest executed without a moment's delay, and

let Marshal von Kalb be informed that I wish to see him immediately.

SERV. The marshal's carriage has just stopped at your lordship's door.

PRES. So much the better — as for the arrest, let it be managed with such precaution that no disturbance arise.

SERV. I will take care, my lord.

PRES. You understand me? The business must be kept quite secret.

SERV. Your excellency shall be obeyed.

[Exit SERVANT.]

SCENE II.

The PRESIDENT — MARSHALL KALB.

MARSHAL (*hastily*). I have just looked in, *en passant*, my dear friend! How are you? How do you get on? We are to have the grand opera Dido to-night! Such a conflagration! — a whole town will be in flames! — you will come to the blaze of course — eh?

PRES. I have conflagration enough in my own house, one that threatens the destruction of all I possess. Be seated, my dear marshal. You arrive very opportunely to give me your advice and assistance in a certain business which will either advance our fortunes or utterly ruin us both!

MARSHAL. Don't alarm me so, my dear friend!

PRES. As I said before, it must exalt or ruin us entirely! You know my project respecting the major and Lady Milford — you are not ignorant how necessary this union is to secure both our fortunes! Marshal, our plans threaten to come to naught. My son refuses to marry her!

MARSHAL. Refuses! Refuses to marry her? But, my goodness! I have published the news through the whole town. The union is the general topic of conversation.

PRES. Then you will be talked of by all the town as a spreader of false reports, — in short, Ferdinand loves another.

MARSHAL. Pooh! you are joking! As if that were an obstacle?

PRES. With such an enthusiast a most insurmountable one!

MARSHAL. Can he be mad enough to spurn his good-fortune? Eh?

PRES. Ask him yourself and you'll hear what he will answer.

MARSHAL. But, *mon Dieu!* what can he answer?

PRES. That he will publish to the world the crime by which we rose to power — that he will denounce our forged letters and receipts — that he will send us both to the scaffold. That is what he can answer.

MARSHAL. Are you out of your mind?

PRES. Nay, that is what he has already answered? He was actually on the point of putting these threats into execution; and it was only by the most abject submission that I could persuade him to abandon his design. What say you to this, marshal?

MARSHAL (*with a look of bewildered stupidity*). I am at my wits' end!

PRES. That might have blown over. But my spies have just brought me notice that the grand cupbearer, Von Bock, is on the point of offering himself as a suitor to her ladyship.

MARSHAL. You drive me distracted! Whom did you say? Von Bock? Don't you know that we are mortal enemies? And don't you know why?

PRES. The first word that I ever heard of it!

MARSHAL. My dear count! You shall hear — your hair will stand on end! You must remember the famous court ball — it is now just twenty years ago. It was the first time that English country-dances were introduced — you remember how the hot wax trickled from the great chandelier on Count Meerschäum's blue and silver domino. Surely, you cannot have forgotten that affair!

PRES. Who could forget so remarkable a circumstance!

MARSHAL. Well, then, in the heat of the dance Princess Amelia lost her garter. The whole ball, as you may imagine, was instantly thrown into confusion. Von

Bock and myself — we were then fellow-pages — crept through the whole saloon in search of the garter. At length I discovered it. Von Bock perceives my good-fortune — rushes forward — tears it from my hands, and, just fancy — presents it to the princess, and so cheated me of the honor I had so fortunately earned. What do you think of that?

PRES. 'Twas most insolent!

MARSHAL. I thought I should have fainted upon the spot. A trick so malicious was beyond the powers of mortal endurance. At length I recovered myself; and, approaching the princess, said, — “Von Bock, 'tis true, was fortunate enough to present the garter to your highness; but he who first discovered that treasure finds his reward in silence, and is dumb!”

PRES. Bravo, marshal! Admirably said! Most admirable!

MARSHAL. And is dumb! But till the day of judgment will I remember his conduct — the mean, sneaking sycophant! And as if that were not aggravation enough, he actually, as we were struggling on the ground for the garter, rubbed all the powder from one side of my peruke with his sleeve, and ruined me for the rest of the evening.

PRES. This is the man who will marry Lady Milford, and consequently soon take the lead at court.

MARSHAL. You plunge a dagger in my heart! But why must he? Why should he marry her? Why he? Where is the necessity?

PRES. Because Ferdinand refuses her, and there is no other candidate.

MARSHAL. But is there no possible method of obtaining your son's consent? Let the measure be ever so extravagant or desperate — there is nothing to which I should not willingly consent in order to supplant the hated Von Bock.

PRES. I know but one means of accomplishing this, and that rests entirely with you.

MARSHAL. With me? Name it, my dear count, name it!

PRES. You must set Ferdinand and his mistress against each other.

MARSHAL. Against each other? How do you mean? —and how would that be possible.

PRES. Everything is ours could we make him suspect the girl.

MARSHAL. Ah, of theft, you mean?

PRES. Pshaw! —he would never believe that! No, no — I mean that she is carrying on an intrigue with another.

MARSHAL. And this other, who is he to be?

PRES. Yourself!

MARSHAL. How? Must I be her lover? Is she of noble birth?

PRES. What signifies that? What an idea! — she is the daughter of a musician.

MARSHAL. A plebeian? — that will never do!

PRES. What will never do? Nonsense, man! Who in the name of wonder would think of asking a pair of rosy cheeks for their owner's pedigree?

MARSHAL. But consider, my dear count, a married man! And my reputation at court!

PRES. Oh! that's quite another thing! I beg a thousand pardons, marshal; I was not aware that a man of unblemished morals held a higher place in your estimation than a man of power! Let us break up our conference.

MARSHAL. Be not so hasty, count. I did not mean to say that.

PRES. (*coldly*.) No — no! You are perfectly right. I, too, am weary of office. I shall throw up the game, tender my resignation to the duke, and congratulate Von Bock on his accession to the premiership. This duchy is not all the world.

MARSHAL. And what am I to do? It is very fine for you to talk thus! You are a man of learning! But I — *mon Dieu!* What shall I be if his highness dismisses me?

PRES. A stale jest! — a thing out of fashion!

MARSHAL. I implore you, my dearest, my most valued friend. Abandon those thoughts. I will consent to everything!

PRES. Will you lend your name to an assignation to which this Louisa Miller shall invite you in writing?

MARSHAL. Well, in God's name let it be so !

PRES. And drop the letter where the major cannot fail to find it.

MARSHAL. For instance, on the parade, where I can let it fall as if accidentally in drawing out my handkerchief.

PRES. And when the baron questions you will you assume the character of a favored rival?

MARSHAL. *Mort de ma vie!* I'll teach him manners! I'll cure him of interfering in my amours!

PRES. Good! Now you speak in the right key. The letter shall be written immediately! Come in the evening to receive it, and we will talk over the part you are to play.

MARSHAL. I will be with you the instant I have paid sixteen visits of the very highest importance. Permit me, therefore, to take my leave without delay. (*Going.*)

PRES. (*rings*). I reckon upon your discretion, marshal.

MARSHAL (*calls back*). Ah, *mon Dieu!* you know me !
[*Exit* MARSHAL.]

SCENE III. *The PRESIDENT and WORM.*

WORM. The music-master and his wife have been arrested without the least disturbance. Will your excellency read this letter?

PRES. (*having read it*). Excellent! Excellent, my dear secretary! poison like this would convert health itself into jaundiced leprosy. The marshal, too, has taken the bait. Now then away with my proposals to the father, and then lose no time with the daughter.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE IV. — *Room in MILLER'S House.*

LOUISA and FERDINAND.

LOUISA. Cease, I implore you! I expect no more days of happiness. All my hopes are levelled with the dust.

FERD. All mine are exalted to heaven! My father's

passions are roused ! He will direct his whole artillery against us ! He will force me to become an unnatural son. I will not answer for my filial duty. Rage and despair will wring from me the dark secret that my father is an assassin ! The son will deliver the parent into the hands of the executioner. This is a moment of extreme danger, and extreme danger alone could prompt my love to take so daring a leap ! Hear me, Louisa ! A thought, vast and immeasurable as my love, has arisen in my soul — *Thou, Louisa, and I, and Love !* Lies not a whole heaven within this circle ? Or dost thou feel that there is still something wanting ?

LOUISA. Oh ! cease ! No more ! I tremble to think what you would say.

FERD. If we have no longer a claim upon the world, why should we seek its approbation ? Why venture where nothing can be gained and all may be lost ? Will thine eyes sparkle less brightly reflected by the Baltic waves than by the waters of the Rhine or the Elbe ? Where Louise loves me there is my native land ! Thy footsteps will make the wild and sandy desert far more attractive than the marble halls of my ancestors. Shall we miss the pomp of cities ? Be we where we may, Louisa, a sun will rise and a sun will set — scenes before which the most glorious achievements of art grow pale and dim ! Though we serve God no more in his consecrated churches, yet the night shall spread her solemn shadows round us ; the changing moon shall hear our confession, and a glorious congregation of stars join in our prayers ! Think you our talk of love can ever be exhausted ! Oh, no ! One smile from Louisa were a theme for centuries — the dream of life will be over ere I can exhaust the charms of a single tear.

LOUISA. And hast thou no duty save that of love ?

FERD. (*embracing her*). None so sacred as thy peace of mind !

LOUISA (*very seriously*). Cease, then, and leave me. I have a father who possesses no treasure save one only daughter. To-morrow he will be sixty years old — that he will fall a victim to the vengeance of the President is most certain !

FERD. (*interrupting her*). He shall accompany us. Therefore no more objections, my beloved. I will go and convert my valuables into gold, and raise money on my father's credit! It is lawful to plunder a robber, and are not his treasures the price for which he has sold his country? This night, when the clock strikes one, a carriage will stop at your door — throw yourself into it, and we fly!

LOUISA. Pursued by your father's curse! a curse, unthinking one, which is never pronounced in vain even by murderers — which the avenging angel hears when uttered by a malefactor in his last agony — which, like a fury, will fearfully pursue the fugitives from shore to shore! No, my beloved! If naught but a crime can preserve you to me, I still have courage to resign you!

FERD. (*mutters gloomily*). Indeed!

LOUISA. Resign you? Oh! horrible beyond all measure is the thought. Horrible enough to pierce the immortal spirit and pale the glowing cheeks of joy! Ferdinand! To resign you! Yet how can one resign what one never possessed? Your heart is the property of your station. My claim was sacrilege, and, shuddering, I withdraw it!

FERD. (*with convulsed features, and biting his underlip*). You withdraw it!

LOUISA. Nay! look upon me, dearest Ferdinand. Gnash not your teeth so bitterly! Come, let my example rouse your slumbering courage. Let me be the heroine of this moment. Let me restore to a father his lost son. I will renounce a union which would sever the bonds by which society is held together, and overthrow the landmarks of social order. I am the criminal. My bosom has nourished proud and foolish wishes, and my present misery is a just punishment. Oh! leave me then the sweet, the consoling idea that mine is the sacrifice. Canst thou deny me this last satisfaction? (FERDINAND, *stupefied with agitation and anger, seizes a violin and strikes a few notes upon it; and then tears away the strings, dashes the instrument upon the ground, and, stamping it to pieces, bursts into a loud laugh.*) Walter! God in Heaven! What mean you? Be not thus un-

manned ! This hour requires fortitude ; it is the hour of separation ! You have a heart, dear Walter ; I know that heart — warm as life is your love — boundless and immeasurable — bestow it on one more noble, more worthy — she need not envy the most fortunate of her sex ! (*Striving to repress her tears.*) You shall see me no more ! Leave the vain disappointed girl to bewail her sorrow in sad and lonely seclusion ; where her tears will flow unheeded. Dead and gone are all my hopes of happiness in this world ; yet still shall I inhale ever and anon the perfumes of the faded wreath ! (*Giving him her trembling hand, while her face is turned away.*) Baron Walter, farewell !

FERD. (*recovering from the stupor in which he was plunged*). Louisa, I fly ! Do you indeed refuse to follow me ?

LOUISA (*who has retreated to the further end of the apartment, conceals her countenance with her hands*). My duty bids me stay, and suffer.

FERD. Serpent ! thou liest — some other motive chains thee here !

LOUISA (*in a tone of the most heartfelt sorrow*). Encourage that belief. Haply it may make our parting more supportable.

FERD. What ? Oppose freezing duty to fiery love ! And dost thou think to cheat me with that delusion ? Some rival detains thee here, and woe be to thee and him should my suspicions be confirmed ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

LOUISA (*she remains for some time motionless in the seat upon which she has thrown herself. At length she rises, comes forward, and looks timidly around*). Where can my parents be ? My father promised to return in a few minutes ; yet full five dreadful hours have passed since his departure. Should any accident — good Heavens ! What is come over me ? Why does my heart palpitate so violently ? (*Here WORM enters, and remains standing unobserved in the background.*) It can be nothing real. 'Tis but the terrible delusion of my

over-heated blood. When once the soul is wrapped in terror the eye behold spectres in every shadow.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA and WORM.

WORM (*approaches her*). Good evening, miss.

LOUISA. Heavens! who speaks! (*Perceives him, and starts back in terror.*) Ha! Dreadful! dreadful! I fear some dire misfortune is even now realizing the forebodings of my soul! (*To WORM, with a look of disdain.*) Do you seek the president? He is no longer here.

WORM. 'Tis you I seek, miss!

LOUISA. I wonder, then, that you did not direct your steps towards the market-place.

WORM. What should I do there?

LOUISA. Release your betrothed from the pillory.

WORM. Louisa, you cherish some false suspicion —

LOUISA (*sharply interrupting him*). What is your business with me?

WORM. I come with a message from your father.

LOUISA (*agitated*). From my father? Oh! Where is my father?

WORM. Where he would fain not be!

LOUISA. Quick, quick, for God's sake! Oh! my foreboding heart! Where is my father!

WORM. In prison, if you needs must know!

LOUISA (*with a look towards heaven*). This, too! This, too! In prison, said you? And why in prison?

WORM. It is the duke's order.

LOUISA. The duke's?

WORM. Who thinking his own dignity offended by the insults offered to the person of his representative —

LOUISA. How? How? Oh ye Almighty Powers!

WORM. — Has resolved to inflict the most exemplary punishment.

LOUISA. This was still wanting! This! Yes, in truth. I now feel that my heart does love another besides Ferdinand! That could not be allowed to escape! The prince's dignity offended? Heavenly Providence! Save,

oh! save my sinking faith! (*After a moment's pause, she turns to WORM.*) And Ferdinand?

WORM. Must choose between Lady Milford's hand and his father's curse and disinheritance.

LOUISA. Terrible choice! — and yet — yet is he the happier of the two. He has no father to lose — and yet to have none is misery enough! My father imprisoned for treason — my Ferdinand compelled to choose between Lady Milford's hand or a parent's curse and disinheritance! Truly admirable! for even villany so perfect is perfection! Perfection? No! something is still wanting to complete that. Where is my mother?

WORM. In the house of correction.

LOUISA (*with a smile of despair*). Now the measure is full! It is full, and I am free — released from all duties — all sorrows — all joys! Released even from Providence! I have nothing more to do with it! (*A dreadful pause.*) Have you aught else to communicate? Speak freely — now I can hear anything with indifference.

WORM. All that has happened you already know.

LOUISA. But not that which is yet to happen! (*Another pause, during which she surveys WORM from head to foot.*) Unfortunate man! you have entered on a melancholy employment, which can never lead you to happiness. To cause misery to others is sad enough — but to be the messenger of evil is horrible indeed — to be the first to shriek the screech-owl's song, to stand by when the bleeding heart trembles upon the iron shaft of necessity, and the Christian doubts the existence of a God — Heaven protect me! Wert thou paid a ton of gold for every tear of anguish which thou must witness, I would not be a wretch like thee! What is there yet to happen?

WORM. I know not.

LOUISA. You pretend not to know? This light-shunning embassy trembles at the sound of words, but the spectre betrays itself in your ghastly visage. What is there yet to happen? You said the duke will inflict upon him a most exemplary punishment. What call you exemplary?

WORM. Ask me no more.

LOUISA. Terrible man! Some hangman must have schooled thee! Else thou hadst not so well learned to prolong the torture of thy victim before giving the finishing stroke to the agonized heart! Speak! What fate awaits my father? Death thou canst announce with a laughing sneer — what then must that be which thou dost hesitate to disclose? Speak out! Let me at once receive the overwhelming weight of thy tidings! What fate awaits my father?

WORM. A criminal process.

LOUISA. But what is that? I am an ignorant, innocent girl, and understand but little of your fearful terms of law. What mean you by a criminal process?

WORM. Judgment upon life or death.

LOUISA (*firmly*). Ah! I thank you.

[*Exit hastily by a side door.*]

WORM (*alarmed*). What means this? Should the simpleton perchance — confusion! Surely she will not — I must follow her. I am answerable for her life. (*As he is going towards the door, LOUISA returns, wrapped in a cloak.*)

LOUISA. Your pardon, Mr. Secretary, I must lock the door.

WORM. Whither in such haste?

LOUISA (*passing him*). To the duke.

WORM (*alarmed, detains her*). How? Whither?

LOUISA. To the duke. Do you not hear? Even to that very duke whose will is to decide upon my father's life or death. Yet no? — 'tis not his will that decides, but the will of wicked men who surround his throne. He lends naught to this process, save the shadow of his majesty, and his royal signature.

WORM (*with a burst of laughter*). To the duke!

LOUISA. I know the meaning of that sneering laugh — you would tell me that I shall find no compassion there. But though I may meet (God preserve me!) with nothing but scorn — scorn at my sorrows — yet will I to the duke. I have been told that the great never know what misery is; that they fly from the knowledge of it. But I will teach the duke what misery is; I will paint to him, in

all the writhing agonies of death, what misery is ; I will cry aloud in wailings that shall creep through the very marrow of his bones, what misery is ; and, while at my picture his hairs shall stand on end like quills upon the porcupine, will I shriek into his affrighted ear, that in the hour of death the sinews of these mighty gods of earth shall shrivel and shrink, and that at the day of judgment beggars and kings shall be weighed together in the same balance. (*Going.*)

WORM (*ironically*). By all means go to the duke ! You can really do nothing more prudent ; I advise you heartily to the step. Only go, and I give you my word that the duke will grant your suit.

LOUISA (*stopping suddenly*). What said you ? Do you yourself advise the step ? (*Returns hastily*). What am I about to do ? Something wicked surely, since this man approves it — how know you that the prince will grant my suit ?

WORM. Because he will not have to grant it unrewarded.

LOUISA. Not unrewarded ? And what price does he set on his humanity ?

WORM. The person of the fair suppliant will be payment enough !

LOUISA (*stopping for a moment in mute dismay — in a feeble voice*). Almighty God !

WORM. And I trust that you will not think your father's life over-valued when 'tis purchased at so gracious a price.

LOUISA (*with great indignation*). True, oh ! true ! The great are entrenched from truth behind their own vices, safely as behind the swords of cherubims. The Almighty protect thee, father ! Your child can die — but not sin for thee.

WORM. This will be agreeable news for the poor disconsolate old man. "My Louisa," says he, "has bowed me down to the earth ; but my Louisa will raise me up again." I hasten to him with your answer. (*Affects to be about to depart.*)

LOUISA (*flies after him and holds him back*). Stay ! stay ! one moment's patience ! How nimble this Satan

is, when his business is to drive humanity distracted! I have bowed him to the earth! I must raise him up again! Speak to me! Counsel me! What can I, what must I do?

WORM. There is but one means of saving him!

LOUISA. What is that means?

WORM. And your father approves of it——

LOUISA. My father? Oh! name that means.

WORM. It is easy for you to execute.

LOUISA. I know of nothing harder than infamy!

WORM. Suppose you were to release the major from his engagement?

LOUISA. Release him! Do you mock me? Do you call that a choice to which force compelled me?

WORM. You mistake me, dear girl! The major must resign you willingly, and be the first to retract his engagement.

LOUISA. That he will never do.

WORM. So it appears. Should we, do you think, have had recourse to you were it not that you alone are able to help us?

LOUISA. I cannot compel him to hate me.

WORM. We will try! Be seated.

LOUISA (*drawing back*). Man! What is brooding in thy artful brain?

WORM. Be seated. Here are paper, pens, and ink. Write what I dictate.

LOUISA (*sitting down in the greatest uneasiness*). What must I write? To whom must I write?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Ah! How well thou knowest to torture souls to thy purpose. (*Takes a pen.*)

WORM (*dictating to her*). "My dear Sir. (*LOUISA writes with a trembling hand,*) three days, three insupportable days, have already passed — already passed — since last we met."

LOUISA (*starts, and lays down her pen*). To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Oh! my God!

WORM. "But for this you must blame the major —

the major — who watches me all day with the vigilance of an Argus.”

LOUISA (*starting up*). Villany! Villany beyond all precedent! To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father’s executioner.

LOUISA (*paces to and fro, wringing her hands*). No, no, no! This is tyrannical! Oh Heaven! If mortals provoke thee, punish them like mortals; but wherefore must I be placed between two precipices? Wherefore am I hurled by turns from death to infamy, from infamy to death? Wherefore is my neck made the footstool of this blood-sucking fiend? No; do what thou wilt, I will never write that!

WORM (*seizing his hat*). As you please, miss! It rests entirely on your own pleasure!

LOUISA. Pleasure, say’st thou? On my own pleasure? Go, barbarian! Suspend some unfortunate over the pit of hell; then make your demands, and ask your victim if it be his pleasure to grant your request! Oh! Thou knowest but too well that the bonds of nature bind our hearts as firmly as chains! But all is now alike indifferent. Dictate! I cease to think! Artifices of hell, I yield to ye! (*She resumes her seat at the table.*)

WORM. “With the vigilance of an Argus.” Have you written it?

LOUISA. Proceed, proceed!

WORM. “The president was here yesterday. It was amusing to see how warm the poor major was in defence of my honor.”

LOUISA. Excellent! Excellent! Oh! Admirable! Quick! quick, go on!

WORM. “I had recourse to a swoon — a swoon — that I might not laugh aloud” —

LOUISA. Oh, Heavens!

WORM. “But the mask which I have worn so long is becoming insupportable — insupportable. Oh! if I could but rid myself of him.”

LOUISA (*rises, and walks a few turns with her head bent down, as if she sought something upon the floor: then returns to her place, and continues to write*). “Rid myself of him.”

WORM. "He will be on duty to-morrow — observe when he leaves me, and hasten to the usual place." Have you written "the usual place?"

LOUISA. Everything, everything!

WORM. "To the usual place, to meet your devotedly attached Louisa."

LOUISA. Now then, the address?

WORM. "To Marshal Von Kalb."

LOUISA. Eternal Providence! A name as foreign to my ear as these scandalous lines are to my heart! (*She rises, and for some moments surveys the writing with a vacant gaze. At length she hands it to WORM, speaking in a voice trembling and exhausted.*) Take it, sir! What I now put into your hands is my good name. It is Ferdinand — it is the whole joy of my life! You have it, and now I am a beggar —

WORM. Oh! Not so! Despair not, dear girl! You inspire me with the most heartfelt pity! Perhaps — who knows? I might even now overlook certain parts of your conduct — yes! Heaven is my witness, how deeply I compassionate your sorrows!

LOUISA (*giving him a piercing look*). Do not explain yourself! You are on the point of asking something more terrible than all.

WORM (*attempting to kiss her hand*). What if I asked this little hand? Would that be terrible, Louisa?

LOUISA (*with great indignation*). Yes! for I should strangle you on the bridal night: and for such a deed I would joyfully yield my body to be torn on the rack! (*She is going, but comes hurriedly back.*) Is all settled between us, sir? May the dove be released?

WORM. A trifle yet remains, maiden! You must swear, by the holy sacrament, to acknowledge this letter for your free and voluntary act.

LOUISA. Oh God! Oh God! And wilt thou grant thine own seal to confirm the works of hell? (*WORM leads her away.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Saloon in the President's House.*

FERDINAND VON WALTER *enters in great excitement with an open letter in his hand, and is met by a SERVANT.*

FERD. Is the marshal here?

SERV. My lord, his highness the president is inquiring for you.

FERD. Fire and fury! I ask is the marshal here?

SERV. His honor is engaged at the faro-table, above stairs.

FERD. Tell his honor, in the name of all the devils in hell, to make his appearance this instant!

[*Exit SERVANT.*

SCENE II.

FERD. (*hastily reading the letter, at one moment seeming petrified with astonishment, at the next pacing the room with fury.*) Impossible! quite impossible! A form so heavenly cannot hide so devilish a heart. And yet!—and yet! Though all the angels of heaven should descend on earth and proclaim her innocence—though heaven and earth, the Creator and the created, should, with one accord, vouch for her innocence—it is her hand, her own hand! Treachery, monstrous, infernal treachery, such as humanity never before witnessed! This, then, was the reason she so resolutely opposed our flight! This it was—Oh, God! Now I awake from my dream! Now the veil is lifted! This, then, is why she surrendered with so much seeming heroism her claims on my affection, and all but cheated me with her saint-like demeanor! (*He traverses the chamber rapidly, and then remains for some moments in deep thought.*) To fathom my heart to its very core! To reciprocate every lofty sentiment, every gentle emotion, every fiery ebullition! To sympathize with every secret breathing of my soul! To study me even in her tears! To mount with me to the sublimest heights of passion—to brave with me, undaunted, each fearful precipice! God of heaven! And was all this deceit? mere grimace? Oh, if falsehood can assume so

lovely an appearance of truth why has no devil yet lied himself back into heaven?

When I unfolded to her the dangers which threatened our affection, with what convincing artifice did the false one turn pale! With what overpowering dignity did she repulse my father's licentious scoffs! yet at that very moment the deceiver was conscious of her guilt! Nay, did she not even undergo the fiery ordeal of truth? Forsooth, the hypocrite fainted! What must now be thy language, sensibility, since coquettes faint? How wilt thou vindicate thyself, innocence?—for even strumpets faint?

She knows her power over me — she has seen through my very heart! My soul shone conspicuous in my eyes at the blush of her first kiss. And that she should have felt nothing! or perhaps felt only the triumph of her art; whilst my happy delirium fancied that in her I embraced a whole heaven, my wildest wishes were hushed! No thought but of her and eternity was present to my mind. Oh, God! and yet she felt nothing? Nothing? but that her artifice had triumphed! That her charms were flattered! Death and vengeance! Nothing, but that I was betrayed!

SCENE III.

FERDINAND, *the MARSHAL.*

MARSHAL (*tripping into the room*). I am told, my dear baron, that you have expressed a wish —

FERD. (*muttering to himself*). To break your rascally neck. (*Aloud.*) Marshal, this letter must have dropped out of your pocket on parade. (*With a malicious smile.*) And I have been the fortunate finder.

MARSHAL. You?

FERD. By a singular coincidence! Now, balance thy account with heaven!

MARSHAL. You quite alarm me, baron!

FERD. Read it, sir, read it! (*Turning from him.*) If I am not good enough for a lover perhaps I may do for a pimp. (*While the MARSHAL reads, FERDINAND goes to the wall and takes down the pistols.*)

KALB (*throws the letter upon the table, and rushes off*).
Confusion!

FERD. (*leads him back by the arm*). Wait a little, my dear marshal! The intelligence contained in that letter appears to be agreeable! The finder must have his reward. (*Showing him the pistols.*)

MARSHAL (*starts back in alarm*). Have you lost your senses, baron?

FERD. (*in a terrible voice*). I have more than enough left to rid the world of such a scoundrel as you! Choose one of these instantly! (*He forces a pistol into the MARSHAL'S hand, and then draws out his handkerchief.*) And now take the other end of this handkerchief! It was given me by the strumpet herself!

MARSHAL. What, shoot over the handkerchief? Baron, are you mad? What can you be thinking of?

FERD. Lay hold of it, I say! or you will be sure to miss your aim, coward! How the coward trembles! You should thank God, you pitiful coward, that you have a chance for once of getting something in your empty brain-box. (*The MARSHAL takes to his heels.*) Gently, gently! I'll take care of that. (*Overtakes him and bolts the door.*)

MARSHAL. Surely you will not fight in the chamber?

FERD. As if you were worth the trouble of a walk beyond the boundaries! The report, my dear fellow, will be louder, and, for the first time, you will make some noise in the world. Now, then, take hold!

MARSHAL (*wiping his forehead*). Yet consider, I entreat. Would you risk your precious life, young and promising as you are, in this desperate manner?

FERD. Take hold, I say! I have nothing more to do in this world!

MARSHAL. But I have much, my dearest, most excellent friend!

FERD. Thou, wretch — thou? What hast thou to do, but to play the stop-gap, where honest men keep aloof! To stretch or shrink seven times in an instant, like the butterfly on a pin? To be privy registrar in chief and clerk of the jordan? To be the cap-and-bell buffoon on which your master sharpens his wit? Well, well, let it be so.

I will carry you about with me, as I would a marmot of rare training. You shall skip and dance, like a tamed monkey, to the howling of the damned; fetch, carry, and serve; and with your courtly arts enliven the wailings of everlasting despair!

MARSHAL. Anything you please, dear major! Whatever you please! Only take away the pistols!

FERD. How he stands there, poor trembling wretch! There he stands, a blot on the sixth day of creation. He looks as if he were a piratical counterfeit of the Almighty original. Pity, eternal pity! that an atom of brains should lie wasting in so barren a skull! That single atom bestowed upon a baboon might have made him a perfect man, whereas it is now a mere useless fragment. And that she should share her heart with a thing like this! Monstrous! Incredible! A wretch more formed to wean from sin than to excite it!

MARSHAL. Praised be Heaven! he is getting witty.

FERD. I will let him live! That toleration which spares the caterpillar shall be extended to him! Men shall look on him in wonder, and, shrugging their shoulders, admire the wise dispensation of Providence, which can feed its creatures with husks and scourings; which spreads the table for the raven on the gallows, and for the courtier in the slime of majesty. We wonder at the wisdom of Providence, which even in the world of spirits maintains its staff of venomous reptiles for the dissemination of poison. (*Relapsing into rage.*) But such vermin shall not pollute my rose; sooner will I crush it to atoms (*seizing the MARSHAL and shaking him roughly*), thus — and thus — and thus —

MARSHAL. Oh! God, that I were away from here! hundreds of miles away in the asylum for maniacs at Paris! Anywhere but near this man!

FERD. Villain! If she be no longer pure! Villain! If thou hast profaned where I worshipped! (*with increased fury*). If thou hast polluted, where I believed myself the god! (*Pausing suddenly; then in a solemn terrible voice.*) It were better for thee, villain, to flee to hell, than to encounter my wrath in heaven! Confess! To what extent has your unhallowed love proceeded?

MARSHAL. Let me go! I will confess everything.

FERD. Oh! it must be more rapturous even to be her licentious paramour than to burn with the purest flame for any other! Would she surrender her charms to unlicensed pleasure she might dissolve the soul itself to sin, and make voluptuousness pass for virtue (*pressing his pistol against the MARSHAL's breast*). To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess this instant or I fire!

MARSHAL. There is nothing at all in it, I assure you! There is not a syllable of truth in the whole business! Have but a moment's patience! You are deceived, indeed you are!

FERD. (*furiously*). And dare you remind me of that, villain? To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess, or you are a dead man!

MARSHAL. *Mon Dieu!* My God! You mistake my words! Only listen for a moment. When a father——

FERD. (*still more enraged*). No doubt! He threw his daughter into your arms? And how far have you proceeded? Confess, or I will murder you!

MARSHAL. You rave! You will not listen! I never saw her! I don't know her! I know nothing at all about her!

FERD. (*drawing back*). You never saw her? You don't know her? Know nothing at all about her? Louisa is lost to me forever on thy account, and yet in one breath hast thou denied her thrice. Go, wretch, go (*he gives him a blow with the pistol, and thrusts him out of the chamber*); powder were thrown away on such a miscreant.

[*Exit MARSHAL.*]

SCENE IV.

FERD. (*after a long silence, during which his countenance declares him to be agitated by some dreadful idea*). Forever lost? Yes, false unfortunate, both are lost! Ay, by the Almighty God! if I am lost, thou art so too. Judge of the world, ask her not from me! She is mine. For her sake I renounced the whole world—abandoned all thy glorious creation. Leave me the maid, great Judge of the world! Millions of souls pour out their complaints to thee—turn on them thine eye of compassion, but

leave me, Almighty Judge — leave me to myself. (*Clasping his hands in agony.*) Can the bountiful, the munificent Creator be covetous of one miserable soul, and that soul the worst of his creation? The maiden is mine! Once I was her god, but now I am her devil!

(*Fixes his eyes with terrible expression.*)

An eternity passed with her upon the rack of everlasting perdition! Her melting eye-balls riveted on mine! Our blazing locks entwined together! Our shrieks of agony dissolving into one! And then to renew to her my vows of love, and chant unceasingly her broken oaths! God! God! The union is dreadful — and eternal! (*As he is about to rush off, the PRESIDENT meets him.*)

SCENE V.

FERDINAND, *the* PRESIDENT.

FERD. (*staring back*). Ha! my father.

PRES. I am glad to meet with you, Ferdinand! I come to bring you some pleasant news — something that will certainly surprise you, my dear son. Shall we be seated?

FERD. (*after gazing upon him for some time with a vacant stare*). My father! (*Going to him with emotion, and grasping his hand.*) My father! (*Kissing it, and falling at his feet.*) Oh, father!

PRES. What is the matter? Rise, my son. Your hand burns and trembles!

FERD. (*wildly*). Forgive my ingratitude, father! I am a lost man! I have misinterpreted your kindness! Your meaning was so truly — truly paternal! Oh! you had a prophetic soul! Now it is too late! Pardon! pardon! Your blessing, my dear father!

PRES. (*feigning astonishment*). Arise, my son! Recollect that your words to me are riddles!

FERD. This Louisa, dear father! Oh! You understand mankind! Your anger was so just, so noble, so truly the zeal of a father! had not its very earnestness led you to mistake the way. This Louisa!

PRES. Spare me, dear boy! Curses on my severity! I come to entreat your forgiveness —

FERD. Forgiveness from me! Curse me rather. Your disapproval was wisdom! Your severity was heavenly mercy! This Louisa, father —

PRES. Is a noble, a lovely girl! I recall my too rash suspicions! She has won my entire esteem!

FERD. (*starting up*). What? You, too? Father, even you? And is she not, father, the very personification of innocence? And is it not so natural to love this maiden?

PRES. Say, rather, 'twere a crime not to love her.

FERD. Incredible! wonderful! And you, too, who can so thoroughly see through the heart! And you, who saw her faults with the eyes of hatred! Oh, unexampled hypocrisy! This Louisa, father!

PRES. Is worthy to be my daughter! Her virtues supply the want of ancestry, her beauty the want of fortune. My prudential maxims yield to the force of your attachment. Louisa shall be yours!

FERD. Naught but this wanting! Father, farewell! (*Rushes out of the apartment.*)

PRES. (*following him*). Stay, my son, stay! Whither do you fly?

SCENE VI. — *A magnificent Saloon in LADY MILFORD'S House.*

Enter LADY MILFORD and SOPHIA.

LADY M. You have seen her then? Will she come?

SOPHIA. Yes, in a moment! She was in *dishabille*, and only requested time to change her dress.

LADY M. Speak not of her. Silence! I tremble like a criminal at the prospect of beholding that fortunate woman whose heart sympathizes thus cruelly with my own. And how did she receive my invitation?

SOPHIA. She seemed surprised, became thoughtful, fixed her eyes on me steadfastly, and for a while remained silent. I was already prepared for her excuses, when she returned me this answer with a look that quite

astonished me; "Tell your mistress that she commands what I myself intended to request to-morrow."

LADY M. Leave me, Sophia! Pity me! I must blush if she is but an ordinary woman — despair if she is more!

SOPHIA. But, my lady! it is not in this spirit that a rival should be received! Remember who you are! Summon to your aid your birth, your rank, your power! A prouder soul should heighten the gorgeous splendor of your appearance.

LADY M. (*in a fit of absence*). What is the simpleton babbling about?

SOPHIA (*maliciously*). Or, is it, perhaps, by chance that to-day, in particular, you are adorned with your most costly brilliants? by chance that you are to-day arrayed in your most sumptuous robes? that your ante-chamber is crowded with guards and pages; and that the tradesman's daughter is to be received in the most stately apartment of the palace?

LADY M. (*angry and nettled*). This is outrageous! Insupportable! Oh that woman should have such argus-eyes for woman's weakness! How low, how irretrievably low must I have fallen when such a creature has power to fathom me!

LADY MILFORD, SOPHIA, a SERVANT.

SERVANT (*entering*). Ma'mselle Miller waits.

LADY M. (*to SOPHIA*). Hence with you! Leave the room instantly! (*Imperiously, as the latter hesitates.*) Must I repeat my orders? (*SOPHIA retires — LADY MILFORD takes a few turns hastily.*) So; 'tis well that I have been excited! I am in the fitter mood for this meeting. (*To the SERVANT.*) Let her approach.

[*Exit SERVANT. LADY MILFORD throws herself upon the sofa, and assumes a negligent but studied attitude.*]

SCENE VII.

LADY MILFORD, LOUISA.

LOUISA *enters timidly, and remains standing at a great distance from LADY MILFORD, who has turned her back towards her, and for some time watches her attentively in the opposite looking-glass. After a pause —*

LOUISA. Noble lady, I await your commands.

LADY M. (*turning towards LOUISA, and making a slight and distant motion with her head.*) Oh! Are you there? I presume the young lady — a certain —. Pray what is your name?

LOUISA (*somewhat sensitively*). My father's name is Miller. Your ladyship expressed a wish to see his daughter.

LADY M. True, true! I remember. The poor musician's daughter, of whom we were speaking the other day. (*Aside, after a pause.*) Very interesting, but no beauty! (*To LOUISA.*) Come nearer, my child. (*Again aside.*) Eyes well practised in weeping. Oh! How I love those eyes! (*Aloud.*) Nearer — come nearer! Quite close! I really think, my good child, that you are afraid of me!

LOUISA (*with firmness and dignity*). No, my lady — I despise the opinion of the multitude!

LADY M. (*aside*). Well, to be sure! She has learnt this boldness from him. (*To LOUISA.*) You have been recommended to me, miss! I am told that you have been decently educated, and are well disposed. I can readily believe it; besides, I would not, for the world, doubt the word of so warm an advocate.

LOUISA. And yet I remember no one, my lady, who would be at the trouble to seek your ladyship's patronage for me!

LADY M. (*significantly*). Does that imply my unworthiness, or your humility?

LOUISA. Your words are beyond my comprehension, lady.

LADY M. More cunning than I should have expected

from that open countenance. (*To LOUISA.*) Your name is Louisa, I believe? May I inquire your age?

LOUISA. Sixteen, just turned.

LADY M. (*starting up*). Ha! There it is! Sixteen! The first pulsation of love! The first sweet vibration upon the yet unsounded harp! Nothing is more fascinating. (*To LOUISA.*) Be seated, lovely girl — I am anxious about you. (*To herself.*) And he, too, loves for the first time! What wonder, if the ruddy morning beams should meet and blend? (*To LOUISA, taking her hand affectionately.*) 'Tis settled: I will make your fortune. (*To herself.*) Oh! there is nothing in it: nothing, but the sweet transient vision of youth! (*To LOUISA, patting her on the cheek.*) My Sophy is on the point of leaving me to be married: you shall have her place. But just sixteen? Oh! it can never last.

LOUISA (*kissing her hand respectfully*). Receive my thanks, lady, for your intended favors, and believe me not the less grateful though I may decline to accept them.

LADY M. (*relapsing into disdain and anger*). Only hear the great lady! Girls of your station generally think themselves fortunate to obtain such promotion. What is your dependence, my dainty one? Are these fingers too delicate for work? — or is it your pretty baby-face that makes you give yourself these airs?

LOUISA. My face, lady, is as little of my own choice as my station!

LADY M. Perhaps you believe that your beauty will last forever? Poor creature! Whoever put that into your head — be he who he may — has deceived both you and himself! The colors of those cheeks are not burnt in with fire: what your mirror passes off upon you as solid and enduring is but a slight tinselling, which, sooner or later, will rub off in the hands of the purchaser. What then will you do?

LOUISA. Pity the purchaser, lady, who bought a diamond because it appeared to be set in gold.

LADY M. (*affecting not to hear her*). A damsel of your age has ever two mirrors, the real one, and her admirer. The flattering complaisance of the latter counterbalances

the rough honesty of the former. What the one proclaims frightful pock-marks, the other declares to be dimples that would adorn the Graces. The credulous maid believes only so much of the former as is confirmed by the latter, and hies from one to the other till she confounds their testimonies, and concludes by fancying them to be both of one opinion. Why do you stare at me so?

LOUISA. Pardon me, lady! I was just then pitying those gorgeous sparkling brilliants, which are unconscious that their possessor is so strenuous a foe to vanity.

LADY M. (*reddening*). No evasion, miss. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what in the world could induce you to reject a situation, the only one where you can acquire polish of manners and divest yourself of your plebeian prejudices?

LOUISA. And with them, I presume, my plebeian innocence!

LADY M. Preposterous objection! The most dissolute libertine dares not to disrespect our sex, unless we ourselves encourage him by advances. Prove what you are; make manifest your virtue and honor, and I will guarantee your innocence from danger.

LOUISA. Of that, lady, permit me to entertain a doubt! The palaces of certain ladies are but too often made a theatre for the most unbridled licentiousness. Who will believe that a poor musician's daughter could have the heroism to plunge into the midst of contagion and yet preserve herself untainted? Who will believe that Lady Milford would perpetually hold a scorpion to her breast, and lavish her wealth to purchase the advantage of every moment feeling her cheeks dyed with the crimson blush of shame? I will be frank, lady! — while I adorned you for some assignation, could you meet my eye unabashed? Could you endure my glance when you returned? Oh! better, far better, would it be that oceans should roll between us — that we should inhabit different climes! Beware, my lady! — hours of temperance, moments of satiety might intrude; the gnawing worm of remorse might plant its sting in your bosom, and then — what a torment would it be for you to read in the counte-

nance of your handmaid that calm serenity with which virtue ever rewards an uncorrupted heart! (*Retiring a few steps.*) Once more, gracious lady, I entreat your pardon!

LADY M. (*extremely agitated*). Insupportable, that she should tell me this! Still more insupportable, that what she tells is true! (*Turning to LOUISA, and looking at her steadfastly.*) Girl! girl! this artifice does not blind me. Mere opinions do not speak out so warmly. Beneath the cloak of these sentiments lurks some far dearer interest. 'Tis that which makes my service particularly distasteful — which gives such energy to your language. (*In a threatening voice.*) What it is I am determined to discover.

LOUISA (*with calm dignity*). And what if you do discover it? Suppose the contemptuous trampling of your foot should rouse the injured worm, which its Creator has furnished with a sting to protect it against misuse. I fear not your vengeance, lady! The poor criminal extended on the rack can look unappalled even on the dissolution of the world. My misery is so exquisite that even sincerity cannot draw down upon me any further infliction! (*After a pause.*) You say that you would raise me from the obscurity of my station. I will not examine the motives of this suspicious favor. I will only ask, what could induce you to think me so foolish as to blush at my station? What could induce you to become the architect of my happiness, before you knew whether I was willing to receive that happiness at your hands? I had forever renounced all claims upon the pleasures of the world. I had forgiven fortune that she had dealt with me so niggardly. Ah! why do you remind me of all this. If the Almighty himself hides his glory from the eyes of his creatures, lest the highest seraph should be overwhelmed by a sense of his own insignificance, why should mortals be so cruelly compassionate? Lady, lady! why is your vaunted happiness so anxious to excite the envy and wonder of the wretched? Does your bliss stand in need of the exhibition of despair for entertainment? Oh! rather grant me that blindness which alone can reconcile me to my barbarous lot! The insect feels itself as happy in a drop

of water as though that drop was a paradise: so happy, and so contented! till some one tells it of a world of water, where navies ride and whales disport themselves! But you wish to make me happy, say you? (*After a pause, she advances towards LADY MILFORD, and asks her suddenly.*) Are you happy, lady? (*LADY MILFORD turns from her hastily, and overpowered. LOUISA follows her, and lays her hand upon her bosom.*) Does this heart wear the smile of its station? Could we now exchange breast for breast, and fate for fate — were I, in childlike innocence, to ask you on your conscience — were I to ask you as a mother — would you really counsel me to make the exchange?

LADY M. (*greatly excited, throwing herself on the sofa*). Intolerable! Incomprehensible! No, Louisa, no! This greatness of thought is not your own, and your conceptions are too fiery, too full of youth, to be inspired by your father. Deceive me not! I detect another teacher —

LOUISA (*looking piercingly at her*). I cannot but wonder, my lady, that you should have only just discovered that other teacher, and yet have previously shown so much anxiety to patronize me!

LADY M. (*starting up*). 'Tis not to be borne! Well, then, since I cannot escape you, I know him — know everything — know more than I wish to know! (*Suddenly restraining herself, then continuing with a violence which by degrees increases to frenzy.*) But dare, unhappy one! — dare but still to love, or be beloved by him! What did I say? Dare but to think of him, or to be one of his thoughts! I am powerful, unhappy one! — dreadful in my vengeance! As sure as there is a God in heaven thou art lost forever!

LOUISA (*undaunted*). Past all redemption, my lady, the moment you succeed in compelling him to love you!

LADY M. I understand you — but I care not for his love! I will conquer this disgraceful passion. I will torture my own heart; but thine will I crush to atoms! Rocks and chasms will I hurl between you. I will rush, like a fury, into the heaven of your joys. My name shall

affright your loves as a spectre scares an assassin. That young and blooming form in his embrace shall wither to a skeleton. I cannot be blest with him — neither shalt thou. Know, wretched girl, that to blast the happiness of others is in itself a happiness!

LOUISA. A happiness, my lady, which is already beyond your reach! Seek not to deceive your own heart! You are incapable of executing what you threaten! You are incapable of torturing a being who has done you no wrong — but whose misfortune it is that her feelings have been sensible to impressions like your own. But I love you for these transports, my lady!

LADY M. (*recovering herself*). Where am I? What have I done? What sentiments have I betrayed? To whom have I betrayed them? Oh, Louisa, noble, great, divine soul, forgive the ravings of a maniac! Fear not, my child! I will not injure a hair of thy head! Name thy wishes! Ask what thou wilt! I will serve thee with all my power; I will be thy friend — thy sister! Thou art poor; look (*taking off her brilliants*), I will sell these jewels — sell my wardrobe — my carriages and horses — all shall be thine — grant me but Ferdinand!

LOUISA (*draws back indignantly*). Does she mock my despair? — or is she really innocent of participation in that cruel deed? Ha! then I may yet assume the heroine, and make my surrender of him pass for a sacrifice! (*Remains for a while absorbed in thought, then approaches* LADY MILFORD, *seizes her hand, and gazes on her with a fixed and significant look.*) Take him, lady! I here voluntarily resign the man whom hellish arts have torn from my bleeding bosom! Perchance you know it not, my lady! but you have destroyed the paradise of two lovers; you have torn asunder two hearts which God had linked together; you have crushed a creature not less dear to him than yourself, and no less created for happiness; one by whom he was worshipped as sincerely as by you; but who, henceforth, will worship him no more. But the Almighty is ever open to receive the last groan of the trampled worm. He will not look on with indifference when creatures in his keeping are murdered. Now Ferdinand is yours. Take him, lady, take him!

Rush into his arms! Drag him with you to the altar! But forget not that the spectre of a suicide will rush between you and the bridal kiss. God be merciful! No choice is left me! (*Rushes out of the chamber.*)

SCENE VIII.

LADY MILFORD *alone, in extreme agitation, gazing on the door by which LOUISA left. At length she recovers from her stupor.*

LADY M. What was that? What preys so on my heart? What said the unhappy one? Still, O heaven, the dreadful, damning words ring in my ears! "Take him! Take him!" What should I take, unfortunate? the bequest of your dying groan — the fearful legacy of your despair? Gracious heaven! am I then fallen so low? Am I so suddenly hurled from the towering throne of my pride that I greedily await what a beggar's generosity may throw me in the last struggle of death? "Take him! Take him!" And with what a tone was it uttered! — with what a look! What! Amelia! is it for this thou hast overleaped the bounds of thy sex? For this didst thou vaunt the glorious title of a free-born Briton, that thy boasted edifice of honor might sink before the nobler soul of a despised and lowly maiden? No, proud unfortunate! No! Amelia Milford may blush for shame, — but shall never be despised. I, too, have courage to resign. (*She walks a few paces with a majestic gait.*) Hide thyself, weak, suffering woman! Hence, ye sweet and golden dreams of love! Magnanimity alone be now my guide. These lovers are lost, or Amelia must withdraw her claim, and renounce the prince's heart. (*After a pause, with animation.*) It is determined! The dreadful obstacle is removed — broken are the bonds which bound me to the duke — torn from my bosom this raging passion. Virtue, into thy arms I throw myself. Receive thy repentant daughter. Ha! how happy do I feel! How suddenly relieved my heart, and how exalted! Glorious as the setting sun, will I this day descend from the pinnacle of my greatness; my grandeur shall expire with my love, and my own heart be the only



"OH! I AM VERY WRETCHED"

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sharer of my proud exile! (*Going to her writing-table with a determined air.*) It must be done at once — now, on the spot — before the recollection of Ferdinand renews the cruel conflict in my bosom! (*She seats herself, and begins to write.*)

SCENE IX.

LADY MILFORD, *an* ATTENDANT, SOPHIA, *afterwards the* MARSHAL, *and then* SERVANTS.

SERVANT. Marshal Von Kalb is in the ante-chamber, and brings a message from his highness.

LADY M. (*not hearing him in the eagerness of writing.*) How the illustrious puppet will stare! The idea is singular enough, I own, the presuming to astonish his serene numskull. In what confusion will his court be thrown! The whole country will be in a ferment.

SERVANT *and* SOPHIA. Marshal Von Kalb, my lady!

LADY M. (*turning round.*) Who? the marshal? So much the better! Such creatures were designed by nature to carry the ass' panniers. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

SOPHIA (*approaching anxiously.*) If I were not fearful, my lady, that you would think it presumption. (*LADY MILFORD continuing to write eagerly.*) Louisa Miller rushed madly to the hall — you are agitated — you speak to yourself. (*LADY MILFORD continues writing.*) I am quite alarmed. What can have happened?

(*The MARSHAL enters, making repeated bows at LADY MILFORD'S back; as she takes no notice of him, he comes nearer, stands behind her chair, touches the hem of her dress, and imprints a kiss on it, saying in a tremulous voice.*)

His serene highness —

LADY M. (*while she peruses hastily what she has written.*) He will tax me with black ingratitude! "I was poor and forsaken! He raised me from misery! From misery." Detestable exchange! Annul my bond, seducer! The blush of my eternal shame repays my debt with interest.

MARSHAL (*after endeavoring in vain to catch her eye.*) Your ladyship seems somewhat absent. I take the liberty

of permitting myself the boldness (*very loud*) — his serene highness, my lady, has sent me to inquire whether you mean to honor this evening's gala with your presence, or the theatre?

LADY M. (*rising, with a laugh*). One or the other, sweet sir. In the meantime take this paper to your duke for his dessert. (*To SOPHIA.*) Do you, Sophia, give directions to have my carriage brought to the door without delay, and call my whole household together in this saloon.

SOPHIA (*goes out in great astonishment*). Heavens! What do I forebode? What will this end in?

MARSHAL. You seem excited, my lady!

LADY M. The greater the chance of my letting you into a little truth. Rejoice, my Lord Marshal! There is a place vacant at court. A fine time for panders. (*As the MARSHAL throws a look of suspicion upon the paper.*) Read it, read it! 'Tis my desire that the contents should be made public. (*While he reads it, the domestics enter, and range themselves in the background.*)

MARSHAL (*reading*). "Your highness — an engagement, broken by you so lightly, can no longer be binding on me. The happiness of your subjects was the condition of my love. For three years the deception has lasted. The veil at length falls from my eyes! I look with disgust on favors which are stained with the tears of your subjects. Bestow the love which I can no longer accept upon your weeping country, and learn from a British princess compassion to your German people. Within an hour I shall have quitted your dominions.

"JOANNA NORFOLK."

SERVANTS (*exclaiming to each other in astonishment*). Quitted the dominions!

MARSHAL (*replaces the letter upon the table in terror*). God forbid, my dear and most excellent lady! The bearer of such a letter would be as mad as the writer!

LADY M. That is your concern, you pink of a courtier! Alas! I am sorry to know that you, and such as you, would choke even in the utterance of what others dare to do. My advice is that you bake the letter in a

venison pasty, so that his most serene highness may find it on his plate!

MARSHAL. God preserve me! What presumption! Ponder well, I entreat you. Reflect on the disgrace which you will bring down upon yourself, my lady!

LADY M. (*turning to the assembled domestics, and addressing them in the deepest emotion*). You seem amazed, good people; and anxiously awaiting the solution of this riddle? Draw nearer, my friends! You have served me truly and affectionately; have looked into my eyes rather than my purse. My pleasure was your study, my approbation your pride! Woe is me, that the remembrance of your fidelity must be the record of my unworthiness! Unhappy fate, that the darkest season of my life should have been the brightest of yours! (*Her eyes suffused with tears.*) We must part, my children. Lady Milford has ceased to exist, and Joanna of Norfolk is too poor to repay your love. What little wealth I have my treasurer will share among you. This palace belongs to the duke. The poorest of you will quit it far richer than his mistress! Farewell, my children! (*She extends her hand, which they all in turn kiss, with marks of sorrow and affection.*) I understand you, my good people! Farewell! forever farewell! (*Struggling with her feelings.*) I hear the carriage at the door. (*She tears herself away, and is hurrying out when the MARSHAL arrests her progress.*) How, now? Pitiful creature, art thou still there?

MARSHAL (*who all this while has been gazing in vacant astonishment at the letter*). And must *I* be the person to put this letter into the most august hands of his most serene highness?

LADY M. Pitiful creature, even thou! Thou must deliver into his most august hands, and convey to his most august ears, that, as I cannot go barefoot to Loretto, I will support myself by the labor of my hands, that I may be purified from the disgrace of having condescended to rule him. (*She hurries off—the rest silently disperse.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Twilight ; a room in MILLER'S house.*

LOUISA *sits silent and motionless in a dark corner of the room, her head reclining upon her hand. After a long pause, MILLER enters with a lantern, the light of which he casts anxiously round the chamber, without observing LOUISA, he then puts his hat on the table, and sets down the lantern.*

LOUISA, MILLER.

MILL. She is not here either. No, she is not here ! I have wandered through every street ; I have sought her with every acquaintance ; I have inquired at every door ! No one has seen my child ! (*A silence of some moments.*) Patience, poor unhappy father ! Patience till morning ; then perhaps the corpse of your only one may come floating to shore. Oh, God in heaven ! What though my heart has hung too idolatrously upon this daughter, yet surely the punishment is severe ! Heavenly Father ! Surely it is severe ! I will not murmur, Heavenly Father ; but the punishment is indeed severe ! (*Throws himself sorrowfully into a chair.*)

LOUISA (*without moving from her seat*). Thou dost well, wretched old man ! Learn betimes to lose.

MILL. (*starts up eagerly*). Ah ! art thou there, my child ? Art thou there ? But wherefore thus alone, and without a light ?

LOUISA. Yet am I not alone. When all things around me are dark and gloomy then have I the companionship which most I love.

MILL. God defend thee, my child ! The worm of conscience alone wakes and watches with the owl ; none shun the light but criminals and evil spirits.

LOUISA. And eternity, father, which speaks to the soul in solitude !

MILL. Louisa, my child ! What words are these ?

LOUISA (*rises, and comes forward*). I have fought a hard fight — you know it, father ! but God gave me the strength ! The fight is over ! Father, our sex is called timid and weak ; believe it no ~~more~~ ! We tremble at a

spider, but the black monster, corruption, we hug to our arms in sport! This for your edification, father. Your Louisa is merry.

MILL. I had rather you wept. It would please me better.

LOUISA. How I will outwit him, father! How I shall cheat the tyrant! Love is more crafty than malice, and bolder — he knew not that, the man of the unlucky star! Oh! they are cunning so long as they have but to do with the head; but when they have to grapple with the heart the villains are at fault. He thought to seal his treachery with an oath! Oaths, father, may bind the living, but death dissolves even the iron bonds of the sacrament! Ferdinand will learn to know his Louisa. Father, will you deliver this letter for me? Will you do me the kindness?

MILL. To whom, my child?

LOUISA. Strange question! Infinitude and my heart together had not space enough for a single thought but of him. To whom else should I write?

MILL. (*anxiously*). Hear me, Louisa! I must read this letter!

LOUISA. As you please, father! but you will not understand it. The characters lie there like inanimate corpses, and live but for the eye of love.

MILL (*reading*). "You are betrayed, Ferdinand! An unparalleled piece of villany has dissolved the union of our hearts; but a dreadful vow binds my tongue, and your father has spies stationed upon every side. But, if thou hast courage, my beloved, I know a place where oaths no longer bind, and where spies cannot enter." (*MILLER stops short, and gazes upon her steadfastly.*)

LOUISA. Why that earnest look, father? Read what follows.

MILL. "But thou must be fearless enough to wander through a gloomy path with no other guides than God and thy Louisa. Thou must have no companion but love; leave behind all thy hopes, all thy tumultuous wishes — thou wilt need nothing on this journey but thy heart. Darest thou come; then set out as the bell tolls twelve from the Carmelite Tower. Dost thou fear;

then erase from the vocabulary of thy sex's virtues the word courage, for a maiden will have put thee to shame." (MILLER *lays down the letter and fixes his eyes upon the ground in deep sorrow. At length he turns to LOUISA, and says, in a low, broken voice*) Daughter, where is that place?

LOUISA. Don't you know it, father? Do you really not know it? 'Tis strange! I have described it unmistakably! Ferdinand will not fail to find it.

MILL. Pray speak plainer!

LOUISA. I can think of no pleasing name for it just now! You must not be alarmed, father, if the name I give it has a terrible sound. That place, —— Oh! why has no lover invented a name for it! He would have chosen the softest, the sweetest — that place, my dear father — but you must not interrupt me — that place is — the grave!

MILL. (*staggering to a seat*). Oh, God!

LOUISA (*hastens to him, and supports him*). Nay, father, be not alarmed! These are but terrors which hover round an empty word! Take away the name and the grave will seem to be a bridal-bed over which Aurora spreads her golden canopy and spring strews her fairest flowers. None but a groaning sinner pictures death as a skeleton; to others he is a gentle, smiling boy, blooming as the god of love, but not so false — a silent, ministering spirit who guides the exhausted pilgrim through the desert of eternity, unlocks for him the fairy palace of everlasting joy, invites him in with friendly smiles, and vanishes forever!

MILL. What meanest thou, my child? Surely, thou wilt not lay guilty hands on thine own life?

LOUISA. Speak not thus, father! To quit a community from which I am already rejected, to fly voluntarily to a place from which I cannot much longer be absent, is that a sin?

MILL. Suicide is the most horrible of sins, my child. 'Tis the only one that can never be repented, since death arrives at the moment the crime is committed.

LOUISA (*stands motionless with horror*). That is dreadful! But my death will not be so sudden, father. I will

spring into the river, and while the waters are closing over me, cry to the Almighty for mercy and forgiveness!

MILL. That is to say, you will repent the theft as soon as the treasure is secure! Daughter! Daughter! beware how you mock your God when you most need his help! Oh! you have gone far, far astray! You have forgotten the worship of your Creator, and he has withdrawn his protecting hand from you!

LOUISA. Is it, then, a crime to love, father?

MILL. So long as thou lovest God thou wilt never love man to idolatry. Thou hast bowed me down low, my only one! low! very low! perhaps to the grave! Yet will I not increase the sadness of thy heart. Daughter! I gave vent to my feelings as I entered. I thought myself alone! Thou hast overheard me! and why should I longer conceal the truth. Thou wert my idol! Hear me, Louisa, if there is yet room in thy heart for a father's feelings. Thou wert my all! Of thine own thou hast nothing more to lose, but I have my all at stake! My life depends on thee! My hairs are turning gray, Louisa; they show that the time is drawing nigh with me when fathers look for a return of the capital invested in the hearts of their children. Wilt thou defraud me of this, Louisa? Wilt thou away and bear with thee all the wealth of thy father?

LOUISA (*kissing his hand in the deepest emotion*). No, father, no! I go from this world deeply in your debt, and will repay you with usury in the world to come.

MILL. Beware, my child, lest thy reckoning should be false! (*very earnestly and solemnly*). Art thou certain that we shall meet in that world to come? Lo! how the color fades from thy cheek! My child must feel that I can scarcely overtake her in that other world if she hurries there before me. (LOUISA *throws herself shuddering into his arms, he clasps her warmly to his bosom, and continues in a tone of fervent adjuration.*) Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Fallen, perhaps already lost, daughter! Treasure in thy heart the solemn counsels of a father! I cannot eternally watch over thee! I may snatch the dagger from thy hands; but thou canst let out life with

a bodkin. I may remove poison from thy reach; but thou canst strangle thyself with a necklace. Louisa! Louisa! I can only warn thee. Wilt thou rush boldly forward till the perfidious phantom which lured thee on vanishes at the awful brink of eternity? Wilt thou dare approach the throne of the Omniscient with the lie on thy lips? "At thy call am I here, Creator!" while thy guilty eyes are in search only of their mortal idol! And when thou shalt see this perishable god of thine own creation, a worm like thee, writhing at the Almighty's feet; when thou shalt hear him in the awful moment give the lie to thy guilty daring, and blast thy delusive hopes of eternal mercy, which the wretch implores in vain for himself; what then! (*Louder and more fervently*), What, then, unhappy one? (*He clasps her still closer to his bosom, and gazes upon her with wild and piercing looks; then suddenly disengages himself.*) I can do no more! (*Raising his right hand towards heaven.*) Immortal Judge, I can do no more to save this soul from ruin! Louisa, do what thou wilt. Offer up a sacrifice at the altar of this idolized youth that shall make thy evil genius howl for transport and thy good angels forsake thee in despair. Go on! Heap sin upon sin, — add to them this, the last, the heaviest, — and, if the scale be still too light throw in my curse to complete the measure. Here is a knife; pierce thy own heart, and (*weeping aloud and rushing away*), and with it, thy father's!

LOUISA (*following and detaining him*). Stay! stay! Oh! father, father! — to think that affection should wound more cruelly than a tyrant's rage! What shall I? — I cannot! — what must I do?

MILL. If thy lover's kisses burn hotter than thy father's tears — then die!

LOUISA (*after a violent internal struggle, firmly*). Father! Here is my hand! I will — God! God! what am I doing! What would I? — father, I swear. Woe is me! Criminal that I am where'er I turn! Father, be it so! Ferdinand. God, look down upon the act! Thus I destroy the last memorial of him. (*Tearing the letter.*)

MILL. (*throwing himself in ecstacy upon her neck*). There spoke my daughter! Look up, my child! Thou

hast lost a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. (*Embracing her, and alternately laughing and crying.*) My child! my child! I was not worthy to live so blest a moment! God knows how I, poor miserable sinner, became possessed of such an angel! My Louisa! My paradise! Oh! I know but little of love; but that to rend its bonds must be a bitter grief I can well believe!

LOUISA. But let us hasten from this place, my father! Let us fly from the city, where my companions scoff at me, and my good name is lost forever — let us away, far away, from a spot where every object tells of my ruined happiness,—let us fly if it be possible!

MILL. Whither thou wilt, my daughter! The bread of the Lord grows everywhere, and He will grant ears to listen to my music. Yes! we will fly and leave all behind. I will set the story of your sorrows to the lute, and sing of the daughter who rent her own heart to preserve her father's. We will beg with the ballad from door to door, and sweet will be the alms bestowed by the hand of weeping sympathy!

SCENE II.

The former ; FERDINAND.

LOUISA (*who perceives him first, throws herself shrieking into MILLER's arms*). God! There he is! I am lost!

MILL. Who? Where?

LOUISA (*points, with averted face, to the MAJOR, and presses closer to her father*). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! himself! Look round, father, look round!—he comes to murder me!

MILL. (*perceives him and starts back*). How, baron? You here?

FERD. (*approaches slowly, stands opposite to LOUISA, and fixes a stern and piercing look upon her. After a pause, he says*). Stricken conscience, I thank thee! Thy confession is dreadful, but swift and true, and spares me the torment of an explanation! Good evening, Miller!

MILL. For God's sake! baron, what seek you? What brings you hither? What means this surprise?

FERD. I knew a time when the day was divided into seconds, when eagerness for my presence hung upon the weights of the tardy clock, and when every pulse-throb was counted until the moment of my coming. How is it that I now surprise?

MILL. Oh, leave us, leave us, baron! If but one spark of humanity still linger in your bosom;—if you seek not utterly to destroy her whom you profess to love, fly from this house, stay not one moment longer. The blessing of God deserted us when your foot first crossed its threshold. You have brought misery under a roof where all before was joy and happiness. Are you not yet content? Do you seek to deepen the wound which your fatal passion has planted in the heart of my only child?

FERD. Strange father, I have come to bring joyful tidings to your daughter.

MILL. Perchance fresh hopes, to add to her despair. Away, away, thou messenger of ill! Thy looks belie thy words.

FERD. At length the goal of my hopes appears in view! Lady Milford, the most fearful obstacle to our love, has this moment fled the land. My father sanctions my choice. Fate grows weary of persecuting us, and our propitious stars now blaze in the ascendant—I am come to fulfil my plighted troth, and to lead my bride to the altar.

MILL. Dost thou hear him, my child? Dost thou hear him mock at thy cheated hopes? Oh, truly, baron! It is so worthy of the deceiver to make a jest of his own crime!

FERD. You think I am jesting? By my honor I am not! My protestations are as true as the love of my Louisa, and I will keep them as sacred as she has kept her oaths. Nothing to me is more sacred. Can you still doubt? Still no joyful blush upon the cheek of my fair bride? 'Tis strange! Falsehood must needs be here the current coin, since truth finds so little credit. You mistrust my words, it seems? Then read this written testimony. (*He throws LOUISA her letter to the MARSHAL. She opens it, and sinks upon the floor pale as death.*)

MILL. (*not observing this*). What can this mean, baron? I do not understand you.

FERD. (*leads him to LOUISA*). But your daughter has understood me well.

MILL. (*throws himself on his knees beside her*). Oh, God! my child!

FERD. Pale as a corpse! 'Tis thus your daughter pleases me the best. Your demure and virtuous daughter was never half so lovely as with that deathlike paleness. The blast of the day of judgment, which strips the varnish from every lie, has wafted the painted colors from her cheek, or the juggler might have cheated even the angels of light. This is her fairest countenance. Now for the first time do I see it in its truth. Let me kiss it. (*He approaches her.*)

MILL. Back! Away, boy! Trifle not with a father's feelings. I could not defend her from your caresses, but I can from your insults.

FERD. What wouldst thou, old man? With thee I have naught to do. Engage not in a game so irrevocably lost. Or hast thou, too, been wiser than I thought? Hast thou employed the wisdom of thy sixty years in pandering to thy daughter's amours, and disgraced those hoary locks with the office of a pimp? Oh! if it be not so, wretched old man, then lay thyself down and die. There is still time. Thou mayest breathe thy last in the sweet delusion, "I was a happy father!" Wait but a moment longer and thine own hand will dash to her infernal home this poisonous viper; thou wilt curse the gift, and him who gave it, and sink to the grave in blasphemy and despair. (*To LOUISA*.) Speak, wretched one, speak! Didst thou write this letter?

MILL. (*to LOUISA, impressively*). For God's sake, daughter, forget not! forget not!

LOUISA. Oh, father — that letter!

FERD. Oh! that it should have fallen into the wrong hands. Now blessed be the accident! It has effected more than the most consummate prudence, and will at the day of judgment avail more than the united wisdom of sages. Accident, did I say? Oh! Providence directs when a sparrow falls, why not when a devil is un-

masked? But I will be answered! Didst thou write that letter?

MILL. (*to LOUISA, in a tone of entreaty*). Be firm, my child, be firm! But a single "Yes," and all will be over.

FERD. Excellent! excellent! The father, too, is deceived! All, all are deceived by her! Look, how the perfidious one stands there; even her tongue refuses participation in her last lie. I adjure thee by that God so terrible and true — didst thou write that letter?

LOUISA (*after a painful struggle, with firmness and decision*). I did!

FERD. (*stands aghast*). No! As my soul liveth, thou hast lied. Even innocence itself, when extended on the rack, confesses crime which it never committed — I ask too passionately. Is it not so, Louisa? Thou didst but confess, because I asked passionately?

LOUISA. I confessed the truth!

FERD. No, I tell thee! No! no! Thou didst not write that letter! It is not like thy hand! And, even though it were, why should it be more difficult to counterfeit a writing than to undo a heart? Tell me truly, Louisa! Yet no, no, do not! Thou mightest say yes again, and then I were lost forever. A lie, Louisa! A lie! Oh! if thou didst but know one now — if thou wouldst utter it with that open angelic mien — if thou wouldst but persuade mine ear and eye, though it should deceive my heart ever so monstrously! Oh, Louisa! Then might truth depart in the same breath — depart from our creation, and the sacred cause itself henceforth bow her stiff neck to the courtly arts of deception.

LOUISA. By the Almighty God! by Him who is so terrible and true! I did!

FERD. (*after a pause, with the expression of the most heartfelt sorrow*). Woman! Woman! With what a face thou standest now before me! Offer Paradise with that look, and even in the regions of the damned thou wilt find no purchaser. Didst thou know what thou wert to me, Louisa? Impossible! No! thou knewest not that thou wert my all — all! 'Tis a poor insignificant

word! but eternity itself can scarcely circumscribe it. Within it systems of worlds can roll their mighty orbs. All! and to sport with it so wickedly. Oh, 'tis horrible.

LOUISA. Baron von Walter, you have heard my confession! I have pronounced my own condemnation! Now go! Fly from a house where you have been so unhappy.

FERD. 'Tis well! 'tis well! You see I am calm; calm, too, they say, is the shuddering land through which the plague has swept. I am calm. Yet ere I go, Louisa, one more request! It shall be my last. My brain burns with fever! I need refreshment! Will you make me some lemonade?
[Exit LOUISA.]

SCENE III.

FERDINAND and MILLER.

They both pace up and down without speaking, on opposite sides of the room, for some minutes.

MILL. (*standing still at length, and regarding the MAJOR with a sorrowful air*). Dear baron, perhaps it may alleviate your distress to say that I feel for you most deeply.

FERD. Enough of this, Miller. (*Silence again for some moments.*) Miller, I forget what first brought me to your house. What was the occasion of it?

MILL. How, baron? Don't you remember? You came to take lessons on the flute.

FERD. (*suddenly*). And I beheld his daughter! (*Another pause.*) You have not kept your faith with me, friend! You were to provide me with repose for my leisure hours; but you betrayed me and sold me scorpions. (*Observing MILLER's agitation.*) Tremble not, good old man! (*falling deeply affected on his neck*) — the fault was none of thine!

MILL. (*wiping his eyes*). Heaven knows, it was not!

FERD. (*traversing the room, plunged in the most gloomy meditation*). Strange! Oh! beyond conception strange, are the Almighty's dealings with us! How often do terrific weights hang upon slender, almost invisible threads! Did man but know that he should eat death in a particu-

lar apple! Hem! Could he but know that! (*He walks a few more turns; then stops suddenly, and grasps MILLER's hand with strong emotion.*) Friend, I have paid dearly for thy lessons — and thou, too, hast been no gainer — perhaps mayst even lose thy all. (*Quitting him dejectedly.*) Unhappy flute-playing, would that it never entered my brain!

MILL. (*striving to repress his feelings*). The lemonade is long in coming. I will inquire after it, if you will excuse me.

FERD. No hurry, dear Miller! (*Muttering to himself.*) At least to her father there is none. Stay here a moment. What was I about to ask you? Ay, I remember! Is Louisa your only daughter? Have you no other child?

MILL. (*warmly*). I have no other, baron, and I wish for no other. That child is my only solace in this world, and on her have I embarked my whole stock of affection.

FERD. (*much agitated*). Ha! Pray see for the drink, good Miller! [*Exit MILLER.*]

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND *alone.*

FERD. His only child! Dost thou feel that, murderer? His only one! Murderer, didst thou hear, his only one? The man has nothing in God's wide world but his instrument and that only daughter! And wilt thou rob him of her?

Rob him? Rob a beggar of his last pittance? Break the lame man's crutch, and cast the fragments at his feet? How? Have I the heart to do this? And when he hastens home, impatient to reckon in his daughter's smiles the whole sum of his happiness; and when he enters the chamber, and there lies the rose — withered — dead — crushed — his last, his only, his sustaining hope. Ha! And when he stands before her, and all nature looks on in breathless horror, while his vacant eye wanders hopelessly through the gloom of futurity, and seeks God, but finds him nowhere, and then returns disappointed and despairing! Great God! and has not my father, too, an only

son? an only child, but not his only treasure. (*After a pause.*) Yet stay! What will the old man lose? She who could wantonly jest with the most sacred feelings of love, will she make a father happy? She cannot! She will not! And I deserve thanks for crushing this viper ere the parent feels its sting.

SCENE V.

MILLER *returning*, and FERDINAND.

MILL. You shall be served instantly, baron! The poor thing is sitting without, weeping as though her heart would break! Your drink will be mingled with her tears.

FERD. 'Twere well for her were it only with tears! We were speaking of my lessons, Miller. (*Taking out a purse.*) I remember that I am still in your debt.

MILL. How? What? Go along with you, baron! What do you take me for? There is time enough for payment. Do not put such an affront on me; we are not together for the last time, please God.

FERD. Who can tell? Take your money. It is for life or death.

MILL. (*laughing*). Oh! for the matter of that, baron! As regards that I don't think I should run much risk with you!

FERD. You would run the greatest. Have you never heard that youths have died. That damsels and youths have died, the children of hope, the airy castles of their disappointed parents? What is safe from age and worms has often perished by a thunderbolt. Even your Louisa is not immortal.

MILL. God gave her to me.

FERD. Hear me! I say to you your Louisa is not immortal. That daughter is the apple of your eye; you hang upon her with your whole heart and soul. Be prudent, Miller! None but a desperate gamester stakes his all upon a single cast. The merchant would be called a madman who embarked his whole fortune in one ship. Think upon this, and remember that I warned you. But why do you not take your money?

MILL. How, baron, how? All that enormous purse! What can you be thinking of?

FERD. Upon my debt! There! (*Throws a heavy purse on the table; some gold drops out.*) I cannot hold the dross to eternity.

MILL. (*astonished*). Mercy on us! what is this? The sound was not of silver! (*Goes to the table and cries out in astonishment.*) In heaven's name, baron, what means this? What are you about? You must be out of your mind! (*Clasping his hands.*) There it lies! or I am bewitched. 'Tis damnable! I feel it now; the beauteous, shining, glorious heap of gold! No, Satan, thou shalt not catch my soul with this!

FERD. Have you drunk old wine, or new, Miller?

MILL. (*violently*). Death and furies! Look yourself, then. It is gold!

FERD. And what of that?

MILL. Let me implore you, baron! In the name of all the saints in heaven, I entreat you! It is gold!

FERD. An extraordinary thing, it must be admitted.

MILL. (*after a pause; addressing him with emotion*). Noble sir, I am a plain, straightforward man — do you wish to tempt me to some piece of knavery? — for, heaven knows, that so much gold cannot be got honestly!

FERD. (*moved*). Make yourself quite easy, dear Miller! You have well earned the money. God forbid that I should use it to the corruption of your conscience!

MILL. (*jumping about like a madman*). It is mine, then! Mine indeed! Mine with the knowledge and consent of God! (*Hastening to the door.*) Daughter, wife, hurrah, come hither! (*Returning.*) But, for heaven's sake, how have I all at once deserved this awful treasure? How am I to earn it? How repay it, eh?

FERD. Not by your music lessons, Miller! With this gold do I pay you for (*stops suddenly, and shudders*) — I pay you — (*after a pause, with emotion*) — for my three months' unhappy dream of your daughter!

MILL. (*taking his hand and pressing it affectionately*). Most gracious sir! were you some poor and low-born citizen, and my daughter refused your love, I would pierce her heart with my own hands. (*Returning to the*

gold in a sorrowful tone.) But then I shall have all, and you nothing — and I should have to give up all this glorious heap again, eh?

FERD. Let not that thought distress you, friend. I am about to quit this country, and in that to which I am journeying such coin is not current.

MILL. *(still fixing his eyes in transport on the money).* Mine, then, it remains? Mine? Yet it grieves me that you are going to leave us. Only just wait a little and you shall see how I'll come out! I'll hold 'up my head with the best of them. *(Puts on his hat with an air, and struts up and down the room.)* I'll give my lessons in the great concert-room, and won't I smoke away at the best *puyke varinas* — and, when you catch me again fiddling at the penny-hop, may the devil take me!

FERD. Stay, Miller! Be silent, and gather up your gold. *(Mysteriously.)* Keep silence only for this one evening, and do me the favor henceforward to give no more music lessons.

MILL. *(still more vehemently grasping his hand, full of inward joy).* And my daughter, baron! my daughter! *(Letting go.)* No, no! Money does not make the man — whether I feed on vegetables or on partridges, enough is enough, and this coat will do very well as long as the sunbeams don't peep in at the elbows. To me money is mere dross. But my girl shall benefit by the blessing; whatever wish I can read in her eyes shall be gratified.

FERD. *(suddenly interrupting him).* Oh! silence! silence!

MILL. *(still more warmly).* And she shall learn to speak French like a born native, and to dance minuets, and to sing, so that people shall read of her in the newspapers; and she shall wear a cap like the judge's daughter, and a *kidebarri*,* as they call it; and the fiddler's daughter shall be talked of for twenty miles round.

FERD. *(seizing his hand in extreme agitation).* No more! no more! For God's sake be silent! Be silent but for this one night; 'tis the only favor I ask of you.

* Meaning, no doubt, *Cul de Paris*, a bustle.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA *with a glass of lemonade; the former.*

LOUISA (*her eyes swelled with weeping, and trembling voice, while she presents the glass to FERDINAND*). Tell me, if it be not to your taste.

FERD. (*takes the glass, places it on the table, and turns to MILLER*). Oh! I had almost forgotten! Good Miller, I have a request to make. Will you do me a little favor?

MILL. A thousand with pleasure! What are your commands?

FERD. My father will expect me at table. Unfortunately I am in very ill humor. 'Twould be insupportable to me just now to mix in society. Will you go to my father and excuse my absence?

LOUISA (*terrified, interrupts him hastily*). Oh, let me go!

MILL. Am I to see the president himself?

FERD. Not himself. Give your message to one of the servants in the ante-chamber. Here is my watch as a credential that I sent you. I shall be here when you return. You will wait for an answer.

LOUISA (*very anxiously*). Cannot I be the bearer of your message?

FERD. (*to MILLER, who is going*). Stay — one thing more! Here is a letter to my father, which I received this evening enclosed in one to myself. Perhaps on business of importance. You may as well deliver it at the same time.

MILL. (*going*). Very well, baron!

LOUISA (*stopping him, and speaking in a tone of the most exquisite terror*). But, dear father, I could do all this very well! Pray let me go!

MILL. It is night, my child! and you must not venture out alone! [Exit.

FERD. Light your father down, Louisa. (*LOUISA takes a candle and follows MILLER. FERDINAND in the meantime approaches the table and throws poison into the lemonade*). Yes! she must die! The higher powers look down, and nod their terrible assent. The vengeance of

heaven subscribes to my decree. Her good angels forsake her, and leave her to her fate!

SCENE VII.

FERDINAND *and* LOUISA.

LOUISA *re-enters slowly with the light, places it on the table, and stops on the opposite side of the room, her eyes fixed on the ground, except when she raises them to him with timid, stolen glances. He stands opposite, looking steadfastly on the earth—a long and deep silence.*

LOUISA. If you will accompany me, Baron von Walter, I will try a piece on the harpsichord! (*She opens the instrument. FERDINAND makes no answer. A pause.*)

LOUISA. You owe me a revenge at chess. Will you play a game with me, Baron von Walter? (*Another pause.*)

LOUISA. I have begun the pocketbook, baron, which I promised to embroider for you. Will you look at the design? (*Still a pause.*)

LOUISA. Oh! I am very wretched!

FERD. (*without changing his attitude*). That may well be!

LOUISA. It is not my fault, Baron von Walter, that you are so badly entertained!

FERD. (*with an insulting laugh*). You are not to blame for my bashful modesty——

LOUISA. I am quite aware that we are no longer fit companions. I confess that I was terrified when you sent away my father. I believe, Baron von Walter, that this moment is equally insupportable to us both. Permit me to ask some of my acquaintances to join us.

FERD. Yes, pray do so! And I too will go and invite some of mine.

LOUISA (*looking at him with surprise*). Baron von Walter!

FERD. (*very spitefully*). By my honor, the most fortunate idea that in our situation could ever enter mortal

brain? Let us change this wearisome duet into sport and merriment, and by the aid of certain gallantries, revenge ourselves on the caprices of love.

LOUISA. You are merry, Baron von Walter!

FERD. Oh! wonderfully so! The very street-boys would hunt me through the market-place for a merry-andrew! In fact, Louisa, your example has inspired me — you shall be my teacher. They are fools who prate of endless affection — never-ending sameness grows flat and insipid — variety alone gives zest to pleasure. Have with you, Louisa, we are now of one mind. We will skip from amour to amour, whirl from vice to vice; you in one direction, I in another. Perhaps I may recover my lost tranquillity in some brothel. Perhaps, when our merry race is run, and we become two mouldering skeletons, chance again may bring us together with the most pleasing surprise, and we may, as in a melodrama, recognize each other by a common feature of disease — that mother whom her children can never disavow. Then, perhaps, disgust and shame may create that union between us which could not be effected by the most tender love.

LOUISA. Oh, Walter! Walter! Thou art already unhappy — wilt thou deserve to be so?

FERD. (*muttering passionately through his teeth*). Unhappy? Who told thee so? Woman, thou art too vile to have any feelings of thine own; how, then, canst thou judge of the feelings of others? Unhappy, did she say? — ha! that word would call my anger from the grave! She knew that I must become unhappy. Death and damnation! she knew it, and yet betrayed me! Look to it, serpent! That was thy only chance of forgiveness. This confession has condemned thee. Till now I thought to palliate thy crime with thy simplicity, and in my contempt thou hadst well nigh escaped my vengeance (*seizing the glass hastily*). Thou wert not thoughtless, then — thou wert not simple — thou wert nor more nor less than a devil! (*He drinks.*) The drink is bad, like thy soul! Taste it!

LOUISA. Oh, heavens! 'Twas not without reason that I dreaded this meeting.

FRED. (*imperiously*). Drink! I say.

[LOUISA, *offended*, takes the glass and drinks. The moment she raises the cup to her lips, FERDINAND turns away with a sudden paleness, and recedes to the further corner of the chamber.]

LOUISA. The lemonade is good.

FERD. (*his face averted and shuddering*.) Much good may it do thee!

LOUISA (*sets down the glass*). Oh! could you but know, Walter, how cruelly you wrong me!

FERD. Indeed!

LOUISA. A time will come, Walter —

FERD. (*advancing*). Oh! we have done with time.

LOUISA. When the remembrance of this evening will lie heavy on your heart!

FERD. (*begins to walk to and fro more vehemently, and to become more agitated; he throws away his sash and sword*.) Farewell the prince's service!

LOUISA. My God! what mean you!

FERD. I am hot, and oppressed. I would be more at ease.

LOUISA. Drink! drink! it will cool you.

FERD. That it will, most effectually. The strumpet, though, is kind-hearted! Ay, ay, so are they all!

LOUISA (*rushing into his arms with the deepest expression of love*). That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand?

FERD. (*thrusting her from him*). Away! away! Hence with those soft and melting eyes! they subdue me. Come to me, snake, in all thy monstrous terrors! Spring upon me, scorpion! Display thy hideous folds, and rear thy proud coils to heaven! Stand before my eyes, hateful as the abyss of hell e'er saw thee! but not in that angel form! Take any shape but that! 'Tis too late. I must crush thee like a viper, or despair! Mercy on thy soul!

LOUISA. Oh! that it should come to this!

FERD. (*gazing on her*). So fair a work of the heavenly artist! Who would believe it? Who can believe it? (*Taking her hand and elevating it*.) I will not arraign thy ordinations, oh! incomprehensible Creator! Yet wherefore didst thou pour thy poison into such beautiful

vessels? Can crime inhabit so fair a region? Oh! 'tis strange! 'tis passing strange!

LOUISA. To hear this, and yet be compelled to silence!

FERD. And that soft, melodious voice! How can broken chords discourse such harmony? (*Gazing rapturously upon her figure.*) All so lovely! so full of symmetry! so divinely perfect! Throughout the whole such signs that 'twas the favorite work of God! By heaven, as though all mankind had been created but to practise the Creator, ere he modelled this his masterpiece! And that the Almighty should have failed in the soul alone? Is it possible that this monstrous abortion of nature should have escaped as perfect? (*Quitting her hastily.*) Or did God see an angel's form rising beneath his chisel, and balance the error by giving her a heart wicked in proportion?

LOUISA. Alas for this criminal wilfulness! Rather than confess his own rashness, he accuses the wisdom of heaven!

FERD. (*falls upon her neck, weeping bitterly.*) Yet once more, my Louisa! Yet once again, as on the day of our first kiss, when you faltered forth the name of Ferdinand, and the first endearing "Thou!" trembled on thy burning lips. Oh! a harvest of endless and unutterable joys seemed to me at that moment to be budding forth. There lay eternity like a bright May-day before our eyes; thousands of golden years, fair as brides, danced around our souls. Then was I so happy! Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Louisa! Why hast thou used me thus?

LOUISA. Weep, Walter, weep! Your compassion will be more just towards me than your wrath.

FERD. You deceive yourself. These are not nature's tears! not that warm delicious dew which flows like balsam on the wounded soul, and drives the chilled current of feeling swiftly along its course. They are solitary ice-cold drops! the awful, eternal farewell of my love! (*With fearful solemnity, laying his hand on her head.*) They are tears for thy soul, Louisa! tears for the Deity, whose inexhaustible beneficence has here missed its aim,

and whose noblest work is cast away thus wantonly. Oh! methinks the whole universe should clothe itself in black, and weep at the fearful example now passing in its centre. 'Tis but a common sorrow when mortals fall and Paradise is lost; but, when the plague extends its ravages to angels, then should there be wailing throughout the whole creation!

LOUISA. Drive me not to extremities, Walter. I have fortitude equal to most, but it must not be tried by a more than human test. Walter! one word, and then — we part forever. A dreadful fatality has deranged the language of our hearts. Dared I unclothe these lips, Walter, I could tell thee things! I could — But cruel fate has alike fettered my tongue and my heart, and I must endure in silence, even though you revile me as a common strumpet.

FERD. Dost thou feel well, Louisa?

LOUISA. Why that question?

FERD. It would grieve me shouldst thou be called hence with a lie upon thy lips.

LOUISA. I implore you, Walter —

FERD. (*in violent agitation*). No! no! That revenge were too satanic! No! God forbid! I will not extend my anger beyond the grave! Louisa, didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA (*sitting down*). Ask what you will. I shall give no answer.

FERD. (*in a solemn voice*). Take heed for thy immortal soul! Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA. I shall give no answer.

FERD. (*throwing himself on his knees before her in the deepest emotion*). Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Before this light burns out — thou wilt stand — before the throne of God!

LOUISA (*starting from her seat in terror*). Merciful Jesus! what was that? And I feel so ill! (*She falls back into her chair.*)

FERD. Already? Oh, woman, thou eternal paradox! thy delicate nerves can sport with crimes at which man-

hood trembles ; yet one poor grain of arsenic destroys them utterly !

LOUISA. Poison ! poison ! Oh ! Almighty God !

FERD. I fear it is so ! Thy lemonade was seasoned in hell ! Thou hast pledged death in the draught !

LOUISA. To die ! To die ! All-merciful God ! Poison in my drink ! And to die ! Oh ! have mercy on my soul, thou Father in heaven !

FERD. Ay, be that thy chief concern : I will join thee in that prayer.

LOUISA. And my mother ! My father, too ! Saviour of the world ! My poor forlorn father ! Is there then no hope ? And I so young, and yet no hope ? And must I die so soon ?

FERD. There is no hope ! None ! — you are already doomed ! But be calm. We shall journey together.

LOUISA. Thou too, Ferdinand ? Poison, Ferdinand ! From thee ! Oh ! God forgive him ! God of mercy, lay not this crime on him !

FERD. Look to your own account. I fear it stands but ill.

LOUISA. Ferdinand ! Ferdinand ! Oh ! I can be no longer silent. Death — death absolves all oaths. Ferdinand ! Heaven and earth contain nothing more unfortunate than thou ! I die innocent, Ferdinand !

FERD. (*terrified*). Ah ! What do I hear ? Would she rush into the presence of her Maker with a lie on her lips ?

LOUISA. I lie not ! I do not lie ! In my whole life I never lied but once ! Ugh ! what an icy shivering creeps through my veins ! When I wrote that letter to the marshal.

FERD. Ha ! That letter ! Blessed be to God ! Now I am myself again !

LOUISA (*her voice every moment becomes more indistinct. Her fingers tremble with a convulsive motion*). That letter. Prepare yourself for a terrible disclosure ! My hand wrote what my heart abhorred. It was dictated by your father ! (*Ferdinand stands like a statue petrified with horror. After a long silence, he falls upon the floor as if struck by lightning.*) Oh ! that sorrowful act ! —

Ferdinand — I was compelled — forgive me — thy Louisa would have preferred death — but my father — his life in danger! They were so crafty in their villany.

FERD. (*starting furiously from the ground*). God be thanked! The poison spares me yet! (*He seizes his sword.*)

LOUISA (*growing weaker by degrees*). Alas! what would you? He is thy father!

FERD. (*in the most ungovernable fury*). A murderer — the murderer of his son; he must along with us that the Judge of the world may pour his wrath on the guilty alone. (*Hastening away.*)

LOUISA. My dying Redeemer pardoned his murderers, — may God pardon thee and thy father! (*She dies.*)

FERD. (*turns quickly round, and perceives her in the convulsions of death, throws himself distractedly on the body*). Stay! stay! Fly not from me, angel of light! (*Takes her hand, but lets it fall again instantly.*) Cold! cold and damp! her soul has flown! (*Starting up suddenly.*) God of my Louisa! Mercy! Mercy for the most accursed of murderers! Such was her dying prayer! How fair, how lovely even in death! The pitying destroyer has touched gently on those heavenly features. That sweetness was no mask — the hand of death even has not removed it! (*After a pause.*) But how is this? why do I feel nothing. Will the vigor of my youth save me? Thankless care! That shall it not. (*He seizes the glass.*)

SCENE VIII.

FERDINAND, the PRESIDENT, WORM, and SERVANTS, who all rush in alarm into the room. Afterwards MILLER, with a crowd, and OFFICERS of justice, who assemble in the background.

PRES. (*an open letter in his hand*). My son! what means this? I never can believe —

FERD. (*throwing the glass at his feet*). Convince thyself, murderer! (*The PRESIDENT staggers back. All stand speechless. A dreadful pause.*)

PRES. My son! Why hast thou done this?

FERD. (*without looking at him*). Why, to be sure! I ought first to have asked the statesman whether the trick suited his cards. Admirably fine and skilful, I confess, was the scheme of jealousy to break the bond of our hearts! The calculation shows a master-mind; 'twas pity only that indignant love would not move on wires like thy wooden puppets.

PRES. (*looking round the circle with rolling eyes*). Is there no one here who weeps for a despairing father?

MILL. (*calling behind the scenes*). Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!

FERD. She is now a saint in heaven! Her cause is in the hands of another! (*He opens the door for MILLER, who rushes in, followed by officers of justice and a crowd of people.*)

MILL. (*in the most dreadful alarm*). My child! My child! Poison, they cry—poison has been here! My daughter! Where art thou?

FERD. (*leading him between the PRESIDENT and LOUISA's corpse*). I am innocent. Thank this man for the deed.

MILL. (*throwing himself on the body*). Oh, Jesus!

FRED. In few words, father!—they begin to be precious to me. I have been robbed of my life by villainous artifice—robbed of it by you! How I may stand with God I tremble to think, but a deliberate villain I have never been! Be my final judgment what it will, may it not fall on thee! But I have committed murder! (*In a loud and fearful voice.*) A murder whose weight thou canst not hope that I should drag alone before the judgment-seat of God. Here I solemnly bequeath to thee the heaviest, the bloodiest part; how thou mayst answer it be that thy care! (*Leading him to LOUISA.*) Here, barbarian! Feast thine eyes on the terrible fruits of thy intrigues! Upon this face thy name is inscribed in the convulsions of death, and will be registered by the destroying angel! May a form like this draw thy curtain when thou sleepest, and grasp thee with its clay-cold hand! May a form like this flit before thy soul when thou diest, and drive away thy expiring

prayer for mercy! May a form like this stand by thy grave at the resurrection, and before the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom! (*He faints, the servants receive him in their arms.*)

PRES. (*extending his arms convulsively towards heaven*). Not from me, Judge of the world. Ask not these souls from me, but from him! (*Pointing to WORM.*)

WORM (*starting*). From me?

PRES. Accursed villain, from thee! From thee, Satan! Thou gavest the serpent's counsel! thine be the responsibility; their blood be not on my head, but on thine!

WORM. On mine! on mine! (*laughing hysterically*). Oh! Excellent! Now I understand the gratitude of devils. On mine, thou senseless villain! Was he *my* son? Was *I* thy master? Mine the responsibility? Ha! by this sight which freezes the very marrow in my bones! Mine it shall be! I will brave destruction, but thou shalt perish with me. Away! away! Cry murder in the streets! Awaken justice! Bind me, officers! Lead me hence! I will discover secrets which shall make the hearer's blood run cold. (*Going.*)

PRES. (*detaining him*). Surely, madman, thou wilt not dare?

WORM (*tapping him on the shoulder*). I will, though, comrade, I will! I am mad, 'tis true; but my madness is thy work, and now I will act like a madman! Arm in arm with thee will I to the scaffold! Arm in arm with thee to hell! Oh! how it tickles my fancy, villain, to be damned with thee! (*The officers carry him off.*)

MILL. (*who has lain upon LOUISA'S corpse in silent anguish, starts suddenly up, and throws the purse before the MAJOR'S feet.*) Poisoner, take back thy accursed gold! Didst thou think to purchase my child with it? (*Rushes distractedly out of the chamber.*)

FERD. (*in a voice scarcely audible*). Follow him! He is desperate. The gold must be taken care of for his use; 'tis the dreadful acknowledgment of my debt to him. Louisa, I come! Farewell! On this altar let me breathe my last.

PRES. (*recovering from his stupor*). Ferdinand! my

son! Not one last look for a despairing father? (FERDINAND *is laid by the side of* LOUISA.)

FERD. My last must sue to God for mercy on myself.

PRES. (*falling down before him in the most dreadful agony*). The Creator and the created abandon me! Not one last look to cheer me in the hour of death! (FERDINAND *stretches out his trembling hand to him, and expires.*)

PRES. (*springing up*). He forgave me! (*To the OFFICERS.*) Now, lead on, sirs! I am your prisoner.

[*Exit, followed by the OFFICERS; the curtain falls.*]

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP,

TRANSLATED BY JAMES CHURCHILL.

THE PICCOLOMINI,

AND

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN,

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

INCLUDING SCENES AND PASSAGES HITHERTO OMITTED.

“Upon the whole there can be no doubt that this trilogy forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed ; and none at all, that the execution of the version from which we have quoted so largely, places Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. He is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius submitting to *all* the labors, and reaping *all* the honors of this species of literary exertion.” — *Blackwood*, 1823.

THE Camp of Wallenstein is an introduction to the celebrated tragedy of that name ; and, by its vivid portraiture of the state of the general's army, gives the best clue to the spell of his gigantic power. The blind belief entertained in the unfailing success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success is secured to him ; the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and utter disregard of all law, save that of the camp ; a hard oppression of the peasantry and plunder of the country, have all swollen the soldiery with an idea of interminable sway. But as we have translated the whole, we shall leave these reckless marauders to speak for themselves.

Of Schiller's opinion concerning the Camp, as a necessary introduction to the tragedy, the following passage taken from the prologue to the first representation, will give a just idea, and may also serve as a motto to the work :—

“Not he it is, who on the tragic scene
Will now appear — but in the fearless bands
Whom his command alone could sway, and whom
His spirit fired, you may his shadow see,
Until the bashful Muse shall dare to bring
Himself before you in a living form ;
For power it was that bore his heart astray
His Camp, alone, elucidates his crime.”

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Sergeant-Major.</i>	} of a regiment of	<i>Recruit.</i>
<i>Trumpeter,</i>		<i>Citizen.</i>
<i>Artilleryman,</i>	} Terzky's carabineers.	<i>Peasant.</i>
<i>Sharpshooters.</i>		<i>Peasant Boy.</i>
<i>Mounted Yagers,</i>	of Holk's corps.	<i>Capuchin.</i>
<i>Dragoons,</i>	of Butler's regiment.	<i>Regimental Schoolmaster.</i>
<i>Arquebusiers,</i>	of Tiefenbach's regiment.	<i>Sutler-Woman.</i>
<i>Cuirassier,</i>	of a Walloon regiment.	<i>Servant Girl.</i>
<i>Cuirassier,</i>	of a Lombard regiment.	<i>Soldiers' Boys.</i>
<i>Croats.</i>		<i>Musicians.</i>
<i>Hulans.</i>		

(SCENE. — *The Camp before Pilsen, in Bohemia.*)

SCENE I.

Sutlers' tents — in front, a Slop-shop. Soldiers of all colors and uniforms thronging about. Tables all filled. Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler-woman serving out wine. Soldier-boys throwing dice on a drum-head. Singing heard from the tent.

Enter a Peasant and his Son.

SON.

Father, I fear it will come to harm,
So let us be off from this soldier swarm;
But boist'rous mates will ye find in the shoal —
'Twere better to bolt while our skins are whole.

FATHER.

How now, boy! the fellows wont eat us, though
They may be a little unruly, or so.
See, yonder, arriving a stranger train,
Fresh comers are they from the Saal and Mayne;

Much booty they bring of the rarest sort —
 'Tis ours, if we cleverly drive our sport.
 A captain, who fell by his comrade's sword,
 This pair of sure dice to me transferred;
 To-day I'll just give them a trial to see
 If their knack's as good as it used to be.
 You must play the part of a pitiful devil,
 For these roaring rogues, who so loosely revel,
 Are easily smoothed, and tricked, and flattered,
 And, free as it came, their gold is scattered.
 But we — since by bushels our all is taken,
 By spoonfuls must ladle it back again;
 And, if with their swords they slash so highly,
 We must look sharp, boy, and do them slyly.

[Singing and shouting in the tent.]

Hark, how they shout! God help the day!
 'Tis the peasant's hide for their sport must pay.
 Eight months in our beds and stalls have they
 Been swarming here, until far around
 Not a bird or a beast is longer found,
 And the peasant, to quiet his craving maw,
 Has nothing now left but his bones to gnaw.
 Ne'er were we crushed with a heavier hand,
 When the Saxon was lording it o'er the land:
 And these are the Emperor's troops, they say!

SON.

From the kitchen a couple are coming this way,
 Not much shall we make by such blades as they.

FATHER.

They're born Bohemian knaves — the two —
 Belonging to Terzky's carabineers,
 Who've lain in these quarters now for years;
 The worst are they of the worthless crew.
 Strutting, swaggering, proud and vain,
 They seem to think they may well disdain
 With the peasant a glass of his wine to drain
 But, soft — to the left o' the fire I see
 Three riflemen, who from the Tyrol should be
 Emmerick, come, boy, to them will we.

Birds of this feather 'tis luck to find,
 Whose trim's so spruce, and their purse well lined.
[They move towards the tent.

SCENE II.

The above — Sergeant-Major, Trumpeter, Hulan.

TRUMPETER.

What would the boor? Out, rascal, away!

PEASANT.

Some victuals and drink, worthy masters, I pray,
 For not a warm morsel we've tasted to day.

TRUMPETER.

Ay, guzzle and guttle — 'tis always the way.

HULAN (*with a glass*).

Not broken your fast! there — drink, ye hound!
He leads the peasant to the tent—the others come forward.

SERGEANT (*to the Trumpeter*).

Think ye they've done it without good ground?
 Is it likely they double our pay to-day,
 Merely that we may be jolly and gay?

TRUMPETER.

Why, the duchess arrives to-day, we know,
 And her daughter too —

SERGEANT.

Tush! that's mere show —

'Tis the troops collected from other lands
 Who here at Pilsen have joined our bands —
 We must do the best we can t' allure 'em,
 With plentiful rations, and thus secure 'em.
 Where such abundant fare they find,
 A closer league with us to bind

TRUMPETER.

Yes! — there's something in the wind.

SERGEANT.

The generals and commanders too —

TRUMPETER.

A rather ominous sight, 'tis true.

SERGEANT.

Who're met together so thickly here —

TRUMPETER.

Have plenty of work on their hands, that's clear.

SERGEANT.

The whispering and sending to and fro —

TRUMPETER.

Ay! Ay!

SERGEANT.

The big-wig from Vienna, I trow,
Who since yesterday's seen to prowl about
In his golden chain of office there —
Something's at the bottom of this, I'll swear.

TRUMPETER.

A bloodhound is he beyond a doubt,
By whom the duke's to be hunted out.

SERGEANT.

Mark ye well, man! — they doubt us now,
And they fear the duke's mysterious brow;
He hath clomb too high for them, and fain
Would they beat him down from his perch again.

TRUMPETER.

But we will hold him still on high —
That all would think as you and I!

SERGEANT.

Our regiment, and the other four
Which Terzky leads — the bravest corps
Throughout the camp, are the General's own,
And have been trained to the trade by himself alone
The officers hold their command of him,
And are all his own, or for life or limb.

SCENE III.

*Enter Croat with a necklace. Sharpshooter following him.
The above.*

SHARPSHOOTER.

Croat, where stole you that necklace, say?
Get rid of it man — for thee 'tis unmeet:
Come, take these pistols in change, I pray.

CROAT.

Nay, nay, Master Shooter, you're trying to cheat.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Then I'll give you this fine blue cap as well,
A lottery prize which just I've won:
Look at the cut of it — quite the swell!

CROAT (*twirling the Necklace in the Sun*).

But this is of pearls and of garnets bright,
See, how it plays in the sunny light!

SHARPSHOOTER (*taking the Necklace*).

Well, I'll give you to boot, my own canteen —
I'm in love with this bauble's beautiful sheen.
[*Looks at it.*]

TRUMPETER.

See, now! — how cleanly the Croat is *done*:
Snacks! Master Shooter, and *mum's* the word.

CROAT (*having put on the cap*).

I think your cap is a smartish one.

SHARPSHOOTER (*winking to the Trumpeter*).

'Tis a regular swop, as these gents have heard.

SCENE IV.

The above. An Artilleryman.

ARTILLERYMAN (*to the Sergeant*).

How is this I pray, brother carabineer?
Shall we longer stay here, our fingers warming,
While the foe in the field around is swarming?

SERGEANT.

Art thou, indeed, in such hasty fret?
Why the roads, as I think, are scarce passable yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.

For me they are not — I'm snug enough here —
But a courier's come, our wits to waken
With the precious news that Ratisbon's taken.

TRUMPETER.

Ha ! then we soon shall have work in hand.

SERGEANT.

Indeed ! to protect the Bavarian's land,
Who hates the duke, as we understand,
We won't put ourselves in a violent sweat.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Heyday ! — you'll find you're a wiseacre yet.

SCENE V.

*The above—Two Yagers. Afterwards Sutler-woman,
Soldier-boy, Schoolmaster, Servant-girl.*

FIRST YAGER.

See ! see !
Here meet we a jovial company !

TRUMPETER.

Who can these greencoats be, I wonder,
That strut so gay and sprucely yonder !

SERGEANT.

They're the Yagers of Holk — and the lace they wear,
I'll be sworn, was ne'er purchased at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER-WOMAN (*bringing wine*).

Welcome, good sirs !

FIRST YAGER.

Zounds, how now ?
Gustel of Blasewitz here, I vow !

SUTLER-WOMAN.

The same in sooth — and you I know,
Are the lanky Peter of Itzeho :
Who at Glückstadt once, in revelling night,
With the wags of our regiment, put to flight
All his father's shiners — then crowned the fun —

FIRST YAGER.

By changing his pen for a rifle-gun.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

We're old acquaintance, then, 'tis clear.

FIRST YAGER.

And to think we should meet in Bohemia here !

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, here to-day — to-morrow yonder —
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.
Meanwhile I've been doomed far round to wander.

FIRST YAGER.

So one would think, by the look of your face.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Up the country I've rambled to Temsewar,
Whither I went with the baggage-car,
When Mansfeld before us we chased away ;
With the duke near Stralsund next we lay,
Where trade went all to pot, I may say.
I jogged with the succors to Mantua ;
And back again came, under Feria :
Then, joining a Spanish regiment,
I took a short cut across to Ghent ;
And now to Bohemia I'm come to get
Old scores paid off, that are standing yet,
If a helping hand by the duke be lent —
And yonder you see my sutler's tent.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, all things seem in a flourishing way,
But what have you done with the Scotchman, say,
Who once in the camp was your constant flame ?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A villain, who tricked me clean, that same
He bolted, and took to himself whate'er
I'd managed to scrape together, or spare,
Leaving me naught but the urchin there.

SOLDIER-BOY (*springing forward*).

Mother, is it my papa you name?

FIRST YAGER.

Well, the emperor now must father this elf,
For the army must ever recruit itself.

SCHOOLMASTER.

Forth to the school, ye rogue — d'ye hear?

FIRST YAGER.

He, too, of a narrow room has fear.

SERVANT GIRL (*entering*).

Aunt, they'll be off.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

I come apace.

FIRST YAGER.

What gypsy is that with the roguish face?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

My sister's child from the south, is she.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, a sweet little niece — I see.

SECOND YAGER (*holding the girl*).

Softly, my pretty one! stay with me.

GIRL.

The customers wait, sir, and I must go.

[*Disengages herself, and exit.*]

FIRST YAGER.

That maiden's a dainty morsel, I trow!
And her aunt — by heaven! I mind me well,

When the best of the regiment loved her so,
 To blows for her beautiful face they fell.
 What different folks one's doomed to know!
 How time glows off with a ceaseless flow!
 And what sights as yet we may live to see!
(To the Sergeant and Trumpeter.)
 Your health, good sirs, may we be free,
 A seat beside you here to take?

SCENE VI.

The Yagers, Sergeant, and Trumpeter.

SERGEANT.

We thank ye — and room will gladly make.
 To Bohemia welcome.

FIRST YAGER.

Snug enough here!
 In the land of the foe our quarters were queer.

TRUMPETER.

You haven't the look on't — you're spruce to view.

SERGEANT.

Ay, faith, on the Saal, and in Meissen, too,
 Your praises are heard from the lips of few.

SECOND YAGER.

Tush, man! why, what the plague d'ye mean?
 The Croat had swept the fields so clean,
 There was little or nothing for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your pointed collar is clean and sightly,
 And, then, your hose that sit so tightly!
 Your linen so fine, with the hat and feather,
 Make a show of smartness altogether!
(To Sergeant.)

That fortune should upon youngers shine —
 While nothing in your way comes, or mine.

SERGEANT.

But then we're the Friedlander's regiment
And, thus, may honor and homage claim.

FIRST YAGER.

For us, now, that's no great compliment,
We, also, bear the Friedlander's name.

SERGEANT.

True — you form part of the general mass.

FIRST YAGER.

And you, I suppose, are a separate class !
The difference lies in the coats we wear,
And I have no wish to change with you there !

SERGEANT.

Sir Yager, I can't but with pity melt,
When I think how much among boors you've dwelt.
The clever knack and the proper tone,
Are caught by the general's side alone.

FIRST YAGER.

Then the lesson is wofully thrown away, —
How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say
You've copied and caught in the cleverest way ;
But his spirit, his genius — oh, these I ween,
On your guard parade are but seldom seen.

SECOND YAGER.

Why, zounds ! ask for us wherever you will,
Friedland's wild hunt is our title still !
Never shaming the name, all undaunted we go
Alike through the field of a friend, or a foe ;
Through the rising stalk, or the yellow corn,
Well know they the blast of Holk's Yager horn.
In the flash of an eye, we are far or near,
Swift as the deluge, or there or here —
As at midnight dark, when the flames outbreak
In the silent dwelling where none awake ;
Vain is the hope in weapons or flight,
Nor order nor discipline thwart its might.

Then struggles the maid in our sinewy arms,
But war hath no pity, and scorns alarms.
Go, ask — I speak not with boastful tongue —
In Bareuth, Westphalia, Voigtland, where'er
Our troops have traversed — go, ask them there —
Children and children's children long,
When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,
Of Holk will tell and his Yager corps.

SERGEANT.

Why, hark! Must a soldier then be made
By driving this riotous, roaring trade!
'Tis drilling that makes him, skill and sense —
Perception — thought — intelligence.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis liberty makes him! Here's a fuss!
That I should such twaddle as this discuss.
Was it for this that I left the school?
That the scribbling desk, and the slavish rule,
And the narrow walls, that our spirits cramp,
Should be met with again in the midst of the camp?
No! Idle and heedless, I'll take my way,
Hunting for novelty every day;
Trust to the moment with dauntless mind,
And give not a glance or before or behind.
For this to the emperor I sold my hide,
That no other care I might have to bide.
Through the foe's fierce firing bid me ride,
Through fathomless Rhine, in his roaring flow,
Where ev'ry third man to the devil may go,
At no bar will you find me boggling there;
But, farther than this, 'tis my special prayer,
That I may not be bothered with aught like care.

SERGEANT.

If this be your wish, you needn't lack it,
'Tis granted to all with the soldier's jacket.

FIRST YAGER.

What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made
By that man-tormentor, Gustavus, the Swede,

Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said
At morning réveille and evening tattoo;
And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.

SERGEANT.

Ay, that was a man with the fear of God.

FIRST YAGER.

Girls he detested ; and what's rather odd,
If caught with a wench you in wedlock were tacked, —
I could stand it no longer, so off I packed.

SERGEANT.

Their discipline now has a trifle slacked.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, next to the League I rode over ; their men
Were mustering in haste against Magdeburg then.
Ha ! that was another guess sort of a thing !
In frolic and fun we'd a glorious swing ;
With gaming, and drinking, and girls at call,
I'faith, sirs, our sport was by no means small.
For Tilly knew how to command, that's plain ;
He held himself in but gave us the rein ;
And, long as he hadn't the bother of paying,
"Live and let live !" was the general's saying.
But fortune soon gave him the slip ; and ne'er
Since the day of that villanous Leipzig affair
Would aught go aright. 'Twas of little avail
That we tried, for our plans were sure to fail.
If now we drew nigh and rapped at the door,
No greeting awaited, 'twas opened no more ;
From place to place we went sneaking about,
And found that their stock of respect was out ;
Then touched I the Saxon bounty, and thought
Their service with fortune must needs be fraught.

SERGEANT.

You joined them then just in the nick to share
Bohemia's plunder ?

FIRST YAGER.

I'd small luck there.

Strict discipline sternly ruled the day,
Nor dared we a foeman's force display;
They set us to guard the imperial forts,
And plagued us all with the farce of the courts.
War they waged as a jest 'twere thought —
And but half a heart to the business brought,
They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain
Small honor among them could a soldier gain.
So heartily sick in the end grew I
That my mind was the desk again to try;
When suddenly, rattling near and far,
The Friedlander's drum was heard to war.

SERGEANT.

And how long here may you mean to stay?

FIRST YAGER.

You jest, man. So long as *he* bears the sway,
By my soul! not a thought of change have I;
Where better than here could the soldier lie?
Here the true fashion of war is found,
And the cut of power's on all things round;
While the spirit whereby the movement's given
Mightily stirs, like the winds of heaven,
The meanest trooper in all the throng.
With a hearty step shall I tramp along
On a burgher's neck as undaunted tread
As our general does on the prince's head.
As 'twas in the times of old 'tis now,
The sword is the sceptre, and all must bow.
One crime alone can I understand,
And that's to oppose the word of command.
What's not forbidden to do make bold,
And none will ask you what creed you hold.
Of just two things in this world I wot,
What belongs to the army and what does not,
To the banner alone is my service brought.

SERGEANT.

Thus, Yager, I like thee — thou speakest, I vow,
With the tone of a Friedland trooper now.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis not as an office he holds command,
Or a power received from the emperor's hand;
For the emperor's service what should he care,
What better for him does the emperor fare?
With the mighty power he wields at will,
Has ever he sheltered the land from ill?
No; a soldier-kingdom he seeks to raise,
And for this would set the world in a blaze,
Daring to risk and to compass all —

TRUMPETER.

Hush — who shall such words as these let fall?

FIRST YAGER.

Whatever I think may be said by me,
For the general tells us the word is free.

SERGEANT.

True — that he said so I fully agree,
I was standing by. "The word is free —
The deed is dumb — obedience blind!"
His very words I can call to mind.

FIRST YAGER.

I know not if these were his words or no,
But he said the thing, and 'tis even so.

SECOND YAGER.

Victory ne'er will his flag forsake,
Though she's apt from others a turn to take:
Old Tilly outlived his fame's decline,
But under the banner of Wallenstein,
There am I certain that victory's mine!
Fortune is spell-bound to him, and must yield;
Whoe'er under Friedland shall take the field
Is sure of a supernatural shield:
For, as all the world is aware full well,
The duke has a devil in hire from hell.

SERGEANT.

In truth that he's charmed is past a doubt,
For we know how, at Lützen's bloody affair,
Where firing was thickest he still was there,
As coolly as might be, sirs, riding about.
The hat on his head was shot thro' and thro',
In coat and boots the bullets that flew
Left traces full clear to all men's view;
But none got so far as to scratch off his skin,
For the ointment of hell was too well rubbed in.

FIRST YAGER.

What wonders so strange can you all see there?
An elk-skin jacket he happens to wear,
And through it the bullets can make no way.

SERGEANT.

'Tis an ointment of witches' herbs, I say,
Kneaded and cooked by unholy spell.

TRUMPETER.

No doubt 'tis the work of the powers of hell.

SERGEANT.

That he reads in the stars we also hear,
Where the future he sees — distant or near —
But I know better the truth of the case:
A little gray man, at the dead of night,
Through bolted doors to him will pace —
The sentinels oft have hailed the sight,
And something great was sure to be nigh,
When this little gray-coat had glided by.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, he's sold himself to the devil,
Wherefore, my lads, let's feast and revel.

SCENE VII.

The above — Recruit, Citizen, Dragoon.

The Recruit advances from the tent, wearing a tin cap on his head, and carrying a wine-flask.)

RECRUIT.

To father and uncle pray make my bow,
And bid 'em good-by — I'm a soldier now.

FIRST YAGER.

See, yonder they're bringing us something new,

CITIZEN.

Oh, Franz, remember, this day you'll rue.

RECRUIT (*sings*).

The drum and the fife,
War's rattling throng,
And a wandering life
The world along!
Swift steed — and a hand
To curb and command —
With a blade by the side,
We're off far and wide.
As jolly and free,
As the finch in its glee,
On thicket or tree,
Under heaven's wide hollow —

Hurrah! for the Friedlander's banner I'll follow!

SECOND YAGER.

Foregad! a jolly companion, though.

[*They salute him.*]

CITIZEN.

He comes of good kin; now pray let him go.

FIRST YAGER.

And we wern't found in the streets you must know.

CITIZEN.

I tell you his wealth is a plentiful stock;
Just feel the fine stuff that he wears for a frock.

TRUMPETER.

The emperor's coat is the best he can wear.

CITIZEN.

To a cap manufactory he is the heir.

SECOND YAGER.

The will of a man is his fortune alone.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's shop will soon be his own.

FIRST YAGER.

Pish! traffic in matches! who would do't?

CITIZEN.

A wine-shop his grandfather leaves, to boot,
A cellar with twenty casks of wine.

TRUMPETER.

These with his comrades he'll surely share.

SECOND YAGER.

Hark ye, lad — be a camp-brother of mine.

CITIZEN.

A bride he leaves sitting, in tears, apart.

FIRST YAGER.

Good — that now's a proof of an iron heart.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's sure to die with sorrow.

SECOND YAGER.

The better — for then he'll inherit to-morrow.

SERGEANT (*advances gravely, and lays his hand on the
Recruit's tin cap*).

The matter no doubt you have duly weighed,
And here a new man of yourself have made;
With hanger and helm, sir, you now belong
To a nobler and more distinguished throng.
Thus, a loftier spirit 'twere well to uphold —

FIRST YAGER.

And, specially, never be sparing of gold.

SERGEANT.

In Fortune's ship, with an onward gale,
My friend, you have made up your mind to sail.
The earth-ball is open before you — yet there
Naught's to be gained, but by those who dare.
Stupid and sluggish your citizen's found,
Like a dyer's dull jade, in his ceaseless round,
While the soldier can be whatever he will,
For war o'er the earth is the watchword still.
Just look now at me, and the coat I wear,
You see that the emperor's baton I bear —
And all good government, over the earth,
You must know from the baton alone has birth;
For the sceptre that's swayed by the kingly hand
Is naught but a baton, we understand.
And he who has corporal's rank obtained,
Stands on the ladder where all's to be gained,
And you, like another, may mount to that height —

FIRST YAGER.

Provided you can but read and write.

SERGEANT.

Now, hark to an instance of this from me,
And one, which I've lived myself to see:
There's Butler, the chief of dragoons, why he,
Whose rank was not higher a whit than mine,
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on Rhine,
Is a major-general now — because
He put himself forward and gained applause;
Filling the world with his martial fame,
While slept my merits without a name.
And even the Friedlander's self — I've heard —
Our general and all-commanding lord,
Who now can do what he will at a word,
Had at first but a private squire's degree;
In the goddess of war yet trusting free,

He reared the greatness which now you see,
And, after the emperor, next is he.
Who knows what more he may mean or get?
(*Slyly.*) For all-day's evening isn't come yet.

FIRST YAGER.

He was little at first, though now so great —
For at Altorf, in student's gown he played
By your leave, the part of a roaring blade,
And rattled away at a queerish rate.
His fag he had well nigh killed by a blow,
And their Nur'mburg worships swore he should go
To jail for his pains — if he liked it or no.
'Twas a new-built nest to be christened by him
Who first should be lodged. Well, what was his whim?
Why, he sent his dog forward to lead the way,
And they call the jail from the dog to this day.
That was the game a brave fellow should play,
And of all the great deeds of the general, none
E'er tickled my fancy, like this one.

[*During this speech, the second Yager has begun
toying with the girl who has been in waiting.*]

DRAGOON (*stepping between them*).

Comrade — give over this sport, I pray.

SECOND YAGER.

Why, who the devil shall say me nay!

DRAGOON.

I've only to tell you the girl's my own.

FIRST YAGER.

Such a morsel as this, for himself alone! —
Dragoon, why say, art thou crazy grown?

SECOND YAGER.

In the camp to be keeping a wench for one!
No! the light of a pretty girl's face must fall,
Like the beams of the sun, to gladden us all.
(*Kisses her.*)

DRAGOON (*tears her away*).

I tell you again, that it shan't be done.

FIRST YAGER.

The pipers are coming, lads! now for fun!

SECOND YAGER (*to Dragoon*).

I shan't be far off, should you look for me.

SERGEANT.

Peace, my good fellows! — a kiss goes free.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Miners, and play a waltz—at first slowly, and afterwards quicker. The first Yager dances with the girl, the Sutler-woman with the recruit. The girl springs away, and the Yager, pursuing her, seizes hold of a Capuchin Friar just entering.

CAPUCHIN.

Hurrah! halloo! tol, lol, de rol, le!

The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!

Is't an army of Christians that join in such works?

Or are we all turned Anabaptists and Turks?

Is the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,

As though the great God had the gout in his hand,

And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band?

Say, is this a time for your revelling shouts,

For your banquetings, feasts, and holiday bouts?

Quid hic statis otiosi? declare

Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there?

While the furies of war on the Danube now fare

And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,

And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe.

Yet, the army lies here in Bohemia still,

And caring for naught, so their paunches they fill!

Bottles far rather than battles you'll get,

And your bills than your broad-swords more readily wet;

With the wenches, I ween, is your dearest concern,

And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.

In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,

No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.

'Tis a time of misery, groans, and tears!
Portentous the face of the heavens appears!
And forth from the clouds behold blood-red,
The Lord's war-mantle is downward spread —
While the comet is thrust as a threatening rod,
From the window of heaven by the hand of God.
The world is but one vast house of woe,
The ark of the church stems a bloody flow,
The Holy Empire — God help the same!
Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.
The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam,
The cloister's nests are robbed by roysters;
The church-lands now are changed to lurch-lands;
Abbasies, and all other holy foundations
Now are but robber-sees — rogues' habitations.
And thus is each once-blest German state,
Deep sunk in the gloom of the desolate!
Whence comes all this? Oh, that will I tell —
It comes of your doings, of sin, and of hell;
Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,
Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.
For sin is the magnet, on every hand,
That draws your steel throughout the land!
As the onion causes the tear to flow,
So vice must ever be followed by woe —
The W duly succeeds the V,
This is the order of A, B, C.
Ubi erit victoriæ spes,
Si offenditur Deus? which says,
How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,
If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,
And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass?
The woman, we're told in the Testament,
Found the penny in search whereof she went.
Saul met with his father's asses again,
And Joseph his precious fraternal train,
But he, who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see
God's fear, or shame, or discipline — he
From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,
Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.
To the wilderness preacher, th' Evangelist says,

The soldiers, too, thronged to repent of their ways,
And had themselves christened in former days.
Quid faciemus nos? they said:
Toward Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?
Et ait illis, and, said he,
Neminem concutiatis;
From bother and wrongs leave your neighbors free.
Neque calumniam faciatis;
And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?
Contenti estote — content ye, pray,
Stipendiis vestris — with your pay —
And curse forever each evil way.
There is a command — thou shalt not utter
The name of the Lord thy God in vain;
But, where is it men most blasphemies mutter
Why here, in Duke Friedland's headquarters, 'tis plain
If for every thunder, and every blast,
Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,
The bells were but rung, in the country round,
Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found;
And if for each and every unholy prayer
Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,
From your noddles were plucked but the smallest hair,
Ev'ry crop would be smoothed ere the sun went down,
Though at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.
Now, Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well —
By the arm of King David the Philistine fell;
But where do we find it written, I pray,
That they ever blasphemed in this villanous way?
One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,
To cry, "God help us!" than "Zounds!" to roar.
But, by the liquor that's poured in the cask, we know
With what it will bubble and overflow.
Again, it is written — thou shalt not steal,
And this you follow, i'faith! to the letter,
For open-faced robbery suits ye better.
The gripe of your vulture claws you fix
On all — and your wiles and rascally tricks
Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,
And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow —
Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow.

Contenti estote — the preacher said ;
Which means — be content with your army bread.
But how should the slaves not from duty swerve ?
The mischief begins with the lord they serve,
Just like the members so is the head.
I should like to know who can tell me his creed.

FIRST YAGER.

Sir priest, 'gainst ourselves rail on as you will —
Of the general we warn you to breathe no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam !
An Ahab is he, and a Jerobeam,
Who the people from faith's unerring way,
To the worship of idols would turn astray,

TRUMPETER *and* RECRUIT.

Let us not hear that again, we pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth
Would seize all the strongholds of earth forsooth !
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung ?

TRUMPETER.

Will none put a stop to his slanderous bawl ?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard he is ! — and a sorcerer Saul ! —
Holofernes ! — a Jehu ! — denying, we know,
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below ;
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow —

BOTH YAGERS.

Now, parson, prepare ; for thy doom is nigh.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox more cunning than Herod, I trow —

TRUMPETER *and both* YAGERS (*pressing against him*).

Silence, again, — if thou wouldst not die !

CROATS (*interfering*).

Stick to it, father; we'll shield you, ne'er fear;
The close of your preachment now let's hear.

CAPUCHIN (*still louder*).

A Nebuchadnezzar in towering pride!
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!
He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall;
For, faith! he's a stumbling-stone to us all.
And ne'er can the emperor have peace indeed,
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed.

[*During the last passage, which he pronounces in an elevated voice, he has been gradually retreating, the Croats keeping the other soldiers off.*]

SCENE IX.

The above, without the Capuchin.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

But, tell us, what meant he about chanticleer;
Whose crowing the general dares not hear?
No doubt it was uttered in spite and scorn.

SERGEANT.

Listen — 'tis not so untrue as it appears;
For Friedland was rather mysteriously born,
And is 'specially troubled with ticklish ears;
He can never suffer the mew of a cat;
And when the cock crows he starts thereat.

FIRST YAGER.

He's one and the same with the lion in that.

SERGEANT.

Mouse-still must all around him creep,
Strict watch in this the sentinels keep,
For he ponders on matters most grave and deep.

[*Voices in the tent. A tumult.*]

Seize the rascal! lay on! lay on!

PEASANT'S VOICE.

Help! — mercy! — help!

OTHERS.

Peace! peace! begone!

FIRST YAGER.

Deuce take me, but yonder the swords are out!

SECOND YAGER.

Then I must be off, and see what 'tis about.

[*Yagers enter the tent.*SUTLER-WOMAN (*comes forward*).

A scandalous villain! — a scurvy thief!

TRUMPETER.

Good hostess, the cause of this clamorous grief?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A cut-purse! a scoundrel! the villain I call.
 That the like in my tent should ever befall!
 I'm disgraced and undone with the officers all.

SERGEANT.

Well, coz, what is it?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why, what should it be?
 But a peasant they've taken just now with me —
 A rogue with false dice, to favor his play.

TRUMPETER.

See! they're bringing the boor and his son this way.

SCENE X.

Soldiers dragging in the peasant, bound.

FIRST YAGER.

He must hang!

SHARPSHOOTERS *and* DRAGOONS.

To the provost, come on!

SERGEANT.

'Tis the latest order that forth has gone.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

In an hour I hope to behold him swinging!

SERGEANT.

Bad work bad wages will needs be bringing.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the others*).

This comes of their desperation. We
First ruin them out and out, d'ye see;
Which tempts them to steal, as it seems to me.

TRUMPETER.

How now! the rascal's cause would you plead?
The cur! the devil is in you indeed!

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The boor is a man — as a body may say.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Trumpeter*).

Let 'em go! they're of Tiefenbach's corps, the railers,
A glorious train of glovers and tailors!
At Brieg, in garrison, long they lay;
What should they know about camps, I pray?

SCENE XI.

The above. — Cuirassiers.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace! what's amiss with the boor, may I crave?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

He has cheated at play, the cozening knave!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But say, has he cheated *you*, man, of aught?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

Just cleaned me out — and not left me a groat.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And can you, who've the rank of a Friedland man,
So shamefully cast yourself away,
As to try your luck with the boor at play?
Let him run off, so that run he can.

[*The peasant escapes, the others throng together.*]

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

He makes short work — is of resolute mood —
 And that with such fellows as these is good.
 Who is he? not of Bohemia, that's clear.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

He's a Walloon — and respect, I trow,
 Is due to the Pappenheim cuirassier!

FIRST DRAGOON (*joining*).

Young Piccolomini leads them now,
 Whom they chose as colonel, of their own free might,
 When Pappenheim fell in Lützen's fight.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Durst they, indeed, presume so far?

FIRST DRAGOON.

This regiment is something above the rest.
 It has ever been foremost through the war,
 And may manage its laws, as it pleases best;
 Besides, 'tis by Friedland himself caressed.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (*to the Second*).

Is't so in truth, man? Who averred it?

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

From the lips of the colonel himself I heard it.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The devil! we're not their dogs, I ween!

FIRST YAGER.

How now, what's wrong? You're swollen with spleen!

SECOND YAGER.

Is it anything, comrades, may us concern?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis what none need be wondrous glad to learn.
The Soldiers press round him.
 To the Netherlands they would lend us now —
 Cuirassiers, Yagers, and Shooters away,
 Eight thousand in all must march, they say.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

What! What! again the old wandering way —
I got back from Flanders but yesterday!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*to the Dragoons*).

You of Butler's corps must tramp with the rest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we, the Walloons, must doubtless be gone.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why, of all our squadrons these are the best.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

To march where that Milanese fellow leads on.

FIRST YAGER.

The infant? that's queer enough in its way.

SECOND YAGER.

The priest — then, egad! there's the devil to pay.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shall we then leave the Friedlander's train,
Who so nobly his soldiers doth entertain —
And drag to the field with this fellow from Spain!
A niggard whom we in our souls disdain!
That'll never go down — I'm off, I swear.

TRUMPETER.

Why, what the devil should we do there?
We sold our blood to the emperor — ne'er
For this Spanish red hat a drop we'll spare!

SECOND YAGER.

On the Friedlander's word and credit alone
We ranged ourselves in the trooper line,
And, but for our love to Wallenstein,
Ferdinand ne'er had our service known.

FIRST DRAGOON.

Was it not Friedland that formed our force?
His fortune shall still be the star of our course.

SERGEANT.

Silence, good comrades, to me give ear —
Talking does little to help us here.
Much farther in this I can see than you all,
And a trap has been laid in which we're to fall.

FIRST YAGER.

List to the order-book ! hush — be still !

SERGEANT.

But first, Cousin Gustel, I pray thee fill
A glass of Melneck, as my stomach's but weak.
When I've tossed it off, my mind I'll speak.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Take it, good sergeant. I quake for fear —
Think you that mischief is hidden here ?

SERGEANT.

Look ye, my friends, 'tis fit and clear
That each should consider what's most near.
But as the general says, say I,
One should always the whole of a case descry.
We call ourselves all the Friedlander's troops ;
The burgher, on whom we're billeted, stoops
Our wants to supply, and cooks our soups.
His ox, or his horse, the peasant must chain
To our baggage-car, and may grumble in vain.
Just let a lance-corp'ral, with seven good men,
Tow'rd a village from far but come within ken,
You're sure he'll be prince of the place, and may
Cut what capers he will, with unquestioned sway.
Why, zounds ! lads, they heartily hate us all —
And would rather the devil should give them a call,
Than our yellow collars. And why don't they fall
On us fairly at once and get rid of our lumber ?
They're more than our match in point of number,
And carry the cudgel as we do the sword.
Why can we laugh them to scorn ? By my word
Because we make up here a terrible horde.

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, in the mass lies the spell of our might,
 And the Friedlander judged the matter aright,
 When, some eight or nine years ago, he brought
 The emperor's army together. They thought
 Twelve thousand enough for the general. In vain,
 Said he, such a force I can never maintain.
 Sixty thousand I'll bring ye into the plain,
 And they, I'll be sworn, won't of hunger die,
 And thus were we Wallenstein's men, say I.

SERGEANT.

For example, cut one of my fingers off,
 This little one here from my right hand doff.
 Is the taking my finger then all you've done?
 No, no, to the devil my hand is gone!
 'Tis a stump — no more — and use has none.
 The eight thousand horse they wish to disband
 May be but a finger of our army's hand.
 But when they're once gone may we understand
 We are but one-fifth the less? Oh, no —
 By the Lord, the whole to the devil will go!
 All terror, respect, and awe will be over,
 And the peasant will swell his crest once more;
 And the Board of Vienna will order us where
 Our troops must be quartered and how we must fare,
 As of old in the days of their beggarly care.
 Yes, and how long it will be who can say
 Ere the general himself they may take away?
 For they don't much like him at court I learn?
 And then it's all up with the whole concern!
 For who, to our pay, will be left to aid us?
 And see that they keep the promise they made us
 Who has the energy — who the mind —
 The flashing thought — and the fearless hand —
 Together to bring, and thus fastly bind
 The fragments that form our close-knit band.
 For example, dragoon — just answer us now,
 From which of the countries of earth art thou?

DRAGOON.

From distant Erin came I here.

SERGEANT (*to the two Cuirassiers*).

You're a Walloon, my friend, that's clear,
And you, an Italian, as all may hear.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Who I may be, faith! I never could say;
In my infant years they stole me away.

SERGEANT.

And you, from what far land may you be?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

I come from Buchau — on the Feder Sea.

SERGEANT.

Neighbor, and you?

SECOND ARQUEBUSIER.

I am a Swiss.

SERGEANT (*to the second Yager*).

And Yager, let's hear where your country is?

SECOND YAGER.

Up above Wismar my fathers dwell.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the Trumpeter*).

And he's from Eger — and I as well:
And now, my comrades, I ask you whether,
Would any one think, when looking at us,
That we, from the North and South, had thus
Been hitherward drifted and blown together?
Do we not seem as hewn from one mass?
Stand we not close against the foe
As though we were glued or moulded so?
Like mill-work don't we move, d'ye think!
'Mong ourselves in the nick, at a word or wink.
Who has thus cast us here all as one,
Now to be severed again by none?
Who? why, no other than Wallenstein!

FIRST YAGER.

In my life it ne'er was a thought of mine
Whether we suited each other or not,
I let myself go with the rest of the lot.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I quite agree in the sergeant's opinion —
They'd fain have an end of our camp dominion,
And trample the soldier down, that they
May govern alone in their own good way.
'Tis a conspiracy — a plot, I say !

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A conspiracy — God help the day!
Then my customers won't have cash to pay.

SERGEANT.

Why, faith, we shall all be bankrupts made ;
The captains and generals, most of them, paid
The costs of the regiments with private cash,
And, wishing, 'bove all, to cut a dash,
Went a little beyond their means — but thought,
No doubt, that they thus had a bargain bought.
Now they'll be cheated, sirs, one and all,
Should our chief, our head, the general fall.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, Heaven ! this curse I never can brook
Why, half of the army stand in my book.
Two hundred dollars I've trusted madly
That Count Isolani who pays so badly.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, let's fix on what's to be done —
Of the ways to save us, I see but one ;
If we hold together we need not fear ;
So let us stand out as one man here ;
And then they may order and send as they will,
Fast planted we'll stick in Bohemia still.
We'll never give in — no, nor march an inch,
We stand on our honor, and must not flinch.

SECOND YAGER.

We're not to be driven the country about,
Let'em come here, and they'll find it out.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Good sirs, 'twere well to bethink ye still,
That such is the emperor's sovereign will.

TRUMPETER.

Oh, as to the emperor, we needn't be nice.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Let me not hear you say so twice.

TRUMPETER.

Why, 'tis even so — as I just have said.

FIRST YAGER.

True, man — I've always heard 'em say,
'Tis Friedland, alone, you've here to obey.

SERGEANT.

By our bargain with him it should be so,
Absolute power is his, you must know,
We've war, or peace, but as he may please,
Or gold or goods he has power to seize,
And hanging or pardon his will decrees.
Captains and colonels he makes — and he,
In short, by the imperial seal is free,
To hold all the marks of sovereignty.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The duke is high and of mighty will,
But yet must remain, for good or for ill,
Like us all, but the emperor's servant still.

SERGEANT.

Not like us all — I there disagree —
Friedland is quite independent and free,
The Bavarian is no more a prince than he
For, was I not by myself to see,
When on duty at Brandeis, how the emperor said,
He wished him to cover his princely head.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That was because of the Mecklenburgh land,
Which he held in pawn from the emperor's hand.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

In the emperor's presence, man! say you so?
That, beyond doubt, was a wonderful go!

SERGEANT (*feels in his pocket*).

If you question my word in what I have told,
I can give you something to grasp and hold.

[*Showing a coin*
Whose image and stamp d'ye here behold?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh! that is a Wallenstein's, sure!

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Well, there, you have it — what doubt can rest
Is he not prince, just as good as the best?
Coins he not money like Ferdinand?
Hath he not his own subjects and land?
Is he not called your highness, I pray?
And why should he not have his soldiers in

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That no one has ever meant to gainsay;
But we're still at the emperor's beck and call,
For his majesty 'tis who pays us all.

TRUMPETER.

In your teeth I deny it — and will again —
His majesty 'tis who pays us *not*,
For this forty weeks, say, what have we got
But a promise to pay, believed in vain?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

What then! 'tis kept in safe hands, I suppose.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, good sirs, will you come to blows?
Have you a quarrel and squabble to know
If the emperor be our master or no?
'Tis because of our rank, as his soldiers brave,
That we scorn the lot of the herded slave;
And will not be driven from place to place,
As priest or puppies our path may trace.



"THE ARK OF THE CHURCH STEMS A BLOODY FLOW"

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 133

And, tell me, is't not the sovereign's gain,
If the soldiers their dignity will maintain?
Who but his soldiers give him the state
Of a mighty, wide-ruling potentate?
Make and preserve for him, far and near,
The voice which Christendom quakes to hear?
Well enough *they* may his yoke-chain bear,
Who feast on his favors, and daily share,
In golden chambers, his sumptuous fare.
We — we of his splendors have no part,
Naught but hard wearying toil and care,
And the pride that lives in a soldier's heart.

SECOND YAGER.

All great tyrants and kings have shown
Their wit, as I take it, in what they've done;
They've trampled all others with stern command.
But the soldier they've led with a gentle hand.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The soldier his worth must understand;
Whoe'er doesn't nobly drive the trade,
'Twere best from the business far he'd stayed.
If I cheerily set my life on a throw,
Something still better than life I'll know;
Or I'll stand to be slain for the paltry pelf,
As the Croat still does — and scorn myself.

BOTH YAGERS.

Yes — honor is dearer than life itself.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The sword is no plough, nor delving tool,
He, who would till with it, is but a fool.
For us, neither grass nor grain doth grow,
Houseless the soldier is doomed to go,
A changeful wanderer over the earth,
Ne'er knowing the warmth of a home-lit hearth.
The city glances — he halts — not there —
Nor in village meadows, so green and fair;
The vintage and harvest wreath are twined
He sees, but must leave them far behind.

Then, tell me, what hath the soldier left,
If he's once of his self-esteem bereft?
Something he *must* have his own to call,
Or on slaughter and burnings at once he'll fall.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

God knows, 'tis a wretched life to live!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Yet one, which I, for no other would give,
Look ye — far round in the world I've been,
And all of its different service seen.
The Venetian Republic — the Kings of Spain
And Naples I've served, and served in vain.
Fortune still frowned — and merchant and knight,
Craftsmen and Jesuit, have met my sight;
Yet, of all their jackets, not one have I known
To please me like this steel coat of my own.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well — that now is what I can scarcely say.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

In the world, a man who would make his way,
Must plague and bestir himself night and day.
To honor and place if he choose the road,
He must bend his back to the golden load.
And if home-delights should his fancy please,
With children and grandchildren round his knees,
Let him follow an honest trade in peace.
I've no taste for this kind of life — not I!
Free will I live, and as freely die.
No man's spoiler nor heir will I be —
But, throned on my nag, I will smile to see
The coil of the crowd that is under me.

FIRST YAGER.

Bravo! — that's as I've always done.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

In truth, sirs, it may be far better fun
To trample thus over your neighbor's crown.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade, the times are bad of late —
The sword and the scales live separate.
But do not then blame that I've preferred,
Of the two, to lean, as I have, to the sword.
For mercy in war I will yield to none,
Though I never will stoop to be drummed upon.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Who but the soldier the blame should bear
That the laboring poor so hardly fare?
The war with its plagues, which all have blasted
Now sixteen years in the land hath lasted.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the blessed God above
Can't have from us all an equal love.
One prays for the sun, at which t'other will fret
One is for dry weather — t'other for wet.
What you, now, regard as with misery rife,
Is to me the unclouded sun of life.
If 'tis at the cost of the burgher and boor,
I really am sorry that they must endure;
But how can I help it? Here, you must know,
'Tis just like a cavalry charge 'gainst the foe:
The steeds loud snorting, and on they go!
Whoever may lie in the mid-career —
Be it my brother or son so dear,
Should his dying groan my heart divide,
Yet over his body I needs must ride,
Nor pitying stop to drag him aside.

FIRST YAGER.

True — who ever asks how another may bide?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Thus, my lads, 'tis my counsel, while
On the soldier Dame Fortune deigns to smile,
That we with both hands her bounty clasp,
For it may not be much longer left to our grasp.
Peace will be coming some over-night,
And then there's an end of our martial might.

The soldier unhorsed, and fresh mounted the boor,
 Ere you can think it 'twill be as before.
 As yet we're together firm bound in the land,
 The hilt is yet fast in the soldier's hand.
 But let 'em divide us, and soon we shall find
 Short commons is all that remains behind.

FIRST YAGER.

No, no, by the Lord! *that* won't do for me.
 Come, come, lads, let's all now, as one, agree.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, let us resolve on what 'tis to be.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

(*To the Sutler-woman, drawing out his leather purse*).
 Hostess, tell us how high you've scored.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, tis unworthy a single word. [*They settle.*

TRUMPETER.

You do well, sirs, to take a further walk,
 Your company only disturbs our talk.
 [*Exeunt Arquebusiers.*

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Plague take the fellows — they're brave, I know.

FIRST YAGER.

They haven't a soul 'bove a soapboiler's, though.

SECOND YAGER.

We're now alone, so teach us who can
 How best we may meet and mar their plan.

TRUMPETER.

How? Why, let's tell them we will not go!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Despising all discipline! no, my lads, no,
 Rather his corps let each of us seek,
 And quietly then with his comrades speak,
 That every soldier may clearly know,
 It were not for his good so far to go;

For my Walloons to answer I'm free,
Every man of 'em thinks and acts with me.

SERGEANT.

The Terzky regiments, both horse and foot,
Will thus resolve, and will keep them to't.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*joining the first*).

The Walloons and the Lombards one intent.

FIRST YAGER.

Freedom is Yagers' own element.

SECOND YAGER.

Freedom must ever with might entwine —
I live and will die by Wallenstein.

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The Lorrainers go on with the strongest tide,
Where spirits are light and courage tried.

DRAGOON.

An Irishman follows his fortune's star.

SECOND SHARPSHOOTER.

The Tyrolese for their sovereign war.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then, comrades, let each of our corps agree
A *pro memoriâ* to sign — that we,
In spite of all force or fraud, will be
To the fortunes of Friedland firmly bound,
For in him is the soldier's father found.
This we will humbly present, when done,
To Piccolomini — I mean the son —
Who understands these kind of affairs,
And the Friedlander's highest favor shares;
Besides, with the emperor's self, they say
He holds a capital card to play.

SECOND YAGER.

Well, then, in this, let us all agree,
That the colonel shall our spokesmen be!

ALL (*going*).

Good! the colonel shall our spokesman be.

SERGEANT.

Hold, sirs — just toss off a glass with me
To the health of Piccolomini.

SUTLER-WOMAN (*brings a flask*).

This shall not go to the list of scores,
I gladly give it — success be yours!

CUIRASSIER.

The soldier shall sway!

BOTH YAGERS.

The peasant shall pay!

DRAGOONS *and* SHARPSHOOTERS.

The army shall flourishing stand!

TRUMPETER *and* SERGEANT.

And the Friedlander keep the command!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings*).

Arouse ye, my comrades, to horse! to horse!

To the field and to freedom we guide!

For there a man feels the pride of his force

And there is the heart of him tried.

No help to him there by another is shown,

He stands for himself and himself alone.

[*The soldiers from the background have come
forward during the singing of this verse and
form the chorus.*]

Chorus.

No help to him by another is shown,

He stands for himself and himself alone.

DRAGOON.

Now freedom hath fled from the world, we find

But lords and their bondsmen vile:

And nothing holds sway in the breast of mankind

Save falsehood and cowardly guile.

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

Chorus.

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

FIRST YAGER.

With the troubles of life he ne'er bothers his pate,
And feels neither fear nor sorrow;
But boldly rides onward to meet with his fate —
He may meet it to-day, or to-morrow!
And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

Chorus.

And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!
[*The glasses are here refilled, and all drink.*

SERGEANT.

'Tis from heaven his jovial lot has birth;
Nor needs he to strive or toil.
The peasant may grope in the bowels of earth,
And for treasure may greedily moil:
He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

Chorus.

He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

FIRST YAGER.

The rider and lightning steed — a pair
Of terrible guests, I ween!
From the bridal-hall, as the torches glare,
Unbidden they join the scene;
Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
By storm he carries the prize of love!

Chorus.

Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
By storm he carries the prize of love!

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why mourns the wench with so sorrowful face?
Away, girl, the soldier must go!
No spot on the earth is his resting-place;
And your *true* love he never can know.
Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

Chorus.

Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

FIRST YAGER.

*He takes the two next to him by the hand — the others do
the same — and form a large semi-circle.*

Then rouse ye, my comrades — to horse! to horse!
In battle the breast doth swell!
Youth boils — the life-cup foams in its force —
Up! ere time can dew dispel!
And deep be the stake, as the prize is high —
Who life would win, he must dare to die!

Chorus.

And deep be the stake, as the prize is high!
Who life would win, he must dare to die!

[*The curtain falls before the chorus has finished.*

THE PICCOLOMINI.

P R E F A C E.

THE two dramas, — PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and the DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a prelude in one act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *tilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted), with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humor, and is not deficient in character: but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the tragedies by a lively picture of laxity of discipline and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas taken from a popular German history;

that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of *Wallenstein*, not from *Lear* or *Othello*, but from *Richard II.*, or the three parts of *Henry VI.* We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the *Astrological Tower*, and the reflections of the *Young Lover*, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between *Questenberg*, *Max*, and *Octavio Piccolomini*. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the *Robbers*, I know of no part in Schiller's plays which equals the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding plays.* It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects; indeed, he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labor will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is incumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render

* In this edition, scene iii., act v.

his original faithfully as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavor to give a work executed according to laws of compensation he subjects himself to imputations of vanity or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

S. T. C.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, <i>Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.</i>	NEUMANN, <i>Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Terzky.</i>
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, <i>Lieutenant-General.</i>	VON QUESTENBERG, <i>the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.</i>
MAX. PICCOLOMINI, <i>his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.</i>	BAPTISTA SENI, <i>an Astrologer.</i>
COUNT TERZKY, <i>the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.</i>	DUCHESS OF FREIDLAND, <i>Wife of Wallenstein.</i>
ILLO, <i>Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.</i>	THEKLA, <i>her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.</i>
ISOLANI, <i>General of the Croats.</i>	THE COUNTESS TERZKY, <i>Sister of the Duchess.</i>
BUTLER, <i>an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.</i>	A CORNET.
TIEFENBACH,	COLONELS and GENERALS (<i>several</i>).
DON MARADAS,	PAGES and ATTENDANTS <i>belonging to Wallenstein.</i>
GOETZ,	ATTENDANTS and HOBOISTS <i>belonging to Terzky.</i>
KOLATTO,	MASTER OF THE CELLAR <i>to Count Terzky.</i>
	VALET DE CHAMBRE <i>of Count Piccolomini.</i>

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-House at Pilsen, decorated with Colors and other War Insignia.

ILLO, *with BUTLER and ISOLANI.*

ILLO.

Ye have come too late — but ye are come! The distance, Count Isolani, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At Donauwerth* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way,
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

Almost six hundreds wagons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize! —
We bring it hither —

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are full of soldiers.

[*Casts his eye round.*

And in the council-house, too, I observe,
You're settled quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Terzky here, and Tieffenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father —
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Gallas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Gallas.

ILLO (*hesitating*).

How so? Do *you* know —

ISOLANI (*interrupting him*).

Max. Piccolomini here? O bring me to him.
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.

The down was scarce upon his chin ! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the princess *
From Cärnthen.† We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the duke call hither ?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm !

So much the better ! I had framed my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,
Of marches and attacks, and batteries ;
And lo ! the duke provides, and something too
Of gentler sort and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation,
to BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side*).

And how came you to know
That the Count Gallas joins us not ?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned *me* to remain behind.

ILLO (*with warmth*).

And you ? You hold out firmly !

[*Grasping his hand with affection*
Noble Butler !

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the duke
Had laid so newly on me ——

* The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled princes and princesses.

† Carinthia.

ILLO.

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty — major-general,
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of this regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then
Worked himself step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend, seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the emperor and his ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it! —
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The emperor gives us nothing; from the duke
Comes all — whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (*to ILLO*).

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my bankers for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin and restored my honor.

ILLO.

Oh that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.

But at Vienna, brother! — here's the grievance, —
 What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
 His arm, and where they can to clip his pinions.
 Then these new dainty requisitions! these
 Which this same Questenberg brings hither!

BUTLER.

Ay!

Those requisitions of the emperor —
 I too have heard about them; but I hope
 The duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first
 From office!

BUTLER (*shocked and confused*).

Know you *ought* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (*at the same time with BUTLER, and in
 a hurrying voice*).

We should be ruined, every one of us!

ILLO.

Yonder I see *our worthy friend** approaching
 With the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

BUTLER (*shaking his head significantly*).

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (*still in the distance*).

Ay! ah! more still! Still more new visitors!
 Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
 Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

QUESTENBERG.

Let none approach a camp of Friedland's troops
 Who dares to think unworthily of war;

* Spoken with a sneer.

E'en I myself had nigh forgot its evils
 When I surveyed that lofty soul of order,
 By which, while it destroys the world — itself
 Maintains the greatness which itself created.

OCTAVIO (*approaching nearer*).

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother!
 Even now am I arrived; it has been else my duty —

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler — trust me, I rejoice
 Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
 Whose worth and services I know and honor.
 See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes
 The sum of war's whole trade and mystery —

[*To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and
 ISOLANI at the same time to him.*]

These two the total sum — strength and despatch.

QUESTENBERG (*to OCTAVIO*).

And lo! betwixt them both, experienced prudence!

OCTAVIO (*presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and
 ISOLANI*).

The Chamberlain and War-Commissioner Questenberg.

The bearer of the emperor's behests,

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,

We honor in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence*]

ILLO (*moving towards QUESTENBERG*).

'Tis not the first time, noble minister,

You have shown our camp this honor.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood beside these colors.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was ;
 It was at Znäim * in Moravia, where
 You did present yourself upon the part
 Of the emperor to supplicate our duke
 That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBURG.

To *supplicate*? Nay, bold general !
 So far extended neither my commission
 (At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then — to *compel* him, if you choose,
 I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
 Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
 At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
 Before our general, storming him with prayers,
 And menacing the emperor's displeasure,
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (*steps up to them*).

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day,
 You were not all too willing to remember
 Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolani ?
 No contradiction sure exists between them.
 It was the urgent business of that time
 To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand ;
 And my commission of to-day instructs me
 To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office ! After with our blood
 We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend or foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favorable year; the boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,

If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds —

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruined
The emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, general! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of*
QUESTENBERG.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
 On whom the emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
 To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians —
 Those minions of court favor, those court harpies,
 Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
 Driven from their house and home — who reap no
 harvests
 Save in the general calamity —
 Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
 The desolation of their country — these,
 Let these, and such as these, support the war,
 The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
 So constantly beneath the emperor's table,
 Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
 Snap at it with dogs' hunger — they, forsooth,
 Would pare the soldiers bread and cross his reckoning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
 How when I went to court seven years ago,
 To see about new horses for our regiment,
 How from one antechamber to another
 They dragged me on and left me by the hour
 To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
 Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
 A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
 That fell beneath their tables. And, at last,
 Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
 Straight I began to muster up my sins
 For absolution — but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
 I was to treat concerning the army horses!
 And I was forced at last to quit the field,
 The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
 The duke procured me in three days what I
 Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us!
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long —
"Dash! and through with it!" That's the better watch-
word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true; the duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (*with a sneer*).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

ILLO.

Why, were we all the court supposes us
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG (*gravely*).

You have taken liberty — it was not given you,
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with the curbs.

ILLO.

Expect to find a restive steed in us.

QUESTENBERG.

A better rider may be found to rule it.

ILLO.

He only brooks the rider who has tamed him.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, tame him once, and then a child may lead him.

ILLO.

The child, we know, is found for him already.

QUESTENBERG.

Be duty, sir, your study, not a name.

BUTLER (*who has stood aside with PICCOLOMINI, but with visible interest in the conversation, advances*).

Sir president, the emperor has in Germany
A splendid host assembled ; in this kingdom
Full twenty thousand soldiers are cantoned,
With sixteen thousand in Silesia ;
Ten regiments are posted on the Weser,
The Rhine, and Maine ; in Swabia there are six,
And in Bavaria twelve, to face the Swedes ;
Without including in the account the garrisons
Who on the frontiers hold the fortresses.
This vast and mighty host is all obedient
To Friedland's captains ; and its brave commanders,
Bred in one school, and nurtured with one milk,
Are all excited by one heart and soul ;
They are as strangers on the soil they tread,
The service is their only house and home.
No zeal inspires them for their country's cause,
For thousands like myself were born abroad ;
Nor care they for the emperor, for one half

Deserting other service fled to ours,
 Indifferent what their banner, whether 'twere,
 The Double Eagle, Lily, or the Lion.
 Yet one sole man can rein this fiery host
 By equal rule, by equal love and fear;
 Blending the many-nationed whole in one;
 And like the lightning's fires securely led
 Down the conducting rod, e'en thus his power
 Rules all the mass, from guarded post to post,
 From where the sentry hears the Baltic roar,
 Or views the fertile vales of the Adige,
 E'en to the body-guard, who holds his watch
 Within the precincts of the imperial palace!

QUESTENBERG.

What's the short meaning of this long harangue?

BUTLER.

That the respect, the love, the confidence,
 Which makes us willing subjects of Duke Friedland,
 Are not to be transferred to the first comer
 That Austria's court may please to send to us.
 We have not yet so readily forgotten
 How the command came into Friedland's hands.
 Was it, forsooth, the emperor's majesty
 That gave the army ready to his hand,
 And only sought a leader for it? No.
 The army then had no existence. He,
 Friedland, it was who called it into being,
 And gave it to his sovereign — but receiving
 No army at his hand; nor did the emperor
 Give Wallenstein to us as general. No,
 It was from Wallenstein we first received
 The emperor as our master and our sovereign;
 And he, he only, binds us to our banners!

OCTAVIO (*interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG*).

My noble friend,
 This is no more than a remembrancing
 That you are now in camp, and among warriors;
 The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.

Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,

[*Pointing to BUTLER.*

Which now is but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,
To the emperor, his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the duchess.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Then my son Max., too, has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Cärnthen hither.

ISOLANI (*to ILLO*).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go — Ho! Colonel Butler, come. [*To OCTAVIO.*
You'll not forget that yet ere noon we meet
The noble envoy at the general's palace.

[*Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.*

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal —

OCTAVIO.

Hm!

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek, then, for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo

Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler, too — he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper — irritated pride ;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in *him*.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*).

Friend, friend !
O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne.
We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no emperor more — the duke is emperor.
Alas, my friend ! alas, my noble friend !
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the court.
The least suspicion of the general
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand ? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse to obey the imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do it, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance —
Oh ! what a proclamation of our weakness !

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the emperor's dominions —
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption.

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threatens us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection — peasantry in arms —
All orders discontented — and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it — lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon —
Men's words are even bolder than their deeds;
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Gallas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise; you know
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.

What'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing —
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not
 The foe so near!

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,
 That I, by lying arts, and complaisant
 Hypocrisy, have sulked into his graces,
 Or with the substance of smooth professions
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No —
 Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
 Which we all owe our country and our sovereign,
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts
 And links him both to me and to my son.
 Comrades and friends we always were — long habit,
 Adventurous deeds performed in company,
 And all those many and various incidents
 Which stores a soldier's memory with affections,
 Had bound us long and early to each other —
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once
 His heart rose on me, and his confidence
 Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning
 Before the memorable fight at Lützen.
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
 To press him to accept another charger.
 At a distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him
 And had related all my bodings to him,
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man
 Astounded: thereon fell upon my neck,

And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What! and not warn him either, what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul — dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That makes the duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (*anxiously*).

My honored friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini — yet — if —
Reflect a little —

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush! There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!

[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.
 Attention, Max., an old friend merits — reverence
 Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (*drily*).

Von Questenberg! — welcome — if you bring with you
 Aught good to our headquarters.

QUESTENBERG (*seizing his hand*).

Nay, draw not
 Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
 Not on my own account alone I seized it,
 And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio — Max. Piccolomini!
 O savior names, and full of happy omen!
 Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
 While two such stars, with blessed influences
 Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh! Noble minister! You miss your part.
 You come not here to act a panegyric.
 You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us —
 I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (*to MAX.*).

He comes from court, where people are not quite
 So well contented with the duke as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him?
 That he alone determines for himself
 What he himself alone doth understand!
 Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
 That can be struck and hammered out to suit
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
 To every tune of every minister.
 It goes against his nature — he can't do it,
 He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
 And his, too, is the station of command.

And well for us it is so ! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently. Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point, to thousand thousands —
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence —
Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if
Another better suits the court — no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

MAX.

What delight to observe
How he incites and strengthens all around him,
Infusing life and vigor. Every power
Seems as it were redoubled by his presence :
He draws forth every latent energy,
Showing to each his own peculiar talent,
Yet leaving all to be what nature made them,
And watching only that they be naught else
In the right place and time ; and he has skill
To mould the powers of all to his own end.

QUESTENBERG.

But who denies his knowledge of mankind,
And skill to use it? Our complaint is this : —
That in the master he forgets the servant,
As if he claimed by birth his present honors.

MAX.

And does he not so? Is he not endowed
With every gift and power to carry out
The high intents of nature, and to win
A ruler's station by a ruler's talent?

QUESTENBERG.

So then it seems to rest with him alone
What is the worth of all mankind beside!

MAX.

Uncommon men require no common trust ;
Give him but scope and he will set the bounds.

QUESTENBER

The proof is yet to come.

MAX.

Thus are ye ever.
Ye shrink from every thing of depth, and think
Yourselves are only safe while ye're in shallows.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

'Twere best to yield with a good grace, my friend ;
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*).

In their fear
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day. But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondences of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question — not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind,
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the League
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,

Is yet no devious path. Straight forward goes
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies, and rapid ;
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it
 reaches,

My son, the road the human being travels,
 That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
 Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
 Honoring the holy bounds of property !
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

Oh, hear your father, noble youth ! hear him
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee !
 A war of fifteen years
 Hath been thy education and thy school.
 Peace hast thou never witnessed ! There exists
 An higher than the warrior's excellence.
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose,
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
 These are not they, my son, that generate
 The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty !
 Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect !
 Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily.
 With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
 The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams
 Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and hurries,
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary, and solitary as a churchyard ;
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

Oh, let the emperor make peace, my father !
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel

For the first violet* of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed.

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: oh, that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance, — some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father —
My venerable father, life has charms
Which we have never experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh, nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*).

And so your journey has revealed this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented!
For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms —

* In the original,

“Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb'ich hin mit Freuden
Fürs erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,
Das dürftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.”

There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not —
 This cannot be the sole felicity,
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

Oh day, thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
 Returns home into life; when he becomes
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
 Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
 The caps and helmet are all garlanded
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
 The city gates fly open of themselves,
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O that you should speak
 Of such a distant, distant time, and not
 Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him quick and vehement*).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna!
 I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here
 (I'll own it to you freely), indignation
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.

'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!* — and the warrior,
 It is the warrior that must force it from you.
 Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,
 Hold him up as a rebel, and heaven knows
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
 And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
 Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
 War intermit not during war, *how* then
 And *whence* can peace come? Your own plagues fall
 on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
 And here I make this vow, here pledge myself,
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas! alas! and stands it so?

[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*

What friend! and do we let him go away
 In this delusion — let him go away?
 Not call him back immediately, not open
 His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself out of a deep study*).

He has now opened mine,
 And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
 The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
 Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

[*Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To —

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him and correcting himself*).

To the duke. Come, let us go — 'Tis done, 'tis done,
 I see the net that is thrown over him.
 Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not
 Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
 Did I keep it from him? You were in the right.
 I should have warned him. Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
 That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come! to the duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
 Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
 A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland. Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.

FIRST SERVANT.

Come — to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared — no orders — no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet? There one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! that's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing,
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good? and why do you call five a holy number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man : for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb !

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay ! let him alone though. I like to hear him ; there
is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There ! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off.* SENI follows slowly. A page
brings the staff of command on a red cushion,
and places it on the table, near the duke's
chair. They are announced from without,
and the wings of the door fly open.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went, then, through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary ?

DUCHESS.

Yes ; and to the empress, too,
And by both majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter-time ?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,

And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you — what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well, then, —

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

[*The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?

What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honors were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honors and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favor.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so —
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes ; they have taken offence. My latest conduct
They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had !

I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No ; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven ! in such oppressive, solemn silence !
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over ;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me —

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it ?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears after a pause*).

She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly*).

Nay, now collect yourself.
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there ?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me ?

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent !

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it — were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud — in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and ——

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lamormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers intrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers —
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than the former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of —— Ah!

[*Stifling extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second — (*catches her voice and hesitates.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second ——

DUCHESS.

Most disgraceful

Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

[*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (*presses near to him in entreaty*).

Oh! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted — my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell the heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your emperor,
Before whom you retreat. Oh! let no longer
Low trickling malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we —
You know it! The swift growth of our good fortune,
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor
Stand not before us!

SCENE III.

*Enter the Countess TERZKY, leading in her hand the
Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister! What, already upon business?

[*Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*

And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

[*THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and
bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He re-
ceives her in his arms, and remains standing for
some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me,
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the emperor :
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good ; lo ! mother Nature
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls,
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The god-like ; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (*to THEKLA*).

Thou wouldst not now have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child ? She counted scarce eight years
When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother !

At the first glance ! My father has not altered.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me !

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child !

[*Then after a pause.*

I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon-extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.

I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
 So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
 Let fall the garland of a life of war,
 Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
 Transmuted to a regal ornament,
 Around these beauteous brows.

[*He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERZKY, the others remaining as before.

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
 The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My general —

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the emperor who rewarded thee,
 I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
 The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
 And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
 I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
 For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
 The mother and the daughter to your arms,
 But there is brought to me from your equerry*
 A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
 So to remunerate me for my troubles —

* A reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* observes that, in these lines, Mr. Coleridge has misapprehended the meaning of the word "zug," a team, translating it as "anzug," a suit of clothes. The following version, as a substitute, I propose:—

When from your stables there is brought to me
 A team of four most richly harnessed horses.

The term, however, is "jagd-zug," which may mean a "hunting equipage," or a "hunting stud;" although Hilpert gives only "a team of four horses."

Yes, yes, remunerate me, — since a trouble
 It must be, a mere office, not a favor
 Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
 I came with grateful heart to thank you for.
 No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
 Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERZKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE,
which he breaks open hurriedly.

COUNTESS (to MAX.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
 He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
 For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
 So tenderly — my brother it beseems
 To show himself forever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:
 For his munificent hands did ornament me
 Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX

Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
 And making happy.

[*He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still
 increasing warmth.*

How my heart pours out
 Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
 To utter all things in the dear name — Friedland.
 While I shall live, so long will I remain
 The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
 My every fortune, every lovely hope.
 Inextricably as in some magic ring
 In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters*).

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the DUCHESS*).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
 Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
 Will now again administer your old office,
 While we perform the sovereign's business here.
 [MAX. PICCOLOMINI *offers the DUCHESS his arm*; the
 COUNTESS *accompanies the PRINCESS*.

TERZKY (*calling after him*).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*in deep thought, to himself*).

She has seen all things as they are — it is so,
 And squares completely with my other notices,
 They have determined finally in Vienna,
 Have given me my successor already;
 It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,
 The emperor's delicate son! he's now their savior,
 He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
 They think themselves already fairly rid,
 And as we were deceased, the heir already
 Is entering on possession — Therefore — despatch!
 [*As he turns round he observes TERZKY, and
 gives him a letter.*]

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
 And Gallas too — I like not this!

TERZKY.

And if
 Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
 One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer
 Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith
 Send some one to him, that he let not in
 The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.

—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERZKY.

The count communicates
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERZKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbors.

TERZKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away

My own share of the plunder — Never! never!
 No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
 And least of all these Goths! these hungry wolves!
 Who send such envious, hot, and greedy glances
 Toward the rich blessings of our German lands!
 I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
 But not a single fish of all the draught
 Shall they come in for.

TERZKY.

You will deal, however,
 More fairly with the Saxons? they lose patience
 While you shift round and make so many curves.
 Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
 Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
 There's Oxenstiern, there's Arnheim — neither knows
 What he should think of your procrastinations,
 And in the end I prove the liar; all
 Passes through me. I've not even your handwriting.

WALLENSTEIN.

I *never* give handwriting; and thou knowest it.

TERZKY.

But how can it be *known* that you are in earnest,
 If the act follows not upon the word?
 You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
 Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,
 You might have done with safety all you have done.
 Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
 For the emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he looks
 narrowly on TERZKY*).

And from whence dost thou know
 That I'm not gulling him for the emperor's service?
 Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
 Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee
 The intendant of my secret purposes?
 I am not conscious that I ever opened
 My inmost thoughts to thee. The emperor, it is true,
 Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would
 I could repay him with usurious interest

For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiser than thy fellows.

TERZKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[*Enter* ILLO.]

SCENE VI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the emperor's requisition,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolani

Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodati?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.

If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERZKY.

And yet

I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox !

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man ?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope ;
We both are born beneath like stars — in short,
[*With an air of mystery.*
To this belongs its own peculiar aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest —

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.

ILLO.

Why not ?

TERZKY.

Devotion unconditional ?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve —

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).

All unconditional ;

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Terzky give us a set banquet
This evening?

TERZKY.

Yes; and all the generals
Have been invited.

ILLO. (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the generals' word of honor,
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them that is your concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you in black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then — then will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Try your fortune.

WALLENSTEIN.

Get but the signatures!

ILLO.

Think what thou dost, thou canst not execute
The emperor's orders, nor reduce thine army,
Nor send the regiments to the Spaniards' aid,
Unless thou wouldst resign thy power forever.
Think on the other hand — thou canst not spurn
The emperor's high commands and solemn orders,
Nor longer temporize, nor seek evasion,
Wouldst thou avoid a rupture with the court.
Resolve then! Wilt thou now by one bold act
Anticipate their ends, or, doubting still,
Await the extremity?

WALLENSTEIN.

There's time before

The extremity arrives.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,
 Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
 In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
 To make a great decision possible,
 O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
 Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
 May by that confluence be enforced to pause
 Time long-enough for wisdom, though too short,
 Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
 This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
 Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,
 Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.
 The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
 Hath woven together in one potent web
 Instinct with destiny, O! let them not
 Unravel of themselves. If you permit
 These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
 Bring you them not a second time together.
 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
 And every individual's spirit waxes
 In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
 They are still here, here still! But soon the war
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
 Particular anxieties and interests
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
 Of each man with the whole. He who to-day
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
 Will become sober, seeing but himself.
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
 Will face about, and march on in the old
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERZKY.

So you say always.
But when will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. Oh, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understandest. How oft
And many a time I've told thee Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as the subterrestrial, who with wan
Lead-colored shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together,
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths — the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust,
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries —
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit —
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and
standing still, proceeds.]*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons

Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
 That is the seed, too, of contingencies,
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
 What *I* shall do — only, give way I will not,
 Depose me, too, they shall not. On these points
 You may rely.

PAGE (*entering*).

My lords, the generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

TERZKY.

Shall all the chiefs be present?

WALLENSTEIN.

'Twere needless. Both the Piccolomini
 Maradas, Butler, Forgœtsch, Deodati,
 Karaffa, Isolani — these may come.

[TERZKY *goes out with the* PAGE.

WALLENSTEIN (*to* ILLO).

Hast thou taken heed that Questenberg was watched?
 Had he no means of secret intercourse?

ILLO.

I have watched him closely — and he spoke with none
 But with Octavio.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO. — *To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him ; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood,
 'Tis true, the sum and import, Questenberg,
 Of your instructions. I have weighed them well,
 And formed my final, absolute resolve ;
 Yet it seems fitting that the generals
 Should hear the will of the emperor from your mouth.
 May it please you then to open your commission
 Before these noble chieftains ?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
 To obey you ; but will first entreat your highness,
 And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
 The imperial dignity and sovereign right
 Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his majesty
 The emperor to his courageous armies
 Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
 A most experienced and renowned commander,
 He did it in glad hope and confidence
 To give thereby to the fortune of the war
 A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
 Was favorable to his royal wishes.
 Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
 The Swede's career of conquest checked ! These lands
 Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland

From all the streams of Germany forced hither
 The scattered armies of the enemy ;
 Hither invoked as round one magic circle
 The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern,
 Yea, and the never-conquered king himself ;
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

To the point, so please you.

QUESTENBERG.

A new spirit

At once proclaimed to us the new commander.
 No longer strove blind rage with rage more blind ;
 But in the enlightened field of skill was shown
 How fortitude can triumph over boldness,
 And scientific art outweary courage.
 In vain they tempt him to the fight, he only
 Entrenches him still deeper in his hold,
 As if to build an everlasting fortress.
 At length grown desperate, now, the king resolves
 To storm the camp and lead his wasted legions,
 Who daily fall by famine and by plague,
 To quicker deaths and hunger and disease.
 Through lines of barricades behind whose fence
 Death lurks within a thousand mouths of fire,
 He yet unconquered strives to storm his way.
 There was attack, and there resistance, such
 As mortal eye had never seen before ;
 Repulsed at last, the king withdrew his troops
 From this so murderous field, and not a foot
 Of ground was gained by all that fearful slaughter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Pray spare us these recitals from gazettes,
 Which we ourselves beheld with deepest horror.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
 His fame — in Lützen's plains his life. But who
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland

After this day of triumph, this proud day,
 Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
 And vanished from the theatre of war?
 While the young Weimar hero* forced his way
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
 Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving prince
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
 The emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
 He superadds his own, and supplicates
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
 In vain his supplication! At this moment
 The duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
 Barter the general good to gratify
 Private revenge — and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
 My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means
 When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!
 But what had we to do *there*?

MAX.

To beat out
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;
 In that description which the minister gave,
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.
 [To QUESTENBERG.
 Well, but proceed a little.

* Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who succeeded Gustavus in command.

QUESTENBERG.

We hoped upon the Oder to regain
What on the Danube shamefully was lost.
We looked for deeds of all-astounding grandeur
Upon a theatre of war, on which
A Friedland led in person to the field,
And the famed rival of the great Gustavus
Had but a Thurn and Arnheim to oppose him !
Yet the encounter of their mighty hosts
Served but to feast and entertain each other.
Our country groaned beneath the woes of war,
Yet naught but peace prevailed in Friedland's camp !

WALLENSTEIN.

Full many a bloody strife is fought in vain,
Because its youthful general needs a victory.
But 'tis the privilege of the old commander
To spare the costs of fighting useless battles
Merely to show that he knows how to conquer.
It would have little helped my fame to boast
Of conquest o'er an Arnheim ; but far more
Would my forbearance have availed my country,
Had I succeeded to dissolve the alliance
Existing 'twixt the Saxon and the Swede.

QUESTENBERG.

But you did not succeed, and so commenced
The fearful strife anew. And here at length,
Beside the river Ober did the duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thurn.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and your balconies forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces —
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he did put his troops in motion : slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia ; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort,
The winter came. What thinks his majesty
His troops are made of? Aren't we men ; subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
Oh, miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in all flee before him,
And when he goes away the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized.
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodati! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldier's pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.*

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole imperial realm no name like mine
Honored with festival and celebration —
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host,
And what were now my thanks, what had I now
That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war that aggrandizes
The emperor alone. What thanks had I?
What? I was offered up to their complaint
Dismissed, degraded!

* The original is not translatable into English : —

— Und sein Sold

Muss dem *Soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered : —

And that for which he sold his services,

The soldier must receive —

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

QUESTENBERG.

But your highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous Diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell !
I had that which could have procured him freedom
No ! since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire and the Diet of the empire.
From the emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general, —
For the common weal, the universal interest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement !
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me ?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his imperial majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season ?
And to what quarter wills the emperor
That we direct our course ?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.
His majesty resolves, that Regensburg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,
Can this be realized ?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realized.

QUESTENBERG.

The emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance towards Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys ?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! he advanced ? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders :
Not to desert his station ! Stands it thus
With my authority ? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,
No war can be conducted ? Chieftains, speak :
You be the judges, generals ! What deserves
That officer who, of his oath neglectful,
Is guilty of contempt of orders ?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as all but ILLO had remained silent and seemingly scrupulous*).

Count Piccolomini ! what has he deserved ?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*after a long pause*).

According to the letter of the law,
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG *risks from his seat*, WALLENSTEIN
follows, all the rest rise.

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favor, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further — *here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the *event*,
Placing my honor and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This — that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come,
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand! Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, Father Lanormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'tis as it should be!
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!

WALLENSTEIN.

What then ?

What, my lord envoy ? May I not be suffered
 To understand that folks are tired of seeing
 The sword's hilt in *my* grasp, and that your court
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
 The Spanish title, and drain off my forces,
 To lead into the empire a new army
 Unsubjected to my control ? To throw me
 Plumply aside, — I am still too powerful for you
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,
 That all the imperial forces shall obey me
 Where'er the German is the native language.
 Of Spanish troops and of prince cardinals,
 That take their route as visitors, through the empire,
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
 No syllable ! And so the politic court
 Steals in on tiptoe, and creeps round behind it ;
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow,
 And make short work with me.
 What need of all these crooked ways, lord envoy ?
 Straightforward, man ! his compact with me pinches
 The emperor. He would that I moved off !
 Well ! I will gratify him !

[Here there commences an agitation among the generals, which increases continually.]

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes ;
 I see not yet by what means they will come at
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
 The recompense their services demand.
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.
 There serve here many foreigners in the army,
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
 After his pedigree or catechism.
 This will be otherwise i' the time to come.
 Well ; me no longer it concerns. *[He seats himself.]*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation —
The emperor is abused — it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up
Will go to wreck — all go to instant wreck.
What then? Another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech, ISOLANI, TERZKY, ILLO, and
MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.*]

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*busily and passionately going from
one to another, and soothing them*).

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances! Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERZKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others.

[*They go.*]

BUTLER (*to QUESTENBERG*).

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my lord envoy,
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come — or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.
[*Commotions heard from without.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel — Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.

Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBURG *is about to speak.*

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!

You have performed your duty. We know now
To separate the office from the man.

[*As QUESTENBURG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ,
TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in, several other gen-
erals following them.*

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).

What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO (*at the same time*).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with stateliness, and pointing to ILLO*).

There! the field-marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*

[*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*

SCENE III.

A Small Chamber.

ILLO and TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His, both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided,
So doing we infringe no oath or duty
We may be under to the emperor. Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.

Now hear ! this formula so framed and worded
 Will be presented to them for perusal
 Before the banquet. No one will find in it
 Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further !
 After the feast, when now the vapering wine
 Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
 A counterfeited paper, in the which
 This one particular clause has been left out,
 Go round for signatures.

TERZKY.

How ! think you then
 That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
 Which we have tricked them into by a juggle ?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them ! Let them then
 Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
 Loud as they may against our treachery ;
 At court their signatures will be believed
 Far more than their most holy affirmations.
 Traitors they are, and must be ; therefore wisely
 Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERZKY.

Well, well, it shall content me : let but something
 Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
 Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
 How, or how far, we may thereby propel
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
 The duke that they are his. Let him but act
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,
 And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
 He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERZKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
 That many a time when I have thought myself
 Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.

He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
 To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
 And when I think I have him — off at once —
 He has slipped from me, and appears as if
 He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
 His soul is occupied with nothing else,
 Even in his sleep — they are his thoughts, his dreams.
 That day by day he questions for this purpose
 The motions of the planets —

TERZKY.

Ah! you know
 This night, that is now coming, he with Seni,
 Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
 To make joint observations — for I hear
 It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
 And something great, and of long expectation,
 Takes place in heaven.

ILLO.

O that it might take place
 On earth! The generals are full of zeal,
 And would with ease be led to anything
 Rather than lose their chief. Observe, too, that
 We have at last a fair excuse before us
 To form a close alliance 'gainst the court,
 Yet innocent its title, bearing simply
 That we support him only in command.
 But in the ardor of pursuit thou knowest
 Men soon forget the goal from which they started.
 The object I've in view is that the prince
 Shall either find them, or believe them ready
 For every hazard. Opportunity
 Will tempt him on. Be the great step once taken,
 Which at Vienna's court can ne'er be pardoned,
 The force of circumstances will lead him onward

The farther still and farther. 'Tis the choice
That makes him undecisive — come but need,
And all his powers and wisdom will come with it.

TERZKY.

'Tis this alone the enemy awaits
To change their chief and join their force with ours.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below —
Mark what I say — the right stars, too, will show them-
selves.

Come to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERZKY.

Do you go thither, Illo? I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Terzky. Know
That we, too, are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! yes!

I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERZKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit* ILLO.]

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS *steps out from a closet.*

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Well — is she coming? I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,
You only send him.

TERZKY.

I am not quite certain,
 I must confess it, countess, whether or not
 We are earning the duke's thanks hereby. You know
 No ray has broke out from him on this point.
 You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best
 How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

[*Talking to herself while she is advancing.*

Here's no heed of full powers and commissions;
 My cloudy duke! we understand each other —
 And without words. What could I not unriddle,
 Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
 Why first he, and no other should be chosen
 To fetch her hither? This sham of betrothing her
 To a bridegroom*, whom no one knows — No! no!
 This may blind others! I see through thee, brother!
 But it beseems thee not to draw a card
 At such a game. Not yet! It all remains
 Mutely delivered up to my finessing.
 Well — thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Fried-
 land,
 In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The commanders!

[*Exit*TERZKY (*to the COUNTESS*).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections —
 Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
 Absent and dreaming to the banquet; that
 He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take care of your guests! Go, send him hither.

TERZKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

* In Germany, after honorable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called bride and bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

COUNTESS (*interrupting him*).

Go to your guests! Go ——

ILLO (*comes back*).

Where art staying, Terzky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERZKY.

Instantly! instantly! [*To the COUNTESS.*

And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man ——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!
[*Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.*

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage slyly*).

Aunt Terzky! may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks
around him with uneasiness.*

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!

[*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*

You unkind lady! You refuse me this,
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself

With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances
These, these are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it — not your father;
He must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O lady! tell me, is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?

I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavor in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father — even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties — O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favor

With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,
I can't but know is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air —
I could not breathe — I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart ;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, countess ! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here "To the heaven's gate," *
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother ;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendor, 'mid ecstatic worshippers ;
Yet, still it moved me not ! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTRESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.

MAX.

But where abides she then ? Oh, golden time
Of travel, when each morning sun united

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense, but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original, — *Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelsporte.*

And but the coming night divided us ;
 Then ran no sand, then struck no hour for us,
 And time, in our excess of happiness,
 Seemed on its course eternal to stand still.
 Oh, he hath fallen from out his heaven of bliss
 Who can descend to count the changing hours,
 No clock strikes ever for the happy !

COUNTESS.

How long is it since you declared your passion ?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days ?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and —
 That was the last relay of the whole journey ;
 In a balcony we were standing mute,
 And gazing out upon the dreary field :
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
 The safeguard which the duke had sent us — heavy ;
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventured I at length these words :
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many — “Speak with my Aunt Terzky !”
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine — no longer
 Did I control myself.

[*The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.*

With instant boldness
 I caught her in my arms, my lips touched hers ;

There was a rustling in the room close by ;
It parted us — 'Twas you. What since has happened
You know.

COUNTESS (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA*).

And is it your excess of modesty
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.,

Of *your* secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes ! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there ;
What she in this first moment of the heart
Taken with surprise —

MAX. (*with eagerness*).

Well ?

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI,

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Spare yourself the trouble :
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward*).

My princess !
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Terzky ?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Has he been here long ?

COUNTESS.

Yes ; and soon must go,
Where have *you* stayed so long ?

THEKLA.

Alas ! my mother,
Wept so again ! and I — I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.
 To-day at noon I could not.
 The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
 Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me
 With your eye only — and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
 Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
 Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
 O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
 To fall upon his neck, to call him *father*!
 But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion,
 It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
 That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
 They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
 At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
 Of excommunication round you, — wherefore
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice.
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart
 The mournful burden of his station? Fitly
 May love dare woo for love; but such a splendor
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummary;
 You see how soon the burden is thrown off.

[*To the* COUNTESS.

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
 He had quite another nature on the journey —
 So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [*To* MAX.
 It was my wish to see you always so,
 And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady!

All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.]

In this short time that I've been present here.
What new unheard-of things have I not seen;
And yet they all must give place to the wond
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (*recollecting*).

And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (*smiling*).

Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

The astrological tower ! How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach ?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX.

That is the duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He questioned me on many points ; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, princess, and what found you in this tower ?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away !

THEKLA.

It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in ; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand

A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars all seemed to come from them.
“ These are the planets,” said that low old man,
“ They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars ;
And both these bring but little luck to man.”
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
Oh, that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
And the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright.
A cheerful man, and with a monarch’s mien ;
And this was Jupiter, my father’s star :
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels. ’Tis not merely
The human being’s pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is love’s world, his home, his birth-place ;
Delightedly dwells he among fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths, all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason !

But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend,* and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable heights above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses
 But thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate :
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will this gloomy empire reach its close.
 Blest be the general's zeal : into the laurel
 Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
 Will have remained for his great heart ! Enough
 Has he performed for glory, and can now
 Live for himself and his. To his domains
 Will he retire ; he has a stately seat
 Of fairest view at Gitschin ; Reichenberg,
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly ;
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :

* No more of talk, where god or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend familiar, used
 To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

His ruling passion to create the splendid
 He can indulge without restraint; can give
 A princely patronage to every art,
 And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses —

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

Oh, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?
 Did you hear nothing? Seemed as if I heard
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.
 [*Exit* COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in
 a quick, low voice to PICCOLOMINI*).

Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.

Impossible!

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
 They had a purpose.

MAX.

Purpose! but what purpose?
 And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
 There's some design in this; to make us happy,
 To realize our union — trust me, love!
 They but pretend to wish it.

MAX

But these Terzkys —
 Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
 Excellent creature! she deserves from us
 A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
 Doth rate you high before all others — but —
 But such a secret — she would never have
 The courage to conceal it from my father.
 For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
 A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?
 I love not secrets. Mark what I will do.
 I'll throw me at your father's feet — let him
 Decide upon my fortunes! He is true,
 He wears no mask — he hates all crooked ways —
 He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (*falls on his neck*).

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn! but I
 Have lived ten years already in his presence;
 And who knows whether in this very moment
 He is not merely waiting for us both
 To own our loves in order to unite us?
 You are silent!
 You look at me with such a hopelessness!
 What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied —
 He has no leisure time to think about
 The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*
 Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
 These Terzkys — we will still be grateful to them

For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve; — and in all else rely
On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage — 'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open — ought to hide
My heart more from thee — so decorum dictates:
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?
We now have met, then let us hold each other
Clasped in a lasting and a firm embrace.
Believe me this was more than their intent.
Then be our loves like some blest relic kept
Within the deep recesses of the heart.
From heaven alone the love has been bestowed,
To heaven alone our gratitude is due;
It can work wonders for us still.

SCENE VI.

To them enters the COUNTESS TERZKY.

COUNTESS (*in a pressing manner*).

Come, come!

My husband sends me for you. It is now
The latest moment.

[*They not appearing to attend to what she says,
she steps between them.*]

Part you!

THEKLA.

Oh, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Ay! Then time

Flies swiftly with your highness, princess niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away! away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.

THELKA.

Ha. his father!

COUNTESS.

You understand that, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?

'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them;
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THELKA (*with energy*).

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning,
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company ——

COUNTESS.

What! have you lost your senses, niece?
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to THELKA*).

Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THELKA *turns away from him with a quick motion.*
What say you then, dear lady?

THELKA (*without looking at him*).

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry ——

[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands
silent a moment, then throws herself into his
arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise! It comes this way. Off!

[MAX. tears himself away out of her arms and goes.

The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

SCENE VII.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows, they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;

Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day;

Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement, and have therefore added the original, with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün;
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz is gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore: the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolored with weeping: the heart

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece ! to throw yourself upon him
 Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
 And so must be flung after him ! For you,
 Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
 It had been more becoming to have shown yourself
 More chary of your person.

THEKLA (*rising*).

And what mean you ?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
 Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
 That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.

What then ?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well, and what farther ?

COUNTESS.

What ? a pretty question !

is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish.
 Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this
 world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which my friend,
 Charles Lamb, has favored me, and which appears to me to have caught
 the happiest manner of our old ballads :—

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
 The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan !
 Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
 Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
 Her eye upward roving :

The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
 In this world plainly all seemeth amiss ;
 To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
 I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
 Both living and loving.

THEKLA.

He was born that which we have but become.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honor with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well, though, not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty ——

COUNTESS.

His!
His father! His! But yours, niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.

Why, I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS (*looks at her as scrutinizing*).

Niece, you are false.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumbers from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happier pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me —

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes,
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art; —
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing;
Here is no splendor but of arms. Or thinkest thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling;
Oh, thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof
Thou'rt the daughter of the mighty — his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.

Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his — his daughter — his, the mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, weakened in my soul
No other thought than this — I am appointed
To offer myself up in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it —
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather — 'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Faith hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His present — his alone.
Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father, then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.
Thou meanest to force him to thy liking? Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What! he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me; 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Shouldst e'er demean thee as a lovesick maiden
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.
[Exit COUNTESS.

SCENE IX.

THEKLA (*who during the last speech had been standing
evidently lost in her reflections*).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so! Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
Oh, she said rightly — no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre where hope abides:
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here,
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.
[Music from the banquet-room is heard.
There's a dark spirit walking in our house.
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,

It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
 I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
 It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power —
 And lo! the abyss — and thither am I moving —
 I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*
 Oh, when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
 Many and dark Heaven drives his clouds together,
 Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
 Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
 And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
 Sling firebrands at the burning edifice.*

[*Exit THEKLA.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A large saloon lighted up with festal splendor; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage a table richly set out, at which eight generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERZKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but further back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open for the pages and servants-in-waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to TERZKY's regiment march across the stage, and draw up around the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERZKY advances towards him with a paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a beaker, or service-cup.

* There are few who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy: and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original: —

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
 Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude,

TERZKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place — quick! Terzky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feudalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee, who knows? off — to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the second and third tables*).

Count Piccolomini!

TERZKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant. Read
This oath here, whether 'as tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads*).

"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may it mean?

TERZKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

"Inasmuch as our supreme commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each*

in particular, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves — likewise by him honorably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the emperor will permit it*. (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERZKY.

Now! are you willing to subscribe to this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honor
Can do it, ay, must do it. Pen and ink here!

TERZKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (*drawing MAX. along*).

Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

SCENE II.

TERZKY, NEUMANN.

TERZKY (*beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage*).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it

Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your excellency's order.

TERZKY.

Right! lay it yonder and away with this —

It has performed its business — to the fire with it.

[*NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*]

SCENE III.

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERZKY

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini!

TERZKY.

All right, I think. He has started no object

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about —
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERZKY.

How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

Oh, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the emperor
There in his own Venice?" Trust me, count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERZKY.

And Butler?

How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE IV.

To them enter BUTLER from a second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves;
Field-marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
[*With an air of mystery*
You may depend upon me,

ILLO (*with vivacity*).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me! My fidelity
The duke may put to any proof — I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TERZKY.

You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (*with a haughty look*).

I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Terzky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.
But that is past! and to the duke, field-marshal,
I bring myself, together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humor to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
That the whole army looks to Colonel Butler
As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ay?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my good old name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir generals!
My real motives — they concern not you.

And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
 That this your game had crooked my judgment — or
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
 Has driven the old man from the track of honor,
 Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends!
 I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
 Because I know and have looked steadily
 At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,
 And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
 With all I have. Not only men, but money
 Will the duke want. Go, tell him, sirs!
 I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
 I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeathed to him;
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
 Here in the world; naught know I of the feeling
 That binds the husband to a wife and children.
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs — a heart
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down
 millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague — and with a master, whom I buried.
 From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck:
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.



THEKLA AND MAX

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 228

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine,
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERZKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian —
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come to the company!

TERZKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.
[*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

SCENE V.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR, advancing with NEUMANN,
SERVANTS passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine! Oh, if my old mistress, his lady
mother, could but see these wild goings on she would
turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis
all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no mod-
eration! And this marriage with the duke's sister, a
splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I
will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole
prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so? Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (*comes*).

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this aint the seventieth flask —

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*continuing his discourse to NEUMANN*).

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendor; and wherever the duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink — (*to the SERVANTS*). What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (*comes*).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir, that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William — there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same! — a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).

This will be something for the tale-bearers — this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it. Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold. And what

neat things are embossed on it ! how natural and elegant they look ! There, on the first quarter, let me see. That proud amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies ?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman you see there on horseback is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man ; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the pope this noble privilege ; for the pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup ; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all ?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph — a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us that is at an end ; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar — and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders ; but the letter-royal the emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though. There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle, the imperial counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*RUNNER takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Oh, let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday — from that unlucky day it all began, all the heartaches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurrah!

[*At the third and fourth tables.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurrah!

[*Music strikes up.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (*comes in running*).

Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish chief commander!

FIRST SERVANT (*speaking at the same time*).

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodati gave out the emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not! You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the RUNNER, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the MASTER OF THE CELLAR, standing between him and the RUNNER.*]

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way; 'tis a flask of Frontignac! Snapped it up at the third table. Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (*hides it in his pocket*).

All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*]

THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the FIRST*)

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga. He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair. He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to NEUMANN*).

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidently with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay, he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas; a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*impatiently*).

Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows are little better than rogues

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[*Taking the flask out of the RUNNER's pocket.*

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TERZKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to the SERVANTS.*)

The lieutenant-general stands up. Be on the watch. Now! They break up. Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the SERVANTS hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters, in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.*

ISOLANI (*while the company is coming forward.*)

Good-night, good-night, Kolatto! Good-night, lieutenant-general! I should rather say good-morning.

GOETZ (*to TIEFENBACH.*)

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals.*)

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my lady countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her! Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (*aside to MARADAS*).

Do me the favor to talk to me — talk of what you will — or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI (*on the point of going*).

Lights! lights!

TERZKY (*advances with the paper to ISOLANI*).

Noble brother; two minutes longer! Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like — but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERZKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read. Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*

TERZKY.

Nay, nay, first come, first served. There is no precedence here. [OCTAVIO *runs over the paper with apparent indifference.* TERZKY *watches him at some distance.*

GOETZ (*to TERZKY*).

Noble count! with your permission — good-night.

TERKZY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the SERVANTS*). Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me — aint able.

TERZKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (*sits down*).

Pardon me, nobles! This standing does not agree with me.

TERZKY.

Consult your own convenience, general.

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach — only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (*pointing at his corpulence*).

Poor legs! how should they! Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO *subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERZKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers — ice and snow — no help for it. I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swedes make no nice inquiries about the season.

TERZKY (*observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen*).

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother? Despatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well — I must bear it.

[TERZKY *gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO (*advancing to BUTLER*).

You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, colonel ! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (*stepping nearer to him friendly*).

Nor in mine neither, I can assure you ; and I am not a little glad, my much-honored Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation — that's my taste.

BUTLER.

And mine, too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the meantime returns to OCTAVIO. All this takes places, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*]

OCTAVIO (*introducing MADARAS to BUTLER.*)

Don Balthasar Maradas ! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. [BUTLER bows.

OCTAVIO (*continuing*).

You are a stranger here — 'twas but yesterday you arrived — you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place. I know at your age one loves to be snug and quiet. What if you move your lodgings ? Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER makes a low bow.) Nay, without compliment ! For a friend like you I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (*coldly*).

Your obliged humble servant, my lord lieutenant-general.

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

OCTAVIO (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*).

You were long absent from us, friend !

MAX.

I ——— urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent !

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (*advancing still nearer*).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you ? Terzky knows it without asking.

MAX.

What does Terzky know ?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (*who has been attending to them for some distance steps up*).

Well done, father ! Rout out his baggage ! Beat up his quarters ! there is something there that should not be.

TERZKY (*with the paper*).

Is there none wanting ? Have the whole subscribed ?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERZKY (*calling aloud*)

Ho ! Who subscribes ?

BUTLER (*to TERZKY*).

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERZKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark !

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honored by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (*presses on to MAX.*).

Come, general! let us go. It is late.

TERZKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (*pointing to MAX.*).

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX. receives the paper from TERZKY, which he looks upon vacantly.]

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavoring to keep him back.

ILLO.

What do you want! Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (*goes up to OCTAVIO, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*).

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough you never loved me — devil take me! and I never loved you! I am always even with people in that way! Let what's past be past — that is, you understand — forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I, but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain, and I'll strangle him! my dear friend!

TERZKY (*whispering to him*).

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (*aloud*).

What do you mean? There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker amongst us, thank heaven!

TERZKY (*to BUTLER, eagerly*).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER (*to ILLO*).

Field-marshal! a word with you. (*Leads to the side-board*).

ILLO (*cordially*).

A thousand for one. Fill; fill it once more up to the brim. To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI (*to MAX., who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*).

Slow and sure, my noble brother! Hast parsed it all yet? Some words yet to go through? Ha?

MAX. (*waking as from a dream*).

What am I to do?

TERZKY, *and at the same time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (OCTAVIO *directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety*.)

MAX. (*returns the paper*).

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business; to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERZKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake man, awake! Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What! Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and would be wiser than all of us together! Look there! thy father has signed; we have all signed.

TERZKY (*to OCTAVIO*).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*).

What's the dispute?

TERZKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it — and so must you. You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good-night !

ILLO.

No ! you come not off so ! The duke shall learn who are his friends. (*All collect round ILLO and MAX.*)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the duke, the duke knows, every one knows — what need of this wild stuff ?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners. Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards — nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERZKY (*in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start as preparing to resent them*).

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (*with a bitter laugh*).

Wine invents nothing : it only tattles.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences ! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso —

TERZKY (*interrupting him*).

He is stark mad — don't listen to him!

ILLO (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*).

Unless they can slip out by a proviso. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*).

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious — I must look closer at it.

TERZKY (*in a low voice to ILLO*).

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (*to KOLATTO*).

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the emperor.

BUTLER (*to one of the Commanders*).

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our general, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely, and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI (*to one of the Generals*).

Did the duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERZKY (*to GOETZ*).

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, — I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly? 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back*).

Till to-morrow therefore!

ILLO (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other*).

Subscribe — Judas!

ISOLANI.

Put upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERZKY, BUTLER (*all together*).

Down with the sword!

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to*
COUNT TERZKY).

'Take him off to bed!

(MAX *leaves the stage*. ILLO *cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops*).

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion. It is Night.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A VALET DE CHAMBRE with*
Lights.

OCTAVIO.

— And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit VALET.* OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber*; MAX. PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature,
What thou hast sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But — 'tis my nature —
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes up to him and embraces him*)

Follow it,

Oh, follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so;
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

It was a serious business. I was absent —
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion ! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany;
Yes, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honor !

MAX. (*rises*).

Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Patience ! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend ! Hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence — dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father !

Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought !
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only — and almost I fear
They will be nothing further — spare them ! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
 The more impatient cause have I, my son,
 To force it on thee. To the innocence
 And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
 With calm assurance — but I see the net
 Preparing — and it is thy heart itself
 Alarms me, for thine innocence — that secret,
 [Fixing his eyes steadfastly on his son's face.]
 Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.
 [MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts
 his eyes to the ground embarrassed.]

OCTAVIO *(after a pause)*.

Know, then, they are duping thee! — a most foul game
 With thee and with us all — nay, hear me calmly —
 The duke even now is playing. He assumes
 The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
 And in this moment makes he preparations
 That army from the emperor to steal,
 And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
 Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
 From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
 Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the duke;
 What, he can meditate? — the duke? — can dream
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand
 Tried troops and true, all honorable soldiers,
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,
 From oaths, from duty, from their honor lure them,
 And make them all unanimous to do
 A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,

With such a front of infamy, the duke
 No way desires — what he requires of us
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
 He wishes but to give the empire peace.
 And so, because the emperor hates this peace,
 Therefore the duke — the duke will force him to it.
 All parts of the empire will he pacify,
 And for his trouble will retain in payment
 (What he has already in his gripe) — Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
 That we — that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What we would think is not the question here,
 The affair speaks for itself — and clearest proofs!
 Hear me, my son — 'tis not unknown to thee,
 In what ill credit with the court we stand.
 But little dost thou know, or guess what tricks,
 What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
 Have been employed — for this sole end — to sow
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed —
 Loosed all the bands that link the officer
 To his liege emperor, all that bind the soldier
 Affectionately to the citizen.
 Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
 The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
 'Tis swollen, that at this hour the emperor
 Before his armies — his own armies — trembles;
 Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
 The traitor's poniard, and is meditating
 To hurry off and hide his tender offspring —
 Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans — no,
 From his own troops to hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
 That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
 But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
 Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
 Will burst out into flames, if instantly
 We do not fly and stifle it. The generals
 Are many of them long ago won over;
 The subalterns are vacillating; whole
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
 To foreigners our strongholds are intrusted;
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
 Force of Silesia given up: to Terzky
 Five regiments, foot and horse; to Isolani,
 To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the duke
 Believes he has secured us, means to lure us
 Still further on by splendid promises.
 To me he portions forth the princedom, Glatz
 And Sagan; and too plain I see the bait
 With which he doubts not but to catch thee.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee, no!

OCTAVIO.

Oh, open yet thine eyes!
 And to what purpose think'st thou he has called
 Either to Pilsen? to avail himself
 Of our advice? Oh, when did Friedland ever
 Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.
 To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
 Decline we that, to be his hostages.
 Therefore doth noble Gallas stand aloof;
 Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
 If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it — needs make none —
 That we're called hither for his sake — he owns it.

He needs our aidance to maintain himself —
 He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
 That we, too, should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
 That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
 Bethink thyself, what hast thou heard, what seen?
 The counterfeited paper, the omission
 Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
 Does it not prove that they would bind us down
 To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
 Appears to me no other than a trick
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand
 Traders in great men's interests ever use
 To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
 They see the duke at variance with the court,
 And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
 The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
 The duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
 That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
 A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
 For this is not a time for tenderness.
 Thou must take measures, speedy ones, must act.
 I therefore will confess to thee that all
 Which I've intrusted to thee now, that all
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
 That — yes, I will tell thee, (*a pause*) Max! I had it all
 From his own mouth, from the duke's mouth I had it.

MAX (*in excessive agitation*).

No! no! never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
 By other means; himself confided to me,

That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the emperor ——

MAX.

He is passionate,
The court has stung him; he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences — showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be! — cannot be! cannot be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing — that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me.

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart — that I have still kept sac
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honor ?

MAX.

That he did not evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,
Still in alarm, forever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men : e'en virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms ;
I but perform my orders ; the emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times ; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the emperor ;
By what means he can best be served — the heart
May whisper what it will — this is our call !

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The duke, thou sayest, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose :

And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
 For a good purpose ! Silence, I entreat thee —
 My friend, thou stealest not from me —
 Let me not lose my father !

OCTAVIO (*suppressing resentment*).

As yet thou knowest not all, my son. I have
 Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*
 Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies
 Upon the stars. He deems us unprovided,
 And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
 Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
 The golden circle in his hand. He errs,
 We, too, have been in action — he but grasps
 His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious !

MAX.

Oh, nothing rash, my sire ! By all that's good,
 Let me invoke thee — no precipitation !

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,
 And light of tread hath vengeance stole on after him.
 Unseen she stands already, dark behind him —
 But one step more — he shudders in her grasp !
 Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
 Thou knowest but his ostensible commission :
 He brought with him a private one, my son !
 And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it ?

OCTAVIO (*seizes the patent*).

Max !

[*A pause.*

— In this disclosure place I in thy hands
 The empire's welfare and thy father's life.
 Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein :
 A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
 Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.

Thou nourishest the wish, — O let me still
 Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
 The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself
 Yet closer to him ——

MAX.

Father ——

OCTAVIO.

Oh, my son!
 I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
 Equally sure of thy collectedness?
 Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
 To enter this man's presence, when that I
 Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According
 As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.
 [OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his *escritoir*
and gives it to him.

MAX.

What! how! a full imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it*).

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (*throws down the paper*).

Oh, this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright
 and astonishment on his father*).

How! what! Thou! thou!

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
Oh, never hope it! Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here! — this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou
Disarm — degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned — the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately —

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his emperor's royal son.
An honorable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step —

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of high treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

Forever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too — I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian forests. What this purports
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me — me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm*).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart cannot.

[*Moderates his voice and manner.*]

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland — I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes at once will kindle into flame —
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The unapproachable glide out in splendor.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the VALET OF
THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you — let it not transpire.

[*Exit VALET: the CORNET steps in.*]

OCTAVIO.

Ha! cornet — is it you; and from Count Gallas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general
Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you — Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (*eagerly*).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester-morning early.
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches —

CORNET.

The lieutenant-general
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tidings!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things. Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Terzky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina?

CORNET.

He was sorely frightened,
 When it was told him he must to Vienna;
 But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
 Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard
 That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past
 He's with my master, the lieutenant-general,
 At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty
 Small companies together, chosen men;
 Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
 That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
 And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

[CORNET signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.]

No one saw you — ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
 The capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
 I hold it probable that yet ere evening
 I shall despatch you. The development

Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
 That even now is dawning in the heaven,
 Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
 That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.
 [Exit CORNET.

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well — and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
 For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved*).

I will procure me light a shorter way.
 Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now? Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (*alarmed*).

What —

MAX. (*returning*).

If thou hast believed that I shall act
 A part in this thy play, thou hast
 Miscalculated on me grievously.
 My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
 False with the heart — I may not, cannot be:
 Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me —
 As his friend trust me — and then lull my conscience
 With such low pleas as these: "I ask him not —
 He did it all at his own hazard — and
 My mouth has never lied to him." No, no!
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
 I'll to the duke; ere yet this day is ended
 Will I demand of him that he do save
 His good name from the world, and with one stride
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.

He can, he will ! I still am his believer,
 Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
 How far may not this Terzky have proceeded —
 What may not he himself too have permitted
 Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
 The laws of war excusing ? Nothing, save
 His own mouth shall convict him — nothing less !
 And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt ?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
 I calculated on a prudent son,
 Who would have blessed the hand beneficent
 That plucked him back from the abyss — and lo !
 A fascinated being I discover,
 Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
 Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
 Go, question him ! Be mad enough, I pray thee.
 The purpose of thy father, of thy emperor,
 Go, give it up free booty ! Force me, drive me
 To an open breach before the time. And now,
 Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
 My secret purpose even to this hour,
 And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
 Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
 With frantic enterprise, annihilates
 My toilsome labors and state policy.

MAX.

Ay — this state policy ! Oh, how I curse it !
 You will some time, with your state policy,
 Compel him to the measure : it may happen,
 Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
 Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
 You close up every outlet, hem him in
 Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him —

Yes, ye, ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well — it cannot — will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship that midway on the ocean
Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven!
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune,
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the daylight dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose — my father or my friend.
[*During his exit the curtain drops.*]

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, <i>Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.</i>	BUTLER, <i>an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.</i>
DUCHESS OF FREIDLAND, <i>Wife of Wallenstein.</i>	GORDON, <i>Governor of Egra.</i>
THEKLA, <i>her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.</i>	MAJOR GERALDIN.
THE COUNTESS TERZKY, <i>Sister of the Duchess.</i>	CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.
LADY NEUBRUNN.	CAPTAIN MACDONALD.
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, <i>Lieutenant-General.</i>	AN ADJUTANT.
MAX. PICCOLOMINI, <i>his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.</i>	NEUMANN, <i>Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Terzky.</i>
COUNT TERZKY, <i>the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.</i>	COLONEL WRANGEL, <i>Envoy from the Swedes.</i>
ILLO, <i>Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.</i>	ROSENBERG, <i>Master of Horse.</i>
ISOLANI, <i>General of the Croats.</i>	SWEDISH CAPTAIN.
	SENI.
	BURGOMASTER of Egra.
	ANSPESSADE of the Cuirassiers.
	GROOM OF THE CHAM- } <i>Belonging to the Duke.</i>
	BER, }
	A PAGE.
	Cuirassiers, Dragoons, and Servants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room fitted up for astrological labors, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments. Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of different color on its head, stand in a semi-circle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye. The remainder of the scene and its disposition is given in the fourth scene of the second act. There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped and conceal them on occasions.

[In the fifth scene of this act it must be dropped; but in the seventh scene it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN *at a black table, on which a speculum astrologicum is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well — and now let it be ended, Seni. Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour;
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She is now rising:
Like as a sun so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And now shoots down her strongest influences.

[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*]

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slyly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder:
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects:
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (*who has come down from the window*).

And in a corner-house, your highness — think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement — so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in *cadente Domo*.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight,
For the heaven's journey still, and adjourn not.

[*There are knocks at the door.*

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERZKY (*from without*).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay — 'tis Terzky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERZKY (*from without*).

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you;
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[*While SENI opens the door for TERZKY, WALLENSTEIN
draws the curtain over the figures.*

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN. COUNT TERZKY.

TERSKY (*enters*).

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Gallas has given him up to the emperor.

[*SENI draws off the black table, and exit.*

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERZKY*).

Who has been taken? Who is given up?

TERZKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and everything has passed —

WALLENSTEIN (*drawing back*).

Nay, not Sesina? Say, no! I entreat thee.

TERZKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Gallas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstiern, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole — our measures and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO (*to TERZKY*).

Has he heard it?

TERZKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the emperor, to regain
His confidence? E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished: then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERZKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which snow beyond all power of contradiction —

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my handwriting — no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,
That what this man, and what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reckoning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna?

TERZKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing; but bethink thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina! And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak! tell us,
What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army

Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down —
And if I give them caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, duke, *is* thine now; for this moment
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day, to-morrow: but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other —

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident!

ILLO.

Oh! I will call it a most blessed one,
 If it work on thee as it ought to do,
 Hurry thee on to action — to decision.
 The Swedish general?

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived! Know'st thou

What his commission is —

ILLO.

To thee alone
 Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
 Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERZKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
 His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
 At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
 And if they put him to the torture, will he,
 Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough —

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in thought*).

Their confidence is lost, irreparably!
 And I may act which way I will, I shall
 Be and remain forever in their thought
 A traitor to my country. How sincerely
 Soever I return back to my duty,
 It will no longer help me —

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
 That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
 Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion —

WALLENSTEIN (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*).

What! I must realize it now in earnest,
 Because I toyed too freely with the thought!
 Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
 And must I — I must realize it now —
 Now, while I have the power, it must take place!

ILLO.

Now — now — ere they can ward and parry it !

WALLENSTEIN (*looking at the paper of signatures*).

I have the generals' word — a written promise !

Max. Piccolomini stands not here — how's that ?

TERZKY.

It was — he fancied —

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right ; there needed no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (*eagerly to TERZKY*).

Go, call him,

He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay !

Stay but a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise ; it came too quick upon me ;
'Tis wholly novel that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

And after weigh it.

First hear him only,
[*Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO*

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*).

Is it possible ?

Is't so ? I can no longer what I would ?
No longer draw back at my liking ? I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it ?
And fed this heart here with a dream ? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open ?
By the great God of Heaven ! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it. Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me ?
Was not the will kept free ? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me — but
One little step, and once more I was in it !
Where am I ? Whither have I been transported ?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not — my own doings tower behind me.
[*Pauses and remains in deep thought.*]

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me ;
The equivocal demeanor of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance ;
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,

I gave way to my humors, to my passion :
 Bold were my words, because my deeds were not
 Now every planless measure, chance event,
 The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
 And all the May-games of a heart overflowing,
 Will they connect, and weave them all together
 Into one web of treason ; all will be plan,
 My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
 Step tracing step, each step a politic progress ;
 And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
 So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
 I am caught in my own net, and only force,
 Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[*Pauses again.*

How else ! since that the heart's unbiased instinct
 Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
 Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
 Stern is the on-look of necessity,
 Not without shudder may a human hand
 Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom ;
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
 Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
 Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
 Forever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then
 pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again
 into audible soliloquy.*

What it thy enterprise ? thy aim ? thy object ?
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself ?
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
 Power on an ancient, consecrated throne,
 Strong in possession, founded in all custom ;
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery faith.
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
 Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible

The which I fear — a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday.
Whatever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[*To the PAGE, who here enters.*

The Swedish officer? Well, let him enter.
[*The PAGE exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in
deep thought on the door.*

Yet, it is pure — as yet! — the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet — so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (*after having fixed a searching look on him*).

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that seaport made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element
 With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit.
 The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:
 The sea and land, it seemed were not to serve
 One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN

You plucked the admiral's hat from off my head.

WRANGEL.

I come to place a diadem thereon.

WALLENSTEIN (*makes the motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself*).

And where are your credentials?
 Come you provided with full powers, sir general?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve —

WALLENSTEIN (*having read the credentials*).

An able letter! Ay — he is a prudent,
 Intelligent master whom you serve, sir general!
 The chancellor writes me that he but fulfils
 His late departed sovereign's own idea
 In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,
 Did ever deem most highly of your grace's
 Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
 And always the commanding intellect,
 He said, should have command, and be the king.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he might say it safely. General Wrangel,
 [*Taking his hand affectionately.*
 Come, fair and open. Trust me, I was always
 A Swede at heart. Eh! that did you experience
 Both in Silesia and at Nuremberg;
 I had you often in my power, and let you
 Always slip out by some back door or other.

'Tis this for which the court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess — the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage. Without doubt he thinks,
If I can play false with the emperor,
Who is my sovereign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one, too, were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion, too, sir general?

WRANGEL.

I have here a duty merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor hath urged me to the uttermost:
I can no longer honorably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. *[After a pause.*

What may have impelled
Your princely highness in this wise to act
Toward your sovereign lord and emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity is in our favor,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions —

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the chancellor,
 Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
 That I would instantly go over to them
 With eighteen thousand of the emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
 How some years past, beyond all human faith,
 You called an army forth like a creation :
 But yet ——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the chancellor thinks
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
 Than to persuade one-sixtieth part of them ——

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
 Fight for your Bible. You are interested
 About the cause; and with your hearts you follow
 Your banners. Among you whoe'er deserts
 To the enemy hath broken covenant
 With two lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

WRANGEL.

Great God in heaven! Have then the people here
 No house and home, no fireside, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:
 The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,

And has good cause to love it — but this army
 That calls itself the imperial, this that houses
 Here in Bohemia, this has none — no country ;
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
 Nothing except the universal sun.
 And this Bohemian land for which we fight
 Loves not the master whom the chance of war,
 Not its own choice or will, hath given to it.
 Men murmur at the oppression of their conscience,
 And power hath only awed but not appeased them.
 A glowing and avenging memory lives
 Of cruel deeds committed on these plains ;
 How can the son forget that here his father
 Was hunted by the bloodhound to the mass ?
 A people thus oppressed must still be feared,
 Whether they suffer or avenge their wrongs.

WRANGEL.

But then the nobles and the officers ?
 Such a desertion, such a felony,
 It is without example, my lord duke,
 In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine —
 Mine unconditionally — mine on all terms.
 Not me, your own eyes you must trust.
[He gives him the paper containing the written oath.
 WRANGEL *reads it through, and, having read it,*
lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then ;

Now comprehend you ?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can !
 My lord duke, I will let the mask drop — yes !
 I've full powers for a final settlement.
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
 For orders to proceed and join your army.
 These orders I give out immediately
 We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the chancellor?

WRANGEL (*considerately*).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede — my head
The warrant — and all might prove at last
Only false play —

WALLENSTEIN (*starting*).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (*calmly proceeding*).

Am therefore forced
To insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the emperor, that he seize on Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
Prague! — Egra's granted — but — but Prague
'Twon't do.

I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason —
But Prague — Bohemia — these, sir general,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (*rising*).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp lookout. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin — with our best blood have we sealed
The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my lord duke! it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.*
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles — neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquered for himself and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not to have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

Who is our warranty that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (*rises*).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I force about, and step
Back to my emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits —

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN *is struck, and silenced*.

My lord duke, hear me — we believe that you
At present do mean honorably by us.
Since yesterday we're sure of that — and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The chancellor
Contents himself with Alstadt; to your grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and not you me?
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already

Has this negotiation, my lord duke!
 Crept on into the second year. If nothing
 Is settled this time, will the chancellor
 Consider it as broken off forever?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure such as **this**
 Ought to be thought of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of **this too**,
 That sudden action only can procure it.
 Success — think first of this, your highness.

[*Exit* WRANGEL.]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERZKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede
 Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled; and (well weighed)
 I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERZKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,
 The doing evil to avoid an evil
 Cannot be good!

TERZKY.

Nay, but bethink you, duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
 Of these proud-hearted Swedes! — I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

WALLENSTEIN.

How fared it with the brave and royal Bourbon
Who sold himself unto his country's foes,
And pierced the bosom of his father-land?
Curses were his reward, and men's abhorrence
Avenged the unnatural and revolting deed.

ILLO.

Is that thy case?

WALLENSTEIN.

True faith, I tell thee,
Must ever be the dearest friend of man:
His nature prompts him to assert its rights.
The enmity of sects, the rage of parties,
Long-cherished envy, jealousy, unite;
And all the struggling elements of evil
Suspend their conflict, and together league
In one alliance 'gainst their common foe—
The savage beast that breaks into the fold,
Where men repose in confidence and peace.
For vain were man's own prudence to protect him.
'Tis only in the forehead nature plants
The watchful eye; the back, without defence,
Must find its shield in man's fidelity.

TERZKY.

Think not more meanly of thyself than do
Thy foes, who stretch their hands with joy to greet thee.
Less scrupulous far was the imperial Charles,
The powerful head of this illustrious house;
With open arms he gave the Bourbon welcome;
For still by policy the world is ruled.

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Terzky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me:
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (*sarcastically*).

They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others*).

Ha! what new scruple?

TERZKY.

The duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must!

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,

Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
 Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
 Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
 And with success comes pardon hand in hand,
 For all event is God's arbitrament.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).

— Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience:
 Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou may'st wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
 First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
 Way of escape were possible — I still
 Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way
 Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
 Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
 All thy past life; determine to commence
 A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
 As well as fame and fortune. To Vienna
 Hence — to the emperor — kneel before the throne;

Take a full coffer with thee — say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much;
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, and then the duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young king will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt and build;
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief,
Commenceth mighty king — in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favor,
Which, with an undistinguishable ease,
Makes baron or makes prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*in extreme agitation*).

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such an height
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been ——

WALLENSTEIN (*starts up in violent agitation*).

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going. I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me
Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not."
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages * speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed.

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
Oh, let not superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear, bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder? with abhorred, accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly

* Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word after world for posterity, — "Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Namen" — might have been rendered with more literal fidelity: Let world and afterworld speak out my name, etc.

Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.*
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
 Thou art accused of treason — whether with
 Or without justice is not now the question —
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
 Of the power which thou possessest — Friedland! Duke!
 Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame,
 That doth not all his living faculties
 Put forth in preservation of his life?
 What deed so daring, which necessity
 And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me;
 He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
 We like familiar friends, both at one table,
 Have banqueted together — he and I;
 And the young kings themselves held me the basin
 Wherewith to wash me — and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favor,
 And hast no memory for contumelies?
 Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
 This man repaid thy faithful services?
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire
 Thou hadst wronged to make him great, — hadst loaded
 on thee,
 On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
 And why? because thou hadst existed only
 For the emperor. To the emperor alone
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
 At Regensburg in the Diet — and he dropped thee!
 He let thee fall! he let thee fall a victim

* I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a
 literal translation of this line,

werth
 Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.

To the Bavarian, to that insolent !
Deposed, stripped bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foe
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.
Say not, the restoration of thy honor
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee ;
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office ; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection ! confidence ! — they needed thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant !
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places him, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble —
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office ; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets ! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit-giant born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true ! they saw me always as I am —
Always ! I did not cheat them in the bargain.

I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather — thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, duke, not thou,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But they are in the wrong, who, fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself:
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,
And sword, and desolation, through the circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no, the emperor felt no touch of conscience;
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him. O most flimsy superstition!

WALLENSTEIN (*rising*).

I never saw it in this light before,
'Tis even so. The emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
 The point can be no more of right and duty,
 Only of power and the opportunity.
 That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder
 Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
 Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
 Seize with firm hand the reins ere thy opponent
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
 Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;
 It is already here, when thou must write
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
 The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
 And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses
 Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
 The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?
 [Pointing to the different objects in the room.
 The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
 Hast pictured on these walls and all around thee.
 In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
 These seven presiding lords of destiny —
 For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
 Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
 That even to thyself it doth avail
 Nothing, and has no influence over thee
 In the great moment of decision?

WALLENSTEIN (*during this last speech walks up and
 down with inward struggles, laboring with passion;
 stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting* he
 COUNTESS).

Send Wrangel to me — I will instantly
 Despatch three couriers —

ILLO (*hurrying out*).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is his evil genius and mine.
 Our evil genius! It chastises him
 Through me, the instrument of his ambition;

And I expect no less, than that revenge
 E'en now is whetting for my breast the poinard.
 Who sows the serpent's teeth let him not hope
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
 Its own avenging angel — dark misgiving,
 An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
 He can no longer trust me. Then no longer
 Can I retreat — so come that which must come.
 Still destiny preserves its due relations,
 The heart within us is its absolute
 Vicegerent.

[*To TERZKY.*

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
 To my state cabinet. Myself will speak to
 The couriers. And despatch immediately
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.*
 No exultation! woman, triumph not!
 For jealous are the powers of destiny,
 Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
 Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
 We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene as in the preceding Act.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (*coming forward in conversation*).

He sends me word from Linz that he lies sick;
 But I have sure intelligence that he
 Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Gallas.
 Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
 Remember, thou takest on thee the command
 Of those same Spanish regiments, — constantly
 Make preparation, and be never ready;
 And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
 Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.

I know, that it is doing thee a service
 To keep thee out of action in this business.
 Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
 By thy inertness. The meantime, if fortune
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
 What is to do.

[*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.*

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
 Him here I keep with me — make short farewell —
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him*).

My general!

WALLENSTEIN.

That I am no longer, if
 Thou stylest thyself the emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, general?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
 To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself.*

Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
 Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
 The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
 To exercise the single apprehension
 Where the sums square in proof;
 But where it happens, that of two sure evils
 One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
 Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
 There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
 And blank necessity is grace and favor.
 This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
 It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
 Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
 The court—it hath determined on my ruin,
 Therefore I will be beforehand with them.
 We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
 And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI'S answer.*
 I have taken thee by surprise. Answer me not:
 I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, retires to the back of the stage. MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.*

MAX.

My general, this day thou makest me
 Of age to speak in my own right and person,
 For till this day I have been spared the trouble
 To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
 With most implicit, unconditional faith,
 Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
 To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
 Me to myself, and forcest me to make
 Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day;
 Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
 Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever
 With undivided heart. It can remain
 No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
 Start from each other. Duties strive with duties,

Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the emperor
Thou wagest with the emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me —
It always was as a god looking upon me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power has not departed;
The senses still are in thy bonds, although
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., hear me.

MAX.

Oh, do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee — and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.



"I CANNOT GIVE ASSENT TO MY OWN SHAME!"

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 308

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me harshly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use
Or suffer violence — so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

Oh, that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name,
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
Which, having staked and lost, they staked themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he who once hath acted infamy
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (*grasps his hand*).

Calmly, Max.!

Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All that the powers divine
Send from above are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no property
Is to be struggled for — all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight.
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human to the human being
 Do I allow — and to the vehement
 And striving spirit readily I pardon
 The excess of action ; but to thee, my general !
 Above all others make I large concession.
 For thou must move a world and be the master —
 He kills thee who condemns thee to inaction.
 So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post
 By violence. Resist the emperor,
 And if it must be force with force repel ;
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
 But not — not to the traitor — yes ! the word
 Is spoken out ——
 Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
 That is no mere excess ! that is no error
 Of human nature — that is wholly different,
 Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it ?
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna ;
 I'll make thy peace for thee with the emperor.
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
 Shall see thee, duke ! with my unclouded eye,
 And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late ! Thou knowest not what has happened.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
 Then — fall ! fall honorably, even as thou stoodest,
 Lose the command. Go from the stage of war !
 Thou canst with splendor do it — do it too
 With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
 My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after another, are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX. *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou — no — thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost.
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of this spirit.
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX. *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN *startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERZKY enters.*

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERZKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry?

TERZKY.

It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him — but he was gone.

How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
 I half believe it was the devil himself;
 A human creature could not so at once
 Have vanished.

ILLO (*enters*).

Is it true that thou wilt send

Octavio?

TERZKY.

How, Octavio! Whither send him?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenburg, and will lead hither
 The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!

Nay, heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Him! — that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
 The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
 Now in the very instant that decides us —

TERZKY.

Thou wilt not do this! No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, duke,
 Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,
 Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened
 That I should lose my good opinion of him?
 In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
 I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
 Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
 E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERZKY.

Must it be he — he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen ;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian —
Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not, nor sire nor son,
Because that I esteem them, love them, visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your footpath. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Gallas —

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind,
With thy deep-seeing eyes!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me; my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,

Then the whole science of the stars is false ;
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge that this pledge is not false ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny :
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their all
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction :
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfulest
Of all, this camp included. Great destiny,
Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love :
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber,
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
Then was my horse killed under me : I sank ;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider — and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man ;

Then seized me suddenly a savior arm;
 It was Octavio's — I woke at once,
 'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
 "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
 The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
 In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
 From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (*significantly*).

There's no such thing as chance
 And what to us seems merest accident
 Springs from the deepest source of destiny.
 In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
 Is my good angel — and now no word more.
[*He is retiring.*]

TERZKY.

This is my comfort — Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns himself round*).

Are ye not like the women, who forever
 Only recur to their first word, although
 One had been talking reason by the hour!
 Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
 Are not like ocean billows, blindly moved.
 The inner world, his microcosmus, is
 The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
 They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit —
 No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
 Have I the human kernel first examined?
 Then I know, too, the future will and action.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Chamber in the residence of Piccolomini: OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI (*attired for travelling*), an ADJUTANT.

OCTAVIO.

Is the detachment here?

ADJUTANT.

It waits below.

OCTAVIO.

And are the soldiers trusty, adjutant?
Say, from what regiment hast thou chosen them?

ADJUTANT.

From Tiefenbach's.

OCTAVIO.

That regiment is loyal,
Keep them in silence in the inner court,
Unseen by all, and when the signal peals
Then close the doors, keep watch upon the house.
And all ye meet be instantly arrested. [*Exit ADJUTANT*
I hope indeed I shall not need their service,
So certain feel I of my well-laid plans;
But when an empire's safety is at stake
'Twere better too much caution than too little.

SCENE V.

A chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S dwelling-house: OCTAVIO
PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering*.

ISOLANI.

Here am I — well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (*with an air of mystery*).

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*assuming the same air of mystery*).

Will it explode, ha? Is the duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence — nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The duke has acted towards me as a friend :
God knows it is so ; and I owe him all ;
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard,
All think not as I think ; and there are many
Who still hold with the court — yes, and they say
That these stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

Indeed ! Pray name to me the chiefs that think so ;

ISOLANI.

Plague upon them ! all the Germans think so
Esterhazy, Kaunitz, Deodati, too,
Insist upon obedience to the court.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice ?

OCTAVIO.

That the emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest ! In very serious earnest,
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil! — what! — why, what means this?
Are you not, then — For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of the emperor.

ISOLANI (*with an air of defiance*).

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (*stammering*).

Why, — why — what! this is the emperor's hand and
seal [Reads.

“Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini,
As from ourselves.” — Hem! — Yes! so! — Yes! yes!
I — I give you joy, lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit to the order?

ISOLANI.

I —

But you have taken me so by surprise —
Time for reflection one must have —

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! but then the case is —

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your lord and sovereign,

Or whether you will serve him faithfully.
Treason! My God! But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The prince-duke is a traitor —
Means to lead over to the enemy
The emperor's army. Now, count! brief and full —
Say, will you break your oath to the emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy? Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I — I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his imperial majesty?
Did I say so! When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet — not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, count, whether you will say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason — why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service — but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him! All scores are rubbed off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops — it must appear
As came the order from the duke himself.
At Frauenburg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Gallas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With the emperor — how well disposed you found me

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honorably.

[*Exit* ISOLANI. A SERVANT enters.
What, Colonel Butler! Show him up.

ISOLANI (*returning*).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine, — you know no harm was meant.
[*Exit.*

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favor us
With all the others only but as much

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honored friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honor.

OCTAVIO (*after both have seated themselves*)

You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday —

In closest union, mighty though unseen.
 This manifesto sentences the duke —
 Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
 And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
 To join and recognize in me their leader.
 Choose — will you share with us an honest cause?
 Or with the evil share an evil lot?

BUTLER (*rises*).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler.
 As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
 That rashly uttered word remains interred.
 Recall it, Butler! choose a better party;
 You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (*going*).

Any other
 Commands for me, lieutenant-general?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs; recall that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What! Would you draw this good and gallant sword
 In such a cause? Into a curse would you
 Transform the gratitude which you have earned
 By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER (*laughing with bitterness*).

Gratitude from the House of Austria! [*He is going.*

OCTAVIO (*permits him to go as far as the door, then
 calls after him*).

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the count ?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

The title that you wished, I mean.

BUTLER (*starts in sudden passion*).

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You petitioned for it —

And your petition was repelled — was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to its sheath! and tell me calmly
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards. Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself,
Lieutenant-general! Yes; I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure. It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The gray-haired man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will — a most low-hearted scoundrel!
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard;
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand; some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honors!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me, did the duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay! are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I — but the contents were different.

[BUTLER *is suddenly struck*.

By chance I'm in possession of that letter —
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[*He gives him the letter.*

BUTLER.

Ha. what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter, talks he in contempt
Concerning you; counsels the minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER *reads through the letter; his knees
tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;

There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
 The insult you received to the duke only.
 His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
 To tear you from your emperor: he hoped
 To gain from your revenge what he well knew
 (What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
 He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
 A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
 Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
 He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
 In luring you away from that good path
 On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (*his voice trembling*).

Can e'er the emperor's majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
 For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
 Sustained by a deserving gallant veteran.
 From his free impulse he confirms the present,
 Which the duke made you for a wicked purpose.
 The regiment, which you now command, is yours.
 [BUTLER *attempts to rise, sinks down again. He*
labors inwardly with violent emotions; tries to
speak and cannot. At length he takes his sword
from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew, from my hands — and
 Wear it with honor for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

Perjure myself to such a gracious sovereign?

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (*no longer governing his emotion*).

Only break off from him? He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Gallas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty:
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then
steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved countenance*).

Count Piccolomini! dare that man speak
Of honor to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He who repents so deeply of it dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here upon my word of honor!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God,
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell.

[*Exit* BUTLER.]

SERVANT (*enters with a billet*).

A stranger left it, and is gone.
The prince-duke's horses wait for you below.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

OCTAVIO (*reads*).

"Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolani."
— O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!
Away! This is no longer a safe place
For me! Where can my son be tarrying!

SCENE VII.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *enters almost in a state of derangement, from extreme agitation; his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*

OCTAVIO (*advances to him*).

I am going off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked — it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand and starts back.*

Oh, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,

Ne'er had it come to this — all had stood otherwise.
 He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
 The virtuous had retained their influence over him :
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
 Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
 Didst creep behind him lurking for thy prey !
 Oh, unblest falsehood ! Mother of all evil !
 Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
 That sinkest us in perdition. Simple truth,
 Sustainer of the world, had saved us all !
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee !
 Wallenstein has deceived me — oh, most foully !
 But thou has acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son

My son, ah ! I forgive thy agony !

MAX. (*rises and contemplates his father with
 looks of suspicion*).

Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,
 Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
 With cold premeditated purpose? Thou —
 Hadst thou the heart to wish to see him guilty
 Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
 Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in heaven !

MAX.

Oh, woe is me ! sure I have changed my nature.
 How comes suspicion here — in the free soul ?
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone ; for all
 Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honored.
 No, no ! not all ! She — she yet lives for me,
 And she is true, and open as the heavens !
 Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury :
 The single holy spot is our love,
 The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max. ! — we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last — no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!
[Attempts to take him with him.]

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no

OCTAVIO (*more urgently*).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max.! in the emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly — steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls — but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
Oh, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (*trembling, and losing all self-command*).

Max.! Max.! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou — my son — my own blood — (dare I think it?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

Oh, hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion,
Unholy, miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpowered — as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Fraunberg — the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Tsokana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader and their honor.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son !

MAX.

Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

How ! not one look
 Of filial love ? No grasp of the hand at parting ?
 It is a bloody war to which we are going,
 And the event uncertain and in darkness.
 So used we not to part — it was not so !
 Is it then true ? I have a son no longer ?

[MAX. falls into his arms, they hold each other for a
 long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at
 different sides.

(The curtain drops.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the house of the Duchess of Friedland.

COUNTESS TERZKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two
 latter sit at the same table at work*).

COUNTESS (*watching them from the opposite side*).

So you have nothing to ask me — nothing ?
 I have been waiting for a word from you.
 And could you then endure in all this time
 Not once to speak his name ?

[THEKLA remaining silent the COUNTESS rises and
 advances to her.

Why, how comes this ?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
 And other ways exist, besides through me ?
 Confess it to me, Thekla : have you seen him

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either ? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May it please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, princess, that he holds
Himself so still, exactly at this time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at this time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all.

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love — that you have proved
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frightened ——

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service ——

THEKLA.

Lies within my power.

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I?

What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore
Should he not be so now — not be so always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty
And honor may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honor.
Duty and honor!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honor.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

The emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then : —
Your father has fallen off from the emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery —

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother !

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests —
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother ! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee ! No ! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother :

The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety ; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom ! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror !
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp ;
I knew it well — no sooner had I entered,
An heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why, think I
First of myself ? My mother ! O my mother !

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself ! Break not out in vain lamenting !
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good ! What good !
Must we not part ; part ne'er to meet again ?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you ! He cannot part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas, for his sore anguish ! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you.
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken —
Oh, do not doubt of that ! A resolution !
Does there remain one to be taken ?

COUNTESS.

Hush !
Collect yourself ! I hear your mother coming

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her ?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS (*to the* COUNTESS).

Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately, too.

COUNTESS.

Nay! there was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am growing so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse regiments to the cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favorable answer?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him,
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, *in extreme agitation, throws herself upon
her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother

In the empress. Oh, that stern, unbending man !
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured ? For even as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he bears me.
Nay, do not weep, my child. Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland ; thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

Oh, let us supplicate him, dearest mother !
Quick ! quick ! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child ! We, too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The emperor loved him, trusted him ; and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regensburg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy, uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck and individual power ;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you,
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find her in this condition?

DUCHESS.

Come, my child!

Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off; this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye. Well, now — what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister!

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression
of spirits*).

Aunt, you will excuse me? (*Is going*).

COUNTESS.

But, whither? See, your father comes!

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What, now? Why is she going?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (*anxiously*).

What ails, then, my beloved child?

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavor to detain her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.*

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN,

I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I

To entreat forgiveness for that secretly.
 I've wronged this honorable gallant man,
 This Butler: for a feeling of the which
 I am not master (fear I would not call it),
 Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
 At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
 And this same man, against whom I am warned,
 This honest man is he who reaches to me
 The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
 That his example will win over to you
 The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
 Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
 He is under recent obligations to me:
 With him will I commence the trial. Go. [*Exit ILLO.*]

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round to the females*).
 Lo, there's the mother with the darling daughter.
 For once we'll have an interval of rest —
 Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
 In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS, aside*).

Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
 For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
 Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill;
 She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
 Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
 Will drive away from me the evil demon
 That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother

I ——

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I — I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

O spare me — sing — now — in this sore anxiety,
Of the overburdened soul — to sing to him
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla! Humorsome!

What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I ——

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCHESS.

My child! Oh, she is ill ——

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him? Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini!
Has thou never noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen another
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her!

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!

Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well — hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay? The thought pleases me.
The young man has no groveling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favor you have shown him ——

WALLENSTEIN.

He chooses finally to be my heir.
 And true it is, I love the youth ; yea, honor him.
 But must he therefore be my daughter's husband ?
 Is it daughters only ? Is it only children
 That we must show our favor by ?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors ! What ?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law
 I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht ! Climb we not too high
 Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
 And jut out high above the common herd,
 Only to close the mighty part I play
 In life's great drama with a common kinsman ?
 Have I for this ——

[*Stops suddenly, repressing himself.*

She is the only thing

That will remain behind of me on earth ;
 And I will see a crown around her head,
 Or die in the attempt to place it there.
 I hazard all — all ! and for this alone,

To lift her into greatness —

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking —
[He recollects himself.]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
 Couple together in good peasant fashion
 The pair that chance to suit each other's liking —
 And I must do it now, even now, when I
 Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
 My full accomplished work — no! she is the jewel,
 Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
 And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
 For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband!

You're ever building, building to the clouds,
 Still building higher, and still higher building,
 And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
 Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* COUNTESS).

Have you announced the place of residence
 Which I have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet,
 Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Carinthia then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure

In the emperor's realms, beneath the emperor's
 Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope that.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this!

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

DUCHESS

In a Lutheran country?

What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS (*casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the
COUNTESS*).

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded:
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

COUNTESS (*aside to the DUKE*).

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERZKY.

COUNTESS.

Terzky!

What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERZKY (*leading WALLENSTEIN aside*).

Is it thy command that all the Croats —

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERZKY.

We are betrayed.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERZKY.

They are off! This night

The Jägers likewise — all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani!

TERZKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

TERZKY.

No? Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodati?
They are vanished, both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Terzky told thee?

TERZKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise

That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERZKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (*winks at them*).

Hush!

COUNTESS (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them*).

Terzky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

WALLENSTEIN (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*).

Nothing! let us be gone!

TERZKY (*following him*).

Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (*holding him back*).

Nothing? Do I not see that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks — look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE (*enters*).

An aide-de-camp inquires for the Count Terzky.

[TERZKY *follows the PAGE*.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.

[*To ILLO.*

This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tienfenbach leave guard without delay,
And Terzky's grenadiers relieve him.

ILLO (*is going*).

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met:

He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken,

[ILLO *exit*. WALLENSTEIN *is following him*.

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (*clinging to him*).

Gracious Heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader;
If I am to stay go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going: TERZKY returns.*]

TERZKY.

Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.

No — never!

WALLENSTEIN.

"Tis my will.

TERZKY (*leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her
attention to the DUCHESS*).

Theresa!

DUCHESS.

Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the window*).

What now, then?

TERZKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps

Marshal themselves, each under its own banners ;
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements ; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERZKY.

We are seeking him : he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the aide-de-camp deliver to you ?

TERZKY.

My regiments had despatched him ; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp ?
It should have been kept secret from the army
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERZKY.

Oh, that thou hadst believed me ! Yester-evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still ! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion — it is doting folly.

TERZKY.

Thou didst confide in Isolani too ;
And lo ! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by ;
I never reckoned yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me ?

He follows still the god whom all his life
 He has worshipped at the gaming-table. With
 My fortune and my seeming destiny
 He made the bond and broke it, not with me.
 I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
 And with the which, well-pleased and confident,
 He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
 In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
 And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
 As the free bird from the hospitable twig
 Where it had nested he flies off from me:
 No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
 Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
 Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
 Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
 Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
 Warmeth the inner frame.

TERZKY.

Yet, would I rather
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO.

ILLO (*who enters agitated with rage*).
 Treason and mutiny!

TERZKY.

And what further now?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders.
 To go off guard — mutinous villains!

TERZKY.

Well!

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.

TERZKY.

Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.

They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN (*in a convulsion of agony*).

What? How is that?

ILLO.

He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual from the emperor.

TERZKY.

From the emperor — hearest thou, duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement
The generals made that stealthy flight —

TERZKY.

Duke, hearest thou?

ILLO.

Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the emperor; but 'twas finally concluded,
With all the detail of the operation,
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down into a chair and covers
his face.*

TERZKY.

Oh, hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This suspense,

This horrid fear — I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake tell me what has taken place?

ILLO.

The regiments are falling off from us.

TERZKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding! *[Rushes out of the room.*

TERZKY.

Hadst thou but believed me!

Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven,
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion to have affronted
The human form, oh, may the time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast —
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter BUTLER.

TERZKY (*meeting him*).

Oh, look there, Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN (*meets him with outspread arms and embraces him with warmth*).

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly,
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My general; I come —

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on BUTLER'S shoulder*).

Knowest thou already
That old man has betrayed me to the emperor.
What sayest thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drank from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder,
And now in the very moment when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

[*He hides his face on BUTLER'S breast.*]

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remembered!

Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by destiny; for in the moment
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not his loss
Was that which struck the pang: Oh, no! his treason
Is that which strikes the pang! No more of him!

Dear to my heart, and honored were they both,
 And the young man — yes — he did truly love me,
 He — he — has not deceived me. But enough,
 Enough of this — swift counsel now beseems us.
 The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
 I expect him every moment: and whatever
 He may bring with him we must take good care
 To keep it from the mutineers. Quick then!
 Despatch some messenger you can rely on
 To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[ILLO *is going*

BUTLER (*detaining him*).

My general, whom expect you then?

WALLENSTEIN.

The courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (*hesitating*).

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That courier —

WALLENSTEIN (*with eager expectation*).

Well?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERZKY *and* ILLO (*at the same time*).

Already here?

WALLENSTEIN.

My courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The sentinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO (*stamping with his foot*).

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Question me not!

TERZKY.

Illo! alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me — I can bear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Königgratz,
At Brunn, and Znaim, have forsaken you,
And taken the oaths of fealty anew
To the emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Terzky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERZKY and ILLO *express alarm and fury*. WAL-
LENSTEIN *remains firm and collected*.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis decided!

'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure

From all the pangs of doubt : with steady stream
 Once more my life-blood flows ! My soul's secure !
 In the night only Friedland stars can beam.
 Lingerirg irresolute, with fitful fears
 I drew the sword — 'twas with an inward strife,
 While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
 Is lifted for my heart ! Doubt disappears !
 I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN ; the others follow him.*]

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*enters from a side room*).

I can endure no longer. No !

[*Looks around her.*
 Where are they !

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
 Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
 And I must wear the outward show of calmness
 Before my sister, and shut in within me
 The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
 It is not to be borne. If all should fail ;
 If — if he must go over to the Swedes,
 An empty-handed fugitive, and not
 As an ally, a covenanted equal,
 A proud commander with his army following,
 If we must wander on from land to land,
 Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
 An ignominious monument. But no !
 That day I will not see ! And could himself
 Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
 To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA (*endeavoring to hold back the DUCHESS*)

Dear mother, do stay here !

DUCHESS.

No ! Here is yet
 Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.

Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room? Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing:

Nothing, dear mother!

DUCHESS (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe
The duke has been deposed — the duke is not
Deposed — he is ——

THEKLA (*going to the COUNTESS*),

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The duke is ——

THEKLA (*throwing her arms round her mother*).

Oh, stand firm! stand firm, my mother

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the duke; he is preparing
To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has failed.

SCENE XIII.

A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's palace.

WALLENSTEIN (*in armor*).

Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me but myself;
But what one man can do you have now experience.

The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you — I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress; the emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat; and, lo!
The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me — true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERZKY enter.)

Courage, friends! courage! we are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Terzky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger when, nine years ago,
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the emperor.

SCENE XIV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERZKY.

(*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERZKY aside, and talks with him.*)

TERZKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERZKY.

Ten cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to NEUMANN*).

Let them enter.

[*Exit NEUMANN.*
This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE XV.

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO, *ten* CUIRASSIERS (*led by an ANSPESSADE*, march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*).

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESSADE*).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggen in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*).

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know whom we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*).

Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).

Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel
Dübald, prisoner, in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, general.

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right ! It was thy elder brother : thou hadst
a younger brother, too : where did he stay ?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmütz, with the imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the ANSPESSADE*).

Now then — begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor
Commanding us —

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).

Who chose you ?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now ! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the emperor
Commanding us, collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine ?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades
At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmütz, have
Obeyed already ; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly

Did follow their example. But — but we
 Do not believe that thou art an enemy
 And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
 For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story!
[*With warmth.*

Thyself shall tell us what thy purpose is,
 For we have found thee still sincere and true:
 No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
 The gallant general and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
 Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
 In thine own hands this military sceptre,
 Which so becomes thee, which the emperor
 Made over to thee by a covenant!
 Is it thy purpose merely to remain
 Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?
 We will stand by thee, general! and guarantee
 Thy honest rights against all opposition.
 And should it chance, that all the other regiments
 Turn from thee, by ourselves we will stand forth
 Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
 Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces
 Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
 As the emperor's letter says, if it be true,
 That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
 To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
 Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
 That letter —

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no.

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves.

Ye think, and do not follow with the herd :
 And therefore have I always shown you honor
 Above all others, suffered you to reason ;
 Have treated you as free men, and my orders
 Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
 To us, my general ! With thy confidence
 Thou has honored us, and shown us grace and favor
 Beyond all other regiments ; and thou seest
 We follow not the common herd. We will
 Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word —
 Thy word shall satisfy us that it is not
 A treason which thou meditatest — that
 Thou meanest not to lead the army over
 To the enemy ; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The emperor
 Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
 And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
 Will rescue me. See ! I confide in you.
 And be your hearts my stronghold ! At this breast
 The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
 This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
 Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen !
 For this we threw the naked breast against
 The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
 Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow ! never stream
 Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious ;
 With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt
 Through all the turns and windings of his flight :
 Yea, our whole life was but one restless march :
 And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
 O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
 That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
 The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
 With faithful indefatigable arm
 Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
 Behold ! this boy of the emperor's bears away
 The honors of the peace, an easy prize !

He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
 The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
 Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it !
 No one, but thou, who has conducted it
 With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
 Thou ledest us out to the bloody field
 Of death ; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
 Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace —
 Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! Think you then at length in late old age
 To enjoy the fruits of toil ? Believe it not.
 Never, no never, will you see the end
 Of the contest ! you and me, and all of us,
 This war will swallow up ! War, war, not peace,
 Is Austria's wish ; and therefore, because I
 Endeavored after peace, therefore I fall.
 For what cares Austria how long the war
 Wears out the armies and lays waste the world !
 She will but wax and grow amid the ruin
 And still win new domains.

[*The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved — I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors !
 Oh, that my spirit might possess you now
 Daring as once it led you to the battle !
 Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
 Protect me in my rights ; and this is noble !
 But think not that you can accomplish it,
 Your scanty number ! to no purpose will you
 Have sacrificed you for your general. [*Confidentially.*
 No ! let us tread securely, seek for friends ;
 The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
 Wear for a while the appearance of good-will,
 And use them for your profit, till we both
 Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
 And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
 Lead peace forth with the garland on her head !

ANSPESSADE.

Tis then but mere appearances which thou
 Dost put on with the Swede! Thou'lt not betray
 The emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
 This is the only thing which we desire
 To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
 I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
 And under Providence I trust right soon
 To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
 My cares are only for the whole: I have
 A heart — it bleeds within me for the miseries
 And piteous groanings of my fellow-Germans.
 Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
 With minds not common; ye appear to me
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper thee
 A little word or two in confidence!
 See now! already for full fifteen years,
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
 Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
 To the other; every hand's against the other.
 Each one is party and no one a judge.
 Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
 This tangle, ever tangling more and more
 It must be cut asunder.
 I feel that I am the man of destiny,
 And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE XVI.

*To these enter BUTLER.*BUTLER (*passionately*).

General! this is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right?

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well — but what is it?

BUTLER.

Count Terzky's regiments tear the imperial eagle
From off his banners, and instead of it
Have reared aloft their arms.

ANSPESSADE (*abruptly to the CUIRASSIERS*).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[*To the CUIRASSIERS, who are retiring.*

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;

Hark! I will punish it severely. Stop!

They do not hear. (*To ILLO*). Go after them, assure
them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[*ILLO hurries out.*

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you

Announce it in their presence? It was all

In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness —

A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me,

And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE XVII.

*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the chamber;
THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.*

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother ! It was not in my power —
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done

COUNTESS (*to TERZKY*).

Is there no hope ? Is all lost utterly ?

TERZKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the emperor's hands,
The soldiery have taken their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio !
Count Max. is off too.

TERZKY.

Where can he be ? He's
Gone over to the emperor with his father.

[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother,*
hiding her face in her bosom.

DUCHESS (*enfolding her in her arms*).

Unhappy child ! and more unhappy mother !

WALLENSTEIN (*aside to TERZKY*).

Quick ! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg,
Be their attendant ; he is faithful to us.
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[*To ILLO, who returns.*
Thou hast not brought them back ?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar ?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out : the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require : for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner ;

And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
 They will find means to free him with the sword.
[All stand amazed.]

TERZKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
 He has not betrayed me — he could not betray me.
 I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be
 Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[Embracing THEKLA.]
 Will keep him here forever.

TERZKY.

It can't be.
 His father has betrayed us, is gone over
 To the emperor — the son could not have ventured
 To stay behind.

THEKLA (*her eye fixed on the door*).

There he is!

SCENE XVIII.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes, here he is! I can endure no longer
 To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
 In ambush for a favorable moment:
 This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
*[Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself
 into her mother's arms.]*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
 Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
 Let who will hear that we both love each other.
 Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
 Is for the happy — misery, hopeless misery,

Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[*He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with expressions of triumph.*

No, lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell forever.
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must — must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot — I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I cannot act otherwise.

[*THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. MAX. turns round to the DUKE, whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee,
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart;
For any other I am no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honor
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now passed by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed — 'tis now their turn — I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside — can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (*calmly*).

Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
Thou knowest I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou knowest.

[*Taking THEKLA by the hand.*

See, duke! All — all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste forever — that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind, irreconcilable,
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

“Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichere Hütte ihres Glückes lehnem,
Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt.
Schnell unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile
Gährts in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

“Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.
Oh, mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verflecktesten der Geister,
Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel,” etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

“Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. — Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. Oh, the art of hell has deceived me! The abyss sent up to me the most spotted of

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
 The adder! Oh, the charms of hell o'erpowered me
 He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
 Still to and fro he passed, suspected never.
 On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
 Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
 In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
 To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
 War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
 I never could have done it. The emperor was
 My austere master only, not my friend.
 There was already war 'twixt him and me
 When he delivered the commander's staff
 Into my hands; for there's a natural
 Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
 Peace exists only betwixt confidence
 And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
 The future generations.

MAX.

I will not

Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
 Hard deeds and luckless have taken place; one crime
 Drags after it the other in close link.
 But we are innocent: how have we fallen
 Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
 To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
 The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
 Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
 Why must our fathers'
 Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
 Who love each other?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., remain with me.

Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee —

the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harbored evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, etc." We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
 Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
 Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
 Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors;
 Thou wouldst not let them go.
 At that time did I take thee in my arms,
 And with my mantle did I cover thee;
 I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
 A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
 To do for thee all little offices,
 However strange to me; I tended thee
 Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have
 Altered my feelings toward thee? Many thousands
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
 Rewarded them with dignities and honors;
 Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave
 To thee; They all were aliens: thou wert
 Our child and inmate.* Max.! Thou canst not leave me;
 It cannot be; I may not, will not think
 That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

Oh, my God!

WALLENSTEIN

I have
 Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
 What holy bond is there of natural love,
 What human tie that does not knit thee to me?
 I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
 Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
 Go hence, forsake me, serve thy emperor;
 He will reward thee with a pretty chain
 Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth,

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original —

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst
 Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia?*



THE FAREWELL

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 367

For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I
Do otherwise. Am I not forced to do it,
My oath — my duty — my honor ——

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
On me thou art planted, I am thy emperor;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honor, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring, and all his moons.
With little guilt steppest thou into this contest;
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty: let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE XIX.

To these enter NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERZKY*).

Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot.

[*Exit TERZKY.*

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[NEUMANN *exit*. ILLO *steps to the window*.

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered,
They level at this house the cannon —

MAX.

Madmen

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

Merciful heaven!

MAX. (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS*).

But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bringest thou, Terzky?

SCENE XX.

To these TERZKY returning

TERZKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
 Their ardor may no longer be curbed in.
 They entreat permission to commence the attack;
 And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset
 They could now charge the enemy in rear,
 Into the city wedge them, and with ease
 O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

Oh come

Let not their ardor cool. The soldiery
 Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
 We are the greater number. Let us charge them
 And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
 And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
 Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
 Shall the decision be delivered over
 To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
 Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
 Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
 So let it burst then!

[*Turns to MAX.*

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
 Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
 Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
 Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under
 me,
 I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
 And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
 To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,
Can it have come to this? What! Cousin, cousin!
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the emperor; and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still,

[*Two reports of cannon.* ILLO and TERZKY hurry
to the window.

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERZKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,
Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (*starting up*).

Ha! Death and hell! I will —

TERZKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!
For God's sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my general!

Oh, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me ——

MAX.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
 Into a frenzy-fit — allow them time ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loitered.
 They are emboldened to these outrages,
 Beholding not my face. They shall behold
 My countenance, shall hear my voice ——
 Are they not my troops? Am I not their general,
 And their long-feared commander! Let me see,
 Whether indeed they do no longer know
 That countenance which was their sun in battle!
 From the balcony (mark!) I show myself
 To these rebellious forces, and at once
 Revolt is mounded, and the high-swollen current
 Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERZKY, and BUTLER
follow.

SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX., and THEKLA.

COUNTESS (*to the* DUCHESS).

Let them but see him — there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing at a
 distance, in a visible struggle of feelings advances*).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither;
 My purposed action seemed unblamable
 To my own conscience — and I must stand here

Like one abhorred, a hard, inhuman being:
 Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
 Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
 Whom I with one word can make happy — O!
 My heart revolts within me, and two voices
 Make themselves audible within my bosom.
 My soul's benighted; I no longer can
 Distinguish the right track. Oh, well and truly
 Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
 On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro —
 I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?
 Does not your own heart tell you? Oh! then I
 Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
 A frightful traitor to us — he has plotted
 Against our general's life, has plunged us all
 In misery — and you're his son! 'Tis yours
 To make the amends. Make you the son's fidelity
 Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
 Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
 Of infamy, a common form of cursing
 To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow!
 It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
 Oh that an angel would descend from heaven,
 And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
 With a pure hand from the pure Fount of light.

[*His eyes glance on THE KLA*

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
 To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
 Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
 The happy man alone, averted ever
 From the disquieted and guilty — canst thou
 Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
 And I am the duke's —

COUNTESS.

Think, niece ——

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!

Speak what thou feelest.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
 Thee, the beloved and the unerring God
 Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
 Not whether diadem of royalty
 Be to be won or not — that mightest thou think on.
 Thy friend, and his soul's quiet are at stake:
 The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
 Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
 My oath and duty to the emperor?
 Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
 The parricidal ball? For when the ball
 Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
 It is no longer a dead instrument!
 It lives, a spirit passes into it;
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,
 And with sure malice, guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

Oh! Max. ——

MAX. (*interrupting her*).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart
 The hardest duty might appear the highest.
 The human, not the great part, would I act.
 Even from my childhood to this present hour,
 Think what the duke has done for me, how loved me
 And think, too, how my father has repaid him.
 Oh likewise the free lovely impulses
 Of hospitality, the pious friend's
 Faithful attachment, these, too, are a holy
 Religion to the heart; and heavily
 The shudderings of nature do avenge

Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all — then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

Oh, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling —

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hast chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee — but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful, too, to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide forever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses. Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion.
There is heard from behind the scene a loud,
wild, long-continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus!
accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX. and
THEKLA remain without motion in each other's
embraces.]

SCENE XXII.

*To the above enter TERZKY.*COUNTESS (*meeting him*).

What meant that cry? What was it?

TERZKY.

All is lost!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERZKY.

'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted *Vivat!*

TERZKY.

To the emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors

TERZKY.

Nay! he was not permitted
 Even to address them. Soon as he began,
 With deafening noise of warlike instruments
 They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XXIII.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and
 BUTLER.*

WALLENSTEIN (*as he enters*).

Terzky!

TERZKY.

My general!

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves
 In readiness to march; for we shall leave
 Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit TERZKY.*

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my general.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Egra is your friend
 And countryman. Write him instantly
 By a post courier. He must be advised,
 That we are with him early on the morrow.
 You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my general!

WALLENSTEIN (*steps between MAX. and THEKLA, who have remained during this time in each other's arms*).

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[*CUIRASSIERS enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the background. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.*

WALLENSTEIN (*to the CUIRASSIERS*).

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
 No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.*

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
 Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
 Leaving my all behind me. Oh, do not turn
 Thine eyes away from me! Oh, once more show me
 Thy ever dear and honored countenance.

[*MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he turns to the COUNTESS.*

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[*The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns to the DUCHESS.*

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
 The time may come when you may prove to us

A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope ; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No ! no !
Mine is a certain misery. Thanks to heaven !
That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military music begins again. The stage fills
more and more with armed men. MAX. sees
BUTLER and addresses him.*

And you here, Colonel Butler — and will you
Not follow me ? Well, then, remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the emperor. Come, Butler ! promise me.
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see —

[*Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.*

ILLO.

Go — seek for traitors
In Gallas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away ! away ! and free us
From his detested sight ! Away !

[MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA.
WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands irreso-
lute, and in apparent anguish. In the meantime
the stage fills more and more ; and the horns
sound from below louder and louder, and each
time after a shorter interval.

MAX.

Blow, blow ! Oh, were it but the Swedish trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast ! What purpose you ?
You come to tear me from this place ! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation. Do it not !
Ye may repent it !

[*The stage is entirely filled with armed men.*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down
 Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
 To choose a man despairing for your leader;
 You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
 I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
 For your own ruin you have chosen me:
 Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[*He turns to the background; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the CUIRASSIERS; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march — the orchestra joins it — and continues during the interval between the second and third acts.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The BURGOMASTER'S house at Egra.

BUTLER (*just arrived*).

Here then he is by his destiny conducted.
 Here, Friedland! and no further! From Bohemia
 Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
 And here upon the borders of Bohemia
 Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colors,
 Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
 Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
 Against thy emperor and fellow-citizens
 Thou meanest to wage the war. Friedland, beware —
 The evil spirit of revenge impels thee —
 Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?

How my heart sinks! The duke a fugitive traitor!

His princely head attainted ! Oh, my God !
Tell me, general, I implore thee, tell me
In full, of all these sad events at Pilsen.

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier ?

GORDON.

Yes : and in obedience to it
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple,
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me ! when even now I saw
The duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance ;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension.
But sparing and with dignity the duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Terzky,
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the emperor. Such a noble !
Of such high talents ! What is human greatness ?
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power

Are but a covered pitfall. The human being
 May not be trusted to self-government.
 The clear and written law, the deep-trod footmarks
 Of ancient custom, are all necessary
 To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
 The authority intrusted to this man
 Was unexampled and unnatural,
 It placed him on a level with his emperor,
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me !
 I mourn for him ! for where he fell, I deem
 Might none stand firm. Alas ! dear general,
 We in our lucky mediocrity
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
 In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
 Till he need sympathy ; for at this present
 He is still mighty, and still formidable.
 The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
 And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
 This must not be ! The duke must never leave
 This stronghold on free footing ; for I have
 Pledged life and honor here to hold him prisoner,
 And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day !
 From his hand I received this dignity,
 He did himself intrust this stronghold to me,
 Which I am now required to make his dungeon
 We subalterns have no will of our own :
 The free, the mighty man alone may listen
 To the fair impulse of his human nature.
 Ah ! we are but the poor tools of the law,
 Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at !

BUTLER.

Nay ! let it not afflict you, that your power
 Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error !
 The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust

[*With a sly glance on* BUTLER.

Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honor.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see

GORDON.

I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favor. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him,
And lend your aid to take him in arrest?

GORDON (*pauses, reflecting — then as in deep dejection*).

If it be so — if all be as you say —
If he've betrayed the emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strongholds of the country to the enemy —
Yea, truly! — there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so ——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then,
 A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
 Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :
 Yet even then he had a daring soul :
 His frame of mind was serious and severe
 Beyond his years : his dreams were of great objects
 He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
 Communing with himself ; yet I have known him
 Transported on a sudden into utterance
 Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendor
 His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
 That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
 Not knowing whether it were craziness,
 Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high
 From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep
 And rose up free from injury ? From this day
 (It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
 Of a distempered fancy.

GORDON.

He became
 Doubtless more self-enwrapped and melancholy ;
 He made himself a Catholic.* Marvellously
 His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
 Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
 And privileged being, and, as if he were
 Incapable of dizziness or fall,
 He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
 But now our destinies drove us asunder ;
 He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
 Was count, and prince, duke-regent, and dictator,
 And now is all, all this too little for him ;
 He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
 And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

* It appears that the account of his conversion being caused by such a fall, and other stories of his juvenile character, are not well authenticated.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the
BURGOMASTER of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?

[*The BURGOMASTER hesitates.*

Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls. Confess now, you yourself —
[*Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER
alarmed.*

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me —

Mass-book or Bible, 'tis all one to me.
 Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
 I built a church for the Reformed in Glogau
 At my own instance. Hark ye, burgomaster!
 What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhalbel, my it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark ye! But let it go no further, what I now
 Disclose to you in confidence.

[*Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER's shoulder
 with a certain solemnity.*]

The times
 Draw near to their fulfilment, burgomaster!
 The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
 Hark ye! But keep it to yourself! The end
 Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy —
 A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
 The three moons that appeared at once in the heaven?

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two
 Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
 And only one, the middle moon, remained
 Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all? I tell you that two empires
 Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
 And Lutherism alone remain.

[*Observing GORDON and BUTLER.*
 I'faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
 This evening, as we journeyed hitherward:
 'Twas on our left hand. Did ye hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the south.

BUTLER.

It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless;
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, general!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your emperor's service.
I am content with you, lieutenant-colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim,
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[To GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Joy, general, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERZKY.

There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERZKY.

A countryman from Tirschenrent conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the imperialists from Tachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Gallas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

TERZKY.

We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

A courier, duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERZKY (*eagerly*).

Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (*at the same time*).

What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhinegrave,
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale*.
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, in a low voice*).

Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN
rushes into the room. Some servants follow
her and run across the stage.

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO *and* TERZKY (*at the same time*).

What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The princess!

WALLENSTEIN *and* TERZKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (*at the same time with them*).

She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and*
TERZKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved --
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate lady !

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerers,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the duke. We have
Only my single regiment ; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be feared.

BUTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, I am warranty for the event ;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why — death makes all things certain !

GORDON.

Do I understand you? Butler! What?
Gracious God! You could —

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And you can do the deed?

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him?

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your general!

The sacred person of your general!

BUTLER.

My general he has been.

GORDON.

That 'tis only

An "has been" washes out no villany,
And without judgment passed.

BUTLER.

The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,

Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life never can be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses
His color at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner — do not kill him.

BUTLER.

Had not the emperor's army been defeated
I might have done so. But 'tis now passed by.

GORDON.

Oh, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny, and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished!

GORDON.

Doing their duty — that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER (*brings out a paper*).

Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See —
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I? Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.
Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

Oh, God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo,
And Terzky likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merrymaking of a feast,

And keep them prisoners in the citadel,
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO and TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes — twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightwise for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini: be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a count's title to the name of prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our general —
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TERZKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down —
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.

Come! we will keep a merry carnival —
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest till it is bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My lord field-marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns;
The emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Gallas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERZKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The duke will soon assemble
A mighty army: all come crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again! he will become
Once more the mighty lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,

Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
 For lands will he present to all his friends,
 And like a king and emperor reward
 True services; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.]

You will not be forgotten, governor!
 He'll take from you this nest, and bid you shine
 In higher station: your fidelity
 Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
 And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
 The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great
 depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
 Come, Terzky, it is supper-time. What think you?
 Nay, shall we have the town illuminated
 In honor of the Swede? And who refuses
 To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERZKY.

Nay! nay! not that, it will not please the duke —

ILLO.

What; we are masters here; no soul shall dare
 Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
 Gordon! good-night, and for the last time take
 A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
 To make secure, the watchword may be altered.
 At the stroke of ten deliver in the keys
 To the duke himself, and then you've quit forever
 Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERZKY (*as he is going*, to BUTLER).

You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER.

At the right time.

[*Exeunt* TERZKY and ILLO]

SCENE VIII.

GORDON *and* BUTLER.GORDON (*looking after them*).

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and foolhardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle-gate
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (*with earnest anxiety*).

Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me —

BUTLER.

You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their hearts shall rouse them. Well,
The duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honor, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of

Still calculating, calculating still;
 And yet at last his calculation proves
 Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and low!
 His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

Oh, think not of his errors now! remember
 His greatness, his munificence; think on all
 The lovely features of his character,
 On all the noble exploits of his life,
 And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen,
 Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
 Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now.

[*Grasping GORDON's hand*

Gordon! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
 To love the duke, and have no cause to love him).
 Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
 To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
 Hostile occurrences of many events
 Control and subjugate me to the office.
 In vain the human being meditates
 Free action. He is but the wire-worked * puppet
 Of the blind Power, which, out of its own choice,
 Creates for him a dread necessity.
 What too would it avail him if there were
 A something pleading for him in my heart—
 Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you
 Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
 Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
 Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen
 That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten

* We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a statement in the mouth of any character.—T.

With such forced marches hitherwards? Fain would I
 Have given him to the emperor's mercy. Gordon!
 I do not wish his blood, — but I must ransom
 The honor of my word, — it lies in pledge —
 And he must die, or —

[*Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.*

Listen, then, and know

I am dishonored if the duke escape us.

GORDON.

Oh! to save such a man —

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth

A sacrifice. Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
 Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
 Forms our true honor.

BUTLER (*with a cold and haughty air*).

He is a great lord,

This duke, and I am of but mean importance.
 This is what you would say! Wherein concerns it
 The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
 Whether the man of low extraction keeps
 Or blemishes his honor —
 So that the man of princely rank be saved?
 We all do stamp our value on ourselves:
 The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
 There does not live on earth the man so stationed
 That I despise myself compared with him.
 Man is made great or little by his own will;
 Because I am true to mine therefore he dies!

GORDON.

I am endeavoring to move a rock.
 Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
 I cannot hinder you, but may some God
 Rescue him from you!

[*Exit GORDON.*

BUTLER* (*alone*).

I treasured my good name all my life long;
 The duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
 So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
 He prizes above all his fealty;
 His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
 In opposition to his own soft heart
 He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
 Me in a weaker moment passion warped;
 I stand beside him, and must feel myself
 The worst man of the two. What though the world
 Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
 One man does know it, and can prove it, too —
 High-minded Piccolomini!
 There lives the man who can dishonor me!
 This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
 Duke Friedland, thou or I. Into my own hands
 Fortune delivers me. The dearest thing a man has is
himself.

SCENE IX.

[*A gothic and gloomy apartment at the DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have
 Foreboded some misfortune. The report
 Of an engagement, in which had fallen
 A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
 I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
 The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
 Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.

* [This soliloquy, which, according to the former arrangement, constituted the whole of scene ix., and concluded the fourth act, is omitted in all the printed German editions. It seems probable that it existed in the original manuscript from which Mr. Coleridge translated. — ED.]

Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale,
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! how is it?
[Turning to the DUCHESS.
Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening

COUNTESS.

She lives!

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*).
Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (*standing up*).

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He — the man who uttered
That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

Oh, think not of it!

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain — mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
 Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
 It is gone by — I recollect myself.
[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.]
 Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
 You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil
 Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak.

Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
 You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,
 And grant me leave, that by myself I may
 Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

Tis not advisable — assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my
 daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;
 I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
 Only to spare me. I will not be spared —
 The worst is said already: I can hear
 Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS *and* DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpowered me by surprise,
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence :
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms ; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.
[LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present —

THEKLA.

'Twere
More pleasing to me if alone I saw him ;
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him : for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [Going.]

COUNTESS (*detaining him*).

Where art thou going ? I heard Terzky say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

Oh, take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude.
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.
Oh leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart —
These walls breathe on me like a churchyard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty! Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN (*returning*).

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

DUCHESS (*to THEKLA, who starts and shivers*).

There — pale as death! Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.*]

SCENE X.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN (*respectfully approaching her*).

Princess — I must entreat your gentle pardon —
My inconsiderate rash speech. How could I —

THEKLA (*with dignity*).

You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm, —
I will be firm. Well — how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Intrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leaped the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others —
The infantry were still at distance, only

The Pappenheimers followed daringly
 Their daring leader —

[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer
pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
 With our whole cavalry we now received them ;
 Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
 Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
 They neither could advance, nor yet retreat ;
 And as they stood on every side wedged in,
 The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
 Inviting a surrender ; but their leader,
 Young Piccolomini —

[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume,
 And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches ;
 Himself leaped first : the regiment all plunged after.
 His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
 Flung him with violence off, and over him
 The horses, now no longer to be curbed, —

[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with all
*the marks of increasing agony, trembles through
 her whole frame and is falling. The LADY NEU-
 BRUNN runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady —

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair
 Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
 Their leader perish ; every thought of rescue
 Was spurned ; they fought like wounded tigers ; their
 Frantic resistance roused our soldiery ;

A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

THEKLA (*faltering*).

And where —
Where is — you have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).

This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honor by the Rhinegrave's self,
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt — 'tis said he wished to die.

NEUBRUNN (*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance*).
Look up, my dearest lady —

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreut
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA

Who

Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (*confusedly*).

Princess —

[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.*

SCENE XI.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (*falls on LADY NEUBRUNN'S neck*).

Now gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised — prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That wouldst thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved
There, that is all that still remains of him!
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death ——

THEKLA.

Is now the only place
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations; let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage ——

THEKLA.

That time is past ——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—— O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless, feeble women?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night ——

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed
Under the hoots of his war-horses?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length ——

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized ——

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother. Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.

Woe is me my mother!

[*Pauses.*]

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.

What can be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
Oh hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls — they fall in on me — a dim power
Drives me from hence — oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm,
They press on me; they chase me from these walls —
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
 I dare stay here myself. I go and call
 Rosenberg instantly. [Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE XII.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me : 'tis the troop
 Of his true followers, who offered up
 Themselves to avenge his death : and they accuse me
 Of an ignoble loitering — they would not
 Forsake their leader even in his death ; they died for him,
 And shall I live ?
 For me too was that laurel garland twined
 That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket :
 I throw it from me. Oh, my only hope ;
 To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds —
 That is a lot of heroes upon earth !

[Exit THEKLA.*](*The Curtain drops.*)

SCENE XIII.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, and ROSENBERG.

NEUBRUNN.

He is here, lady, and he will procure them.

THEKLA.

Wilt thou provide us horses, Rosenberg ?

ROSENBERG.

I will, my lady.

THEKLA.

And go with us as well ?

ROSENBERG.

To the world's end, my lady.

* The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play. — C.

THEKLA.

But consider,
Thou never canst return unto the duke.

ROSENBERG.

I will remain with thee.

THEKLA.

I will reward thee.
And will commend thee to another master.
Canst thou unseen conduct us from the castle?

ROSENBERG.

I can.

THEKLA.

When can I go?

ROSENBERG.

This very hour.
But whither would you, lady?

THEKLA.

To —— Tell him, Neubrunn.

NEUBRUNN.

To Neustadt.

ROSENBERG.

So; I leave you to get ready. [*Exit.*

NEUBRUNN.

Oh, see, your mother comes.

THEKLA.

Indeed! O Heaven?

SCENE XIV.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN, *the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

He's gone! I find thee more composed, my child.

THEKLA.

I am so, mother; let me only now
Retire to rest, and Neubrunn here be with me.
I want repose.

DUCHESS.

My Thekla, thou shalt have it.
I leave thee now consoled, since I can calm
Thy father's heart.

THEKLA.

Good night, beloved mother!
*(Falling on her neck and embracing her with deep
emotion).*

DUCHESS.

Thou scarcely art composed e'en now, my daughter.
Thou tremblest strongly, and I feel thy heart
Beat audibly on mine.

THEKLA.

Sleep will appease
Its beating: now good-night, good-night, dear mother
*(As she withdraws from her mother's arms the
curtain falls).*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Butler's Chamber.

BUTLER, and MAJOR GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes
For there must be no firing ——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry — “Who is loyal to the emperor?”
I will overturn the table — while you attack
Illo and Terzky, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the duke. Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit* GERALDIN.]

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him — a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the duke
A prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms, too, have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Despatch! then, be the word; for enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, general.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the emperor!

BOTH (*recoiling*).

How?

BUTLER.

Live the house of Austria.

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor and his country's enemy?

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So, then !

MACDONALD.

An altered case !

BUTLER (*to DEVEREUX*).

Thou wretched man
So easily leavest thou thy oath and colors ?

DEVEREUX.

The devil ! I but followed your example ;
If you could prove a villain, why not we ?

MACDONALD.

We've naught to do with thinking—that's your business.
You are our general, and give out the orders ;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (*appeased*).

Good, then ! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we — who bids most
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en so !

BUTLER.

Well, for the present
You must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

Listen !

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead — these were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he shall be rewarded from the state
In land and gold who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay! that sounds well. The words sound always well
That travel hither from the court. Yes! yes!
We know already what court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favor,
Or an old charger, or a parchment-patent,
And such like. The prince-duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

Yes,

The duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.

All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortune's all passed by?

BUTLER.

Forever.

He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.

We'll desert him?

Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short —
We — we must kill him.

BOTH (*starting back*)

Kill him!

BUTLER.

Yes, must kill him;

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.

Us!

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (*after a pause*).

Choose you some other.

BUTLER.

What! art dastardly?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for —
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

DEVEREUX.

Nay

To assassinate our lord and general —

MACDONALD.

To whom we swore a soldier's oath —

BUTLER.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! it is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul!

It is too bad. One has a conscience too —

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claimed our duty —

BUTLER.

Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,
And the emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps — but we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do.

MACDONALD.

'Twont do!

BUTLER.

Well, off then! and — send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (*hesitates*).

The Pestalutz —

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough —

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why, if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (*after some reflection*).

When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.

This night.

To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the consequences?

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is

The emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifesto says — "alive or dead."
Alive — 'tis not possible — you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him.
The town is filled with Terzky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Terzky still remains, and Illo —

BUTLER.

With these you shall begin — you understand me?

DEVEREUX.

How! And must they too perish?

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me ——

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle — there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
Have that commission. Soon as that is finished ——

DEVEREUX.

Hear, general! It will be all one to you —
Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the lesser danger with the duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger! The devil! What do you think me, general,
'Tis the duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell!

Thou knowest that I'm no milksop, general!
But 'tis not eight days since the duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer.
That eye of his looking upon this coat —
Why — why — the devil fetch me! I'm no milksop!

BUTLER.

The duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return,
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the emperor give to him, the prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the emperor? With revolt
And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right,
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat —
So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against him?
He is not to be wounded — he is ——

BUTLER (*starting up*).

What!

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab, and flash! Hard frozen.
Secured and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Ingolstadt there was just such another:
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well.

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.

I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's *probatum*!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!

But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To the house. I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place,
I lead you through a back door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the duke at every hour.
I'll go before you — with one poinard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the court? for he has here
A numerous company of followers.

BUTLER.

The attendants fills the right wing: he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over — hey, Macdonald! I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows.

MACDONALD.

And I, too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honor, splendor — you may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business
Squares with one's honor — if that be quite certain.

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His crown and empire. The reward can be
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes! Yes! to rob him of his crown and life.

DEVEREUX.

And must he fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the emperor
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

*[Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD
and DEVEREUX through the other.]*

SCENE III.

*A saloon, terminated by a gallery, which extends far into
the background.*

WALLENSTEIN *sitting at a table.* The SWEDISH CAPTAIN
standing before him.

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,

Which such a victory might well demand,
 Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
 For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
 And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
 The citadel shall be surrendered to you
 On your arrival.

[*The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERZKY enters, stands before him for awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her and recollects himself.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me she was more collected
 After her conversation with the Swede.
 She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften
 She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered, too,
 My brother! After such a victory
 I had expected to have found in thee
 A cheerful spirit. Oh, remain thou firm!
 Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
 Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
 Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet — he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).
 The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, oh, let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).

There is a busy motion in the heaven,
 The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
 Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle* of the moon,
 Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
 No form of star is visible! That one
 White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
 Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
 Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
 The blackness of the troubled element hides him!
 [*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks
 vacantly into the distance.*]

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps
 his hand*).

What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks
 If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
 He is the star of my nativity,
 And often marvellously hath his aspect
 Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (*remains for awhile with absent mind, then
 assumes a livelier manner, and turning suddenly to the
 COUNTESS*).

See him again? Oh, never, never again!

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity:—

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
 Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
 Der Wolken Zug, die Mondessichel wankt,
 Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds. The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift stream.

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone — is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou, then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
 For him there is no longer any future,
 His life is bright — bright without spot it was,
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,
 Far off is he, above desire and fear;
 No more submitted to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well
 With him! but who knows what the coming hour
 Veiled in thick darkness brings us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest

Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
 The courier had just left thee as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs
 to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
 Let us look forward into sunny days,
 Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
 Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
 For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
 To thee he died when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,* I know;
 What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
 As from the vilest thing of every day,

* A very inadequate translation of the original: —

Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das *weiss ich*,
 Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!

LITERALLY.

I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious:
 What does not man *grieve down*?

He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
 In him. The bloom is vanished from my life,
 For oh, he stood beside me, like my youth,
 Transformed for me the real to a dream,
 Clothing the palpable and the familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn,
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
 The beautiful is vanished — and returns not.

COUNTESS.

Oh, be not treacherous to thy own power.
 Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
 Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
 The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).

Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
 It is the governor. He brings the keys
 Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

Oh, 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee;
 A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear! Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
 Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

Oh, my soul
 Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings,
 And if I combat and repel them waking,
 They still crush down upon my heart in dreams,
 I saw thee, yesternight with thy first wife
 Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired,

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices,
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife
Long ere Ravaillac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time

I hastened after thee, and thou rann'st from me
 Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall.
 There seemed no end of it; doors creaked and clapped;
 I followed panting, but could not overtake thee;
 When on a sudden did I feel myself
 Grasped from behind, — the hand was cold that grasped
 me;
 'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
 A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*).

If it should come to that — if I should see thee,
 Who standest now before me in the fulness
 Of life —— [*She falls on his breast and weeps*]

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee —
 Alphabets wound not — and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he should find them, my resolve is taken —
 I bear about me my support and refuge.

[*Exit* COUNTESS]

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the castle
 Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the castle
To the Count Terzky and Field-Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honor of the victory — this tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[*WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.*

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eyes on GORDON.*

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care — what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here — give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then archduke; and I have worn it

Till now from habit ——

From superstition, if you will. Belike,

It was to be a talisman to me;

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life-long

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me; for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

[*GROOM OF THE CHAMBER retires with the vestments. WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me ! I
 Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
 We two were pages of the court together.
 We oftentimes disputed : thy intention
 Was ever good ; but thou were wont to play
 The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me —
 That I strove after things too high for me,
 Giving my faith to bold, unlawful dreams,
 And still extol to me the golden mean.
 Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
 To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
 A superannuated man, and (but
 That my munificent stars will intervene)
 Would let thee in some miserable corner
 Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My prince !
 With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
 And watches from the shore the lofty ship
 Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already
 In harbor, then, old man ? Well ! I am not.
 The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;
 My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
 Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate ;
 And while we stand thus front to front almost,
 I might presume to say, that the swift years
 Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon, and
 remains on the opposite side over against*

GORDON.

Who now persists in calling fortune false ?
 To me she has proved faithful ; with fond love
 Took me from out the common ranks of men,
 And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
 Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
 Nothing is common in my destiny,
 Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares



"FIRST OVER MY DEAD BODY THOU SHALT TREAD!"

Schiller—Vol. Two, p. 442

Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
“Let the night come before we praise the day.”
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassels of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

(*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner*

I too have sacrificed to him — for me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favorable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE V.

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni ! and beside himself,
 If one can trust his looks ? What brings thee hither
 At this late hour, Baptista ?

SENI.

Terror, duke !

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

SENI.

Flee ere the day break !

Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

WALLENSTEIN.

What now

Is in thy thoughts ?

SENI (*with louder voice*).

Trust not thy person to the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then ?

SENI (*still more urgently*).

Oh, wait not the arrival of these Swedes !
 An evil near at hand is threatening thee
 From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror !
 Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition —
 Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee !

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming ! — fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
 Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;
 Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
 From false friends.

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
 Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.

The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes.
A fearful sign stands in the house of life —
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet. Oh, be warned!
Deliver not up thyself to these heathens,
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughing gently*).

The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee — lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown
marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLEN
STEIN*).

My duke and general! May I dare presume?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me — 'tis their interest.

GORDON (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*).

But what if the arrival of these Swedes —
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

[*Flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my prince.

SENI.

Oh hear him! hear him!

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction,
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss, — this, this
Will touch and reconcile the emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his emperor's favor
Then e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*).

Gordon — your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well — an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I — I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death offering; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done — Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent — at the castle too
All is now hushed. Light me, chamberlain?

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation and throws himself at the DUKE'S feet.*

And thou too ! But I know why thou dost wish
 My reconciliation with the emperor.
 Poor man ! he hath a small estate in Carinthia,
 And fears it will be forfeited because
 He's in my service. Am I then so poor
 That I no longer can indemnify
 My servants ? Well ! to no one I employ
 Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
 That fortune has fled from me, go ! forsake me.
 This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
 And then go over to the emperor.
 Gordon, good-night ! I think to make a long
 Sleep of it : for the struggle and the turmoil
 Of this last day or two was great. May't please you !
 Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery : then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE VI.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage*).
 Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (*starts up*).
 'Tis he ! he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.
 The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.
 What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him ?
 Shall I call up the house ? alarm the guards ?

BUTLER (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*).
 A light gleams hither from the corridor.
 It leads directly to the duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences.

BUTLER (*stepping forward*).

Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.

'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;
Mine — and whatever be the consequences
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it so late, then, when the duke dismissed you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he were frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish ! Not through you ! The heaven
Refuses your arm. See — 'tis wounded !

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the
gallery with his finger on his mouth command-
ing silence.*

GORDON.

He sleeps ! Oh, murder not the holy sleep !

BUTLER.

No ! he shall die awake.

[*Is going.*

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves
To earthly things : he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God !

BUTLER (*going*).

God's merciful !

GORDON (*holds him*).

Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER (*hurrying off*).

The next moment

May ruin all.

GORDON (*holds him still*).

One hour ! —

BUTLER.

Unhold me ! What
Can that short respite profit him ?

GORDON.

Oh, time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out ; and quick as they

Thought follows thought within the human soul.
 Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,
 His heart may change its purpose — some new tidings
 May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
 May fall from heaven and rescue him! Oh, what
 May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.

You but remind me
 How precious every minute is!
 [*He stamps on the floor.*]

SCENE VII.

To these enter MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX, *with the*
 HALBERDIERS.

GORDON (*throwing himself between him and them*).

No, monster!
 First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
 I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER (*forcing him out of the way*).

Weak-hearted dotard!
 [*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*]

DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
 The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON (*rushes out*).

Oh, God of mercy!

BUTLER (*calling after him*).

Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (*hurries in*).

Who dares make larum here? Hush! The duke sleeps.

DEVEREUX (*with loud, harsh voice*).

Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!

Murder!

BUTLER.

Down with him !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (*run through the body by
DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery.*)

Jesus Maria !

BUTLER.

Burst the doors open.

[*They rush over the body into the gallery — two doors
are heard to crash one after the other. Voices, dead-
ened by the distance — clash of arms — then all at
once a profound silence.*]

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*with a light*).

Her bedchamber is empty ; she herself
Is nowhere to be found ! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing, If she should
Be flown —— but whither flown ? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings ? Oh,
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet ! Hark ! I wonder whether
The duke is still awake ! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark ! what is that ?
'Tis hastening up the steps !

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON (*rushes in out of breath*).

'Tis a mistake !

'Tis not the Swedes ; ye must proceed no further —
Butler ! Oh, God ! where is he ?

GORDON (*observing the COUNTESS*).

Countess ! Say ——

COUNTESS.

You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

GORDON (*in an agony of affright*).

Your husband! Ask not! To the duke —

COUNTESS.

Not till

You have discovered to me —

GORDON.

On this moment

Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the duke.

While we are speaking — [*Calling loudly.*

Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[*BUTLER comes from the gallery.*

GORDON.

'Twas a mistake. 'Tis not the Swedes — it is

The imperialists' lieutenant-general

Has sent me hither — will be here himself

Instantly. You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late. [*GORDON dashes himself against the wall.*

GORDON.

Oh, God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What, too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the duke?

[*She rushes to the gallery.*

SCENE X.

Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

SENI (*from the gallery*).

Oh, bloody, frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE (*from the gallery*).

Oh, piteous sight!

[*Other servants hasten in with torches.*]

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the duke lies murdered — and your husband
Assassinated at the castle.

[*The COUNTESS stands motionless.*]

FEMALE SERVANT (*rushing across the stage*).

Help! help! the duchess!

BURGOMASTER (*enters*).

What mean these confused
Loud cries that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER (*rushing out*).

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (*carrying silver-plate*).

That way! the lower
Passages are blocked up.

VOICE (*from behind the scene*).

Make room for the lieutenant-general!

[*At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor,
collects herself, and retires suddenly.*]

VOICE (*from behind the scene*).

Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE XI.

To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

OCTAVIO (*entering abruptly*).

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, *without answering, points with his hand to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

DEVEREUX (*to BUTLER*).

Here is the golden fleece — the duke's sword —

MACDONALD.

Is it your order —

BUTLER (*pointing to OCTAVIO*).

Here stands he who now

Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on the stage.*

OCTAVIO (*turning to BUTLER*).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?

Oh, God of Justice!

To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your hand is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord —
And stain thy emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination !

BUTLER (*calmly*).

I've but fulfilled the emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

Oh, curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden, transient thought
The unchanging, irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable !

BUTLER.

For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[*Exit* BUTLER.]

SCENE XII.

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERZKY, pale and disordered
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).

Oh, Countess Terzky! These are the results
Of luckless, unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared;
This house of splendor, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO (*with a deep anguish*).

Oh, countess! my house, too, is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! the duke is dead.
The emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime —
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated — nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The empress honors your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms. Therefore no further fears.
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the imperial grace!

COUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven*)

To the grace and mercy of a greater master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! Oh, let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains I ask the like grace. The emperor
Is now the proprietor of all our castles;
This sure may well be granted us — one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with
energy and dignity*).

You think

More worthily of me than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown — the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonored life. I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

GORDON.

Oh, house of death and horrors!

[*An OFFICER enters, and brings a letter with the great
seal. GORDON steps forward and meets him.*

What is this !

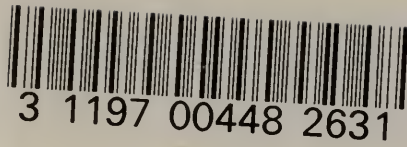
It is the imperial seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[*OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

The Curtain drops.



DATE DUE

DEC 2 1 1997			
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DEC 1 2 1997			
MAR 0 2 1998			
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MAR 3 1 1998			
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